June 22, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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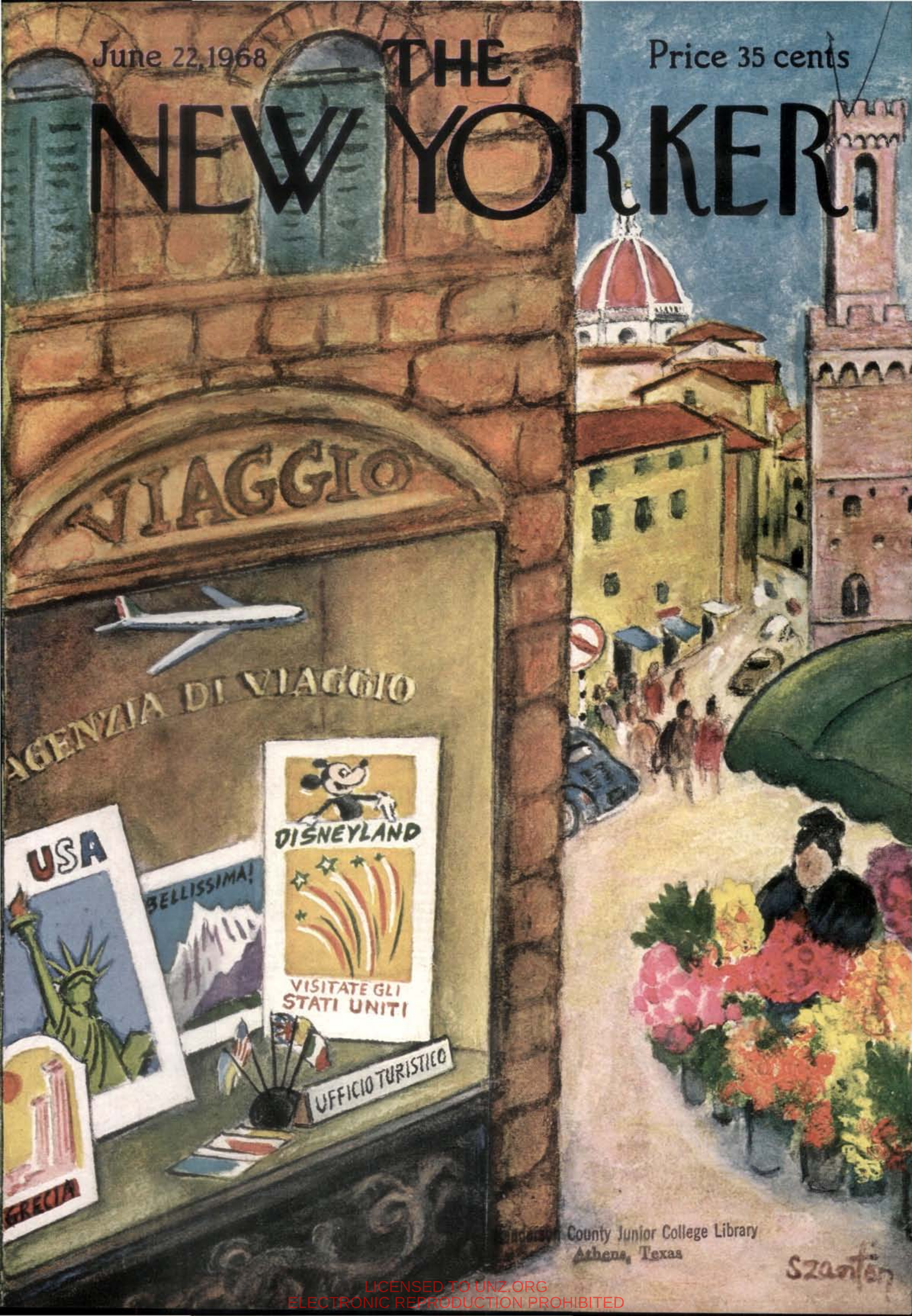
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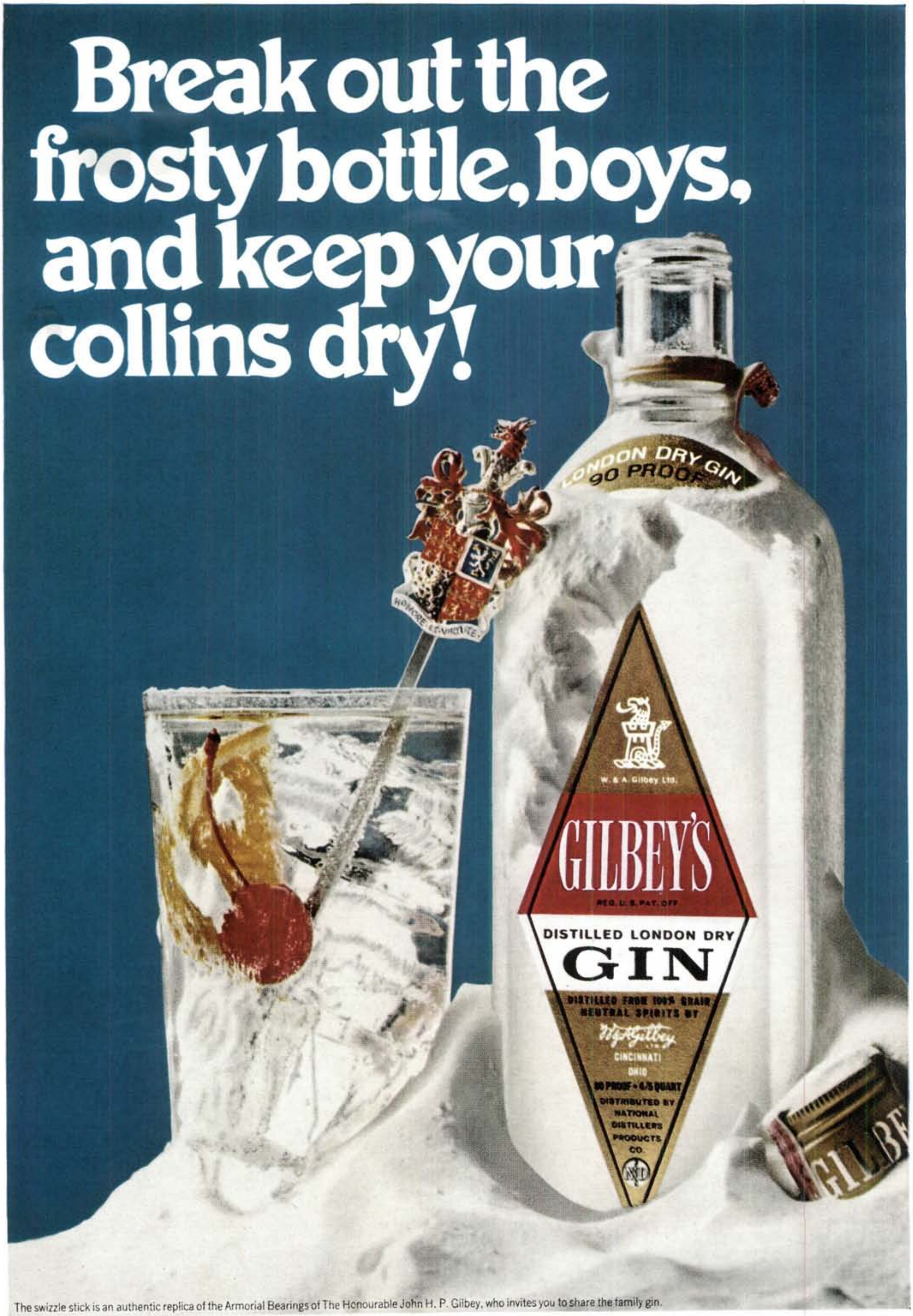
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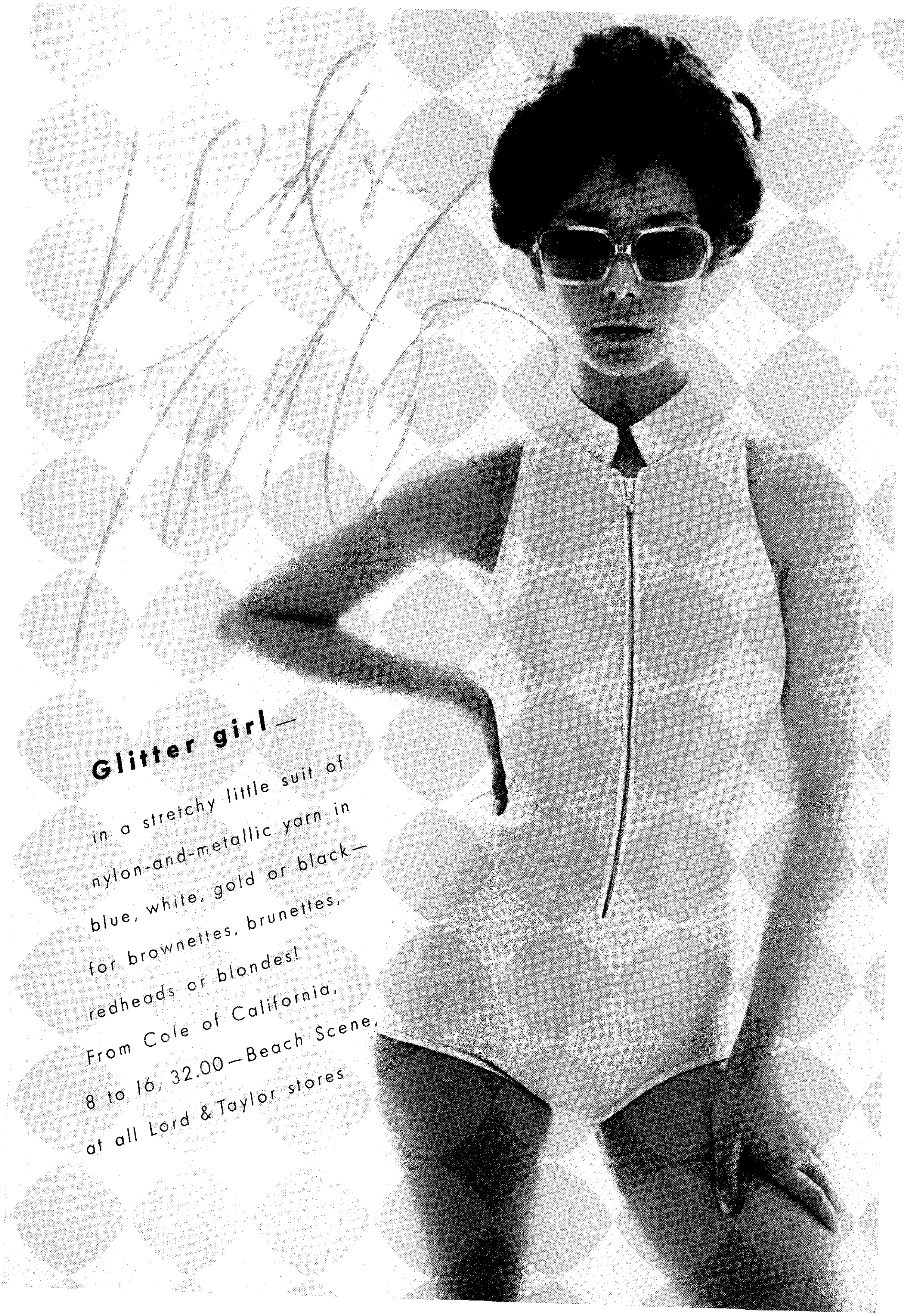

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, there is the possibility of an Actors Equity strike, which, needless to say, will alter Broadway theatrical schedules drastically if it comes to pass. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Final performances of George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**, with Nancy Walker, will close out the season. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Thursday and Friday, June 20-21, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 22, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Atelje 212—The opening performances of a three-week repertory of four plays, in Serbo-Croatian, by this avant-garde company from Belgrade, appearing here for the first time. Popović's **BORA, THE TAILOR**: Wednesday, June 26, at 7:30; Thursday, June 27, at 8; and Saturday, June 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Jarry's **KING UBU**: Friday, June 28, at 7:30, and Saturday, June 29, at 8. Simultaneous-translation earsets may be rented at each performance. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

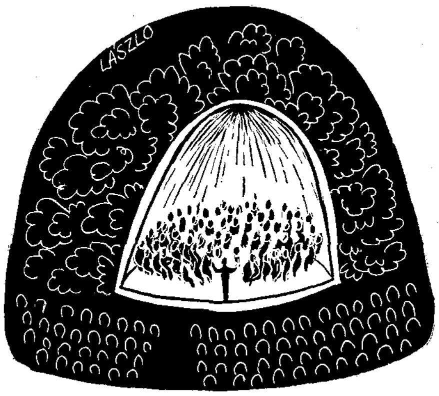
Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Daddy Goodness—This play, by Louis Sapin and the late Richard Wright, deals in rather shallow fashion with the rise of a religious cult, but it has its moments, all the same. The Negro Ensemble Company, it need hardly be said, makes the most of these moments. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by the extremely gifted young playwright Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. After Sunday, June 23, no performances until Thursday, July 11.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Joe Egg—A very good play about a young English schoolteacher, his wife, and their spastic child. Hard as it may be to believe, the author, Peter Nichols, has found much humor in a dreadful situation. The cast includes Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's new play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A highly successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Cross and **Muzeeka**—A pair of one-acters, both of them comprised of monkeyshines and sight gags in the modern manner but with bleak overtones. The first, by Sam Shepard, is a repellent comedy about a symbolically infested young man in a symbolically antiseptic setting. The hero of the second—a sporadically funny and high-spirited play by John Guare—is an employee of a canned-music corporation who lands in Vietnam. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 22.)

Théâtre de la Cité—The opening performances of a three-week repertory of three plays, in French, by this company from Lyon, appearing here for the first time. **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**: Tuesday, June 25, at 7:30; Wednesday, June 26, at 8; and Saturday, June 29, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Molière's **GEORGE DANDIN**: Thursday, June 27, at 7:30, and Friday, June 28, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Laurence Hugo figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Venetian Twins—A marvellous production of Goldoni's classic comedy, as winning now as it was a couple of centuries ago. Starring Alberto Lionello and his associates in the Teatro Stabile di Genova. In Italian, but don't let that put you off. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E.

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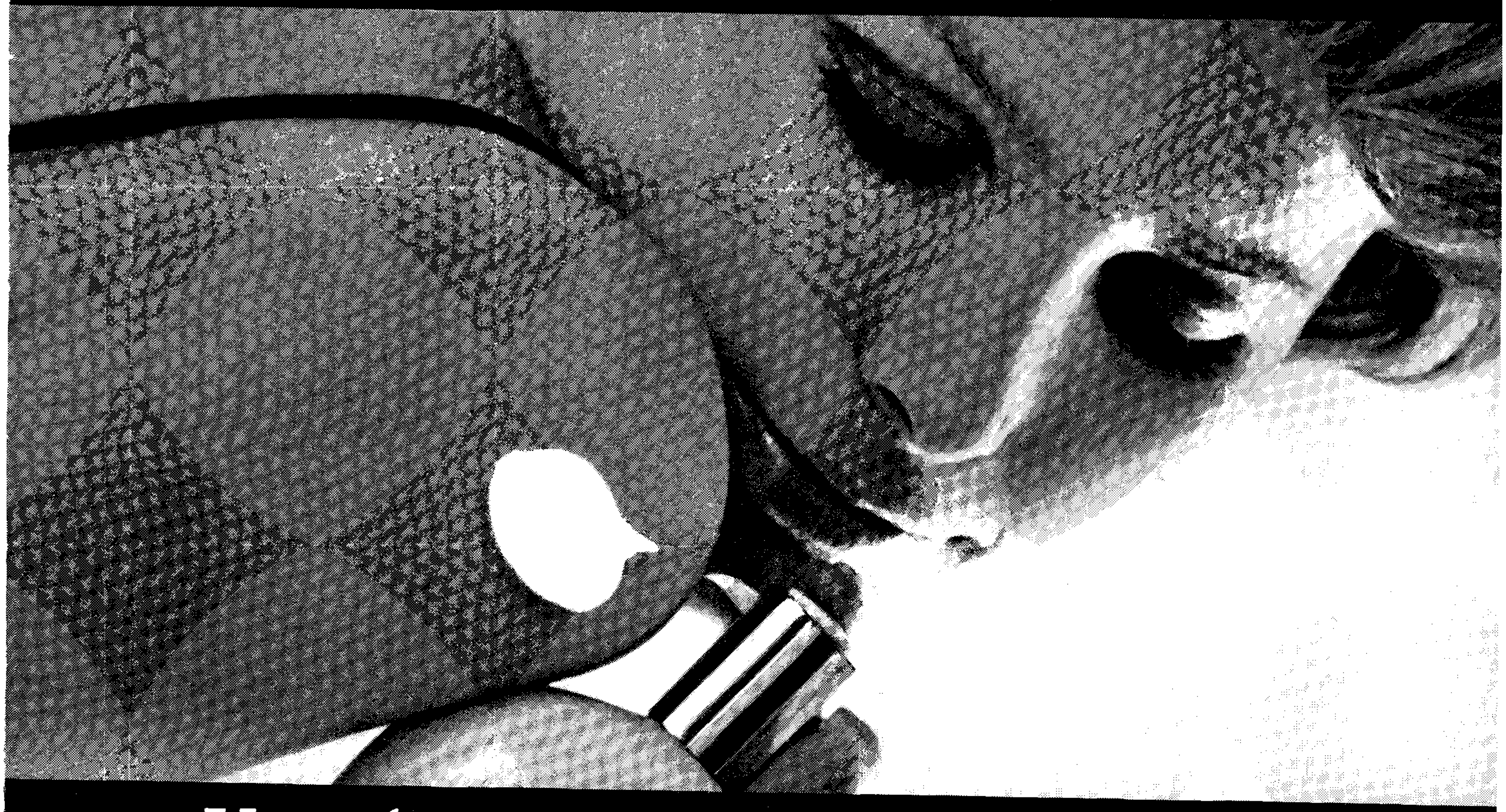

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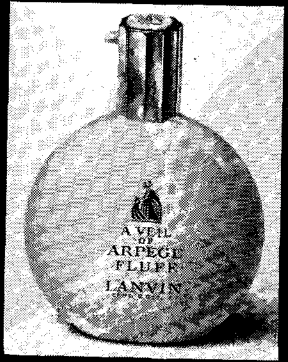

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LANVIN

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

279-3970. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 23.)

Long Runs—cactus flower: Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **you know i can't hear you when the water's running:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Linda Selman. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Moves on Monday, June 24, to the Broadhurst, 44th St., W., 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 254-4810. Moves on Tuesday, June 25, to the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St., YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson, and George Rose in **my fair lady.** The second of two musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 30.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—A musical about antic doings on Wall Street. It hasn't much in the way of book or music, but does have its comic moments. Max Shulman wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein the music, and Carolyn Leigh the lyrics, and the whole enterprise was directed by George Abbott. Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro are noteworthy in a hardworking cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of

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west side story, with Victoria Mallory, Kurt Peterson, Barbara Luna, and Alan Castner. Opens Monday, June 24, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Now—A pop-rock musical conceived by Marvin Gordon and written by George Haimsohn and John Aman. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 9, and Saturday at 7:15 and 10:15. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 23.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis, and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—cabaret: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the fantasticks:** That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **i do! i do!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **man of la mancha:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **you're a good man, charlie brown:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **henry iv, part ii,** with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, will be given through Saturday, June 22, after which it and **henry iv, part i,** with the same cast, will alternate nightly. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, June 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630. Final performance Sunday, Aug. 4.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **south pacific,** with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 27. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Singers, instrumentalists, and loquacious types come on and go off throughout the evening. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with room for dancing. The valve-oriented Bob Brookmeyer leads a quartet, and Carol Sloane sings. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—Howdy! Here's a great big old room where all you fellers 'n' gals can just listen to bluegrass music till you bust. You can shovel in Southern fried chicken, too, but that's about all. You can dance, too, if you feel like it. Dave Dudley leads a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. After Saturday, June 22, the room will shut down for the summer.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plays from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and jazz by the Pharoah Sanders

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quintet. Monday, June 24, will be turned over to a jazz singer. On Tuesday, June 25, the advance-guard Elvin Jones trio will move in. Some early-evening concerts, before the regular session: Saturday, June 22, from five to nine, the Substructure, a group consisting of four tubas. Sunday, June 23, from five to nine, Weldon Irvine's big band.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the neat and agile Billy Taylor trio takes turns with the solo piano of Toshiko. On Mondays, when they are off, new talent is auditioned. Grilled dinners are available. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Mort Sahl alternates with the Modern Jazz Quartet, except on Mondays, which are reserved for special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. The Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet plays six nights a week. On Sunday, June 23, they'll play a five-to-seven-thirty gig before their evening session. On Tuesday, June 25, the McCoy Tyner trio will start taking turns with the Hutcherson-Land group. Mondays are reserved for the searingly bright dynamics of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday). The clientele looks happy.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of the Fuzzy Bunnies. Dancing from nine till three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—You might drop in to see what condition its condition is in. People bathe in black lights, dance on the metallic floor, and wallow in the big-screen light show. On the chromatically lighted stage, the Neon plays through Wednesday, June 26. The Magnificent Men will join them on Sunday, June 23, and play through Friday, June 28. The next night, Larry & the Marvels will arrive. No alcohol. Closed Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. Group Therapy is playing for dancing. On Monday, June 24, Cat Mother & the All-Night Newsboys will do a one-night stand. On Tuesday, June 25, Influence will start playing, and on Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, the Salvation Navy will also be on the bill. No alcohol. Shazam.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—You can dance from ten to three or four every night. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A well-groomed dog that seems to be having its day. Getting onto the sunken dance floor is like entering a swimming pool, and the recorded music sounds as though it may have been pumped through the pool's filtration system. The dress? Well, it's as fashionable as tomorrow's Gernreich, and if it's *not*, you may be turned away at the door. The dancing runs from ten to three or four except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it runs from eight-thirty. Some food is served. Bring money.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by the Bobby Hackett quartet. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

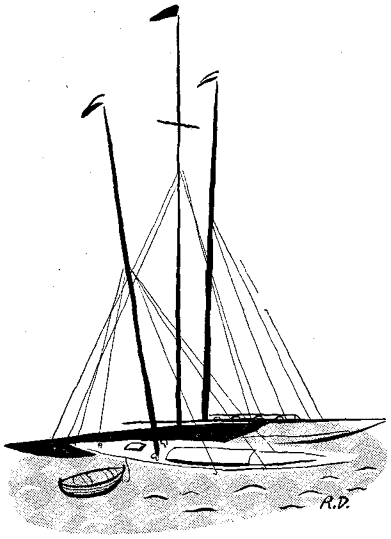
Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—If you're, you know, looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live music of the Epitome. On Tuesday, June 25, another group will take over. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, *consistently swinging* records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Duke Ellington is a man known by the company (Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, et al.) he keeps, and, with reason, he has kept it nearly forever. It comes on, and strong, at nine in this seventh heaven; Phil Wayne's persuasive foursome begins two hours sooner. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Never does one have to come to the aid of the party that, pleasant and picturesque, takes place every night in the Café Pierre to music—Johnny Mince's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The Worthies are supplemented by Ellen Harwicke's neat voice-and-piano work. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This was storied Versailles. The captains and the kings have departed, but upon payment of a reasonable fee anyone may now enter and see how they lived. The sound track is contributed by Lester Lanin's varsity. Closed Sundays. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., *in the Empire State Building*. (889-5100): Lionel Hampton (*avec lui, le deluge*) and his band (lions rampant) are onstage as early as seven-thirty, and other music (live, too) begins at six. Peace and quiet only on Sunday nights. On Thursday, June 27, another menu will be set up—Eddy McGinnis's band arriving at six, Billy Maxted's arriving at half past seven. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): Dancers who are graduates of the school of the traumatic arts need not apply; only followers in the footsteps of our forebears may prance on the outsize floor. No fuss, no feathers, and very little food; dance music (Argueso's Latins and some Manhattanites) is the main consideration. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.



CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Occupation—Housewife" is how Joan Rivers, the conversation piece here, rates herself, but her bittersweet complaints about practically everything rank her as Uncommon Scold. Nine-thirty or so is starting time. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Sitting around the campfire in the kibbutz after dark, swapping jokes, lyrics, footwork, any old thing. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr are the masters of ceremonies, and there are other worthy contributors. Dine as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles—this is the tenor of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's revue for this season. The cast involves Mary Jo Gillis, Alex Wipf, John Svarr, and Leslie Stewart. The orchestra is the gleeful double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally gleeful piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the current small but energetic boy-and-girl revue to occupy the premises. It takes place at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Barbara McNair, prettier than a picture, is the little oriole who lives now in the Royal Box, where she chirrups during dinner and supper. Her consort is Norm Crosby, whose jokes do seem to suffer brain drain. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which inclines toward its own particular way of playing things, does music through the evening. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—A very sunny Spain, now nearly too big to be encompassed by the naked eye. From the right vantage point, the eye and ear can absorb with ease the outgoing antics of the purposefully casual Chavales de España and their music festival, as well as the Peruvian birdcalls of Yma Sumac, the well-known hollow oak. The dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the jolly Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The stag of Eve may drink his fill as she and her many girl playmates waltz through the local extravaganza, which is huge and wholly without guile. The present visitors at the place are Brenda Lee (voice) and Dick Lord (jests), but it's Eve who really matters. On Wednesday, June 26, the Everly Brothers and Leny Eversong, a Brazilian soprano, will replace the Lee/Lord syndrome. Twice a night, century after century.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In

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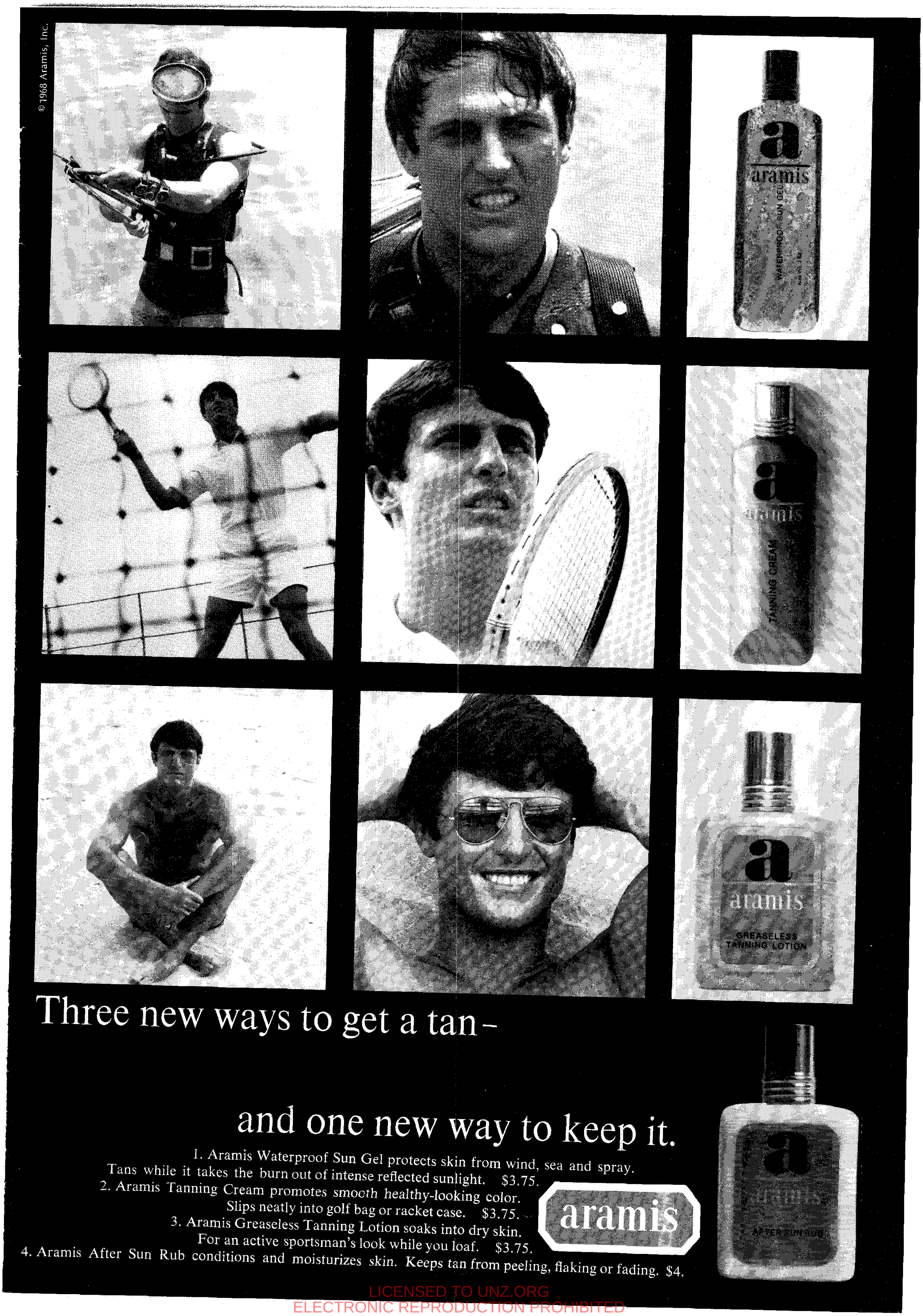
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, one finds Eartha Kitt, an engaging blend of animal magnetism and animal pragmatism, or so her succinct arias persuade us. The orchestra run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the night with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin confect *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, singly and in tandem, play swashbuckling piano hour after hour. Closes Thursday, June 27, for a fortnight or so. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance tunes; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after thirteen years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): *Arma virumque cano* is the motto of the calypso chanter who strolls this West Indian beachhead, and the *a.* and *v.* are, naturally, all Jamaican. This music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Those who merely stand and wait on table here may not be ignored, for they all—at the drop of a baton—turn out to be operatic tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. For good measure and for auld lang syne, there is Thelma Carpenter singing again after too long a time-out. They both stay home Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The multiple-finger exercises that Cy Walter applies to his piano can only improve the music to which they are devoted. He appears from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to the skillful Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole and who improves with age. No sounds on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano (which is Kurt Maier's property) joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal Ascot is often the feeling. The *Gastwirt* is George Feyer, whose sociological remarks can be catty, whose piano can be kitten-on-the-keys. He is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at the piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The scene is the Casino-on-the-Park. Self-possession is nine-tenths of the law in this seemly panorama, wherein Bob Kail touches up his piano from six-thirty until one. He takes leave Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The Alley is on daily duty, and to keep it going the management has piano, from four-thirty to eight, daily except Saturday and Sunday, and dance tunes (the trio of Horace Diaz) from eight to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through Friday, June 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWIN DICKINSON—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through Friday, June 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SAM GILLIAM—Four mammoth Abstract oils by a Washington, D.C., artist; through Friday, June 28. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MAURICE GROSSER—Landscapes of Greece, Morocco, Brazil, Tunisia, and Crete; through July 24. (Pacem in Terris Gallery, 323 E. 47th St.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded-steel and welded-aluminum sculptures; through Saturday, June

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

29. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Kokoschka, Pascin, and Toulouse-Lautrec—Prints; through Saturday, June 29. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through Friday, June 28. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ed McGowin—Plastic sculptures in three shapes used as multiples and sprayed with dots of paint; through Friday, June 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Frederic Remington (1861-1909) and Charles M. Russell (1864-1926)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by two leading American artists of the West; through Saturday, June 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Henry Ossawa Tanner—A hundred and fifty drawings, etchings, lithographs, and watercolors by an Afro-American artist born two years before the Civil War; through Tuesday, June 25. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Aaron Bohrod, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Thursday, June 27. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oil paintings by Hans Hofmann, Morris Louis, Al Held, John Graham, and other gallery artists; through Friday, June 28. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: William Wiley, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Peter Saul, and H. C. Westermann are among the artists exhibiting paintings and some sculptures here; through July 31. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by David Budd and Dan Christensen and sculptures by Neil Jenny and Keith Sonnier; through Saturday, June 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of American folk art, mainly of the early nineteenth century and comprising a sampler, paintings on velvet, Pennsylvania Dutch fraktur paintings, and portraits; through July 12. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the West and paintings of sports; through July 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, Leon Goldin, Robert Laurent, John Koch, and others; also drawings by artists of the early twentieth century, including Sloan, Myers, Hart, and Glackens. Through Friday, June 28. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings chiefly, by (for instance) Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Friday, June 28. . . . **SACHS**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alice Baber, Warren Brandt, Nora Jaffe, Ludwig Sander, and Ursula Meyer (to mention several); through Friday, June 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **STABLE**, 33 E. 74th St.: Costumes designed for the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture by such artists as Robert Indiana, Alex Katz, William King, Alfred Leslie, Ben Shahn, Marisol, and Richard Lindner; through Friday, June 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bill Bollinger, Gordon Hart, Brice Marden, Alan Saret, Richard Tuttle, and Ian Wilson; through Saturday, June 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through July 12. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: Forty drawings of figures and faces by leading draftsmen from Delacroix and Daumier to Giacometti and Balthus; through Friday, June 28. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RIZZOLI**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by a group of Italian artists whose works are currently being shown at the Jewish Museum; through Tuesday, June 25. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nearly fifty drawings, pastels, and watercolors from sixteenth- to twentieth-century France; through Friday, June 28.

From the Lands of the Bible: Art and Artifacts—An exhibition of nearly five hundred statues and figurines, jewelry, pottery, vases, utensils, ceremonial weapons, and coins, produced from 6000 B.C. to 135 A.D. by Biblical peoples; through July 3. (America-Israel Culture House, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800," a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and many others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of objects and models of buildings (including one of the Museum) wrapped and tied by Christo, who has made a specialty of packaging things in canvas instead of painting them on it; through Tuesday, June 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Sculptures (some of them expressing conceptions of the condition of modern man) and related and portrait drawings by Harold Tovish; through June 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Recent acquisitions of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints covering prominent American artists of the early part of the century (Demuth, Hartley, Archipenko, and others) and extending into the most recent reputations (Judd, Snelson, Merkin, Grosvenor, and others); through July 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, W. H. Auden and John Cage. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Louise Nevelson, Josef Albers, Saul Steinberg, Buckminster Fuller, and others. Through Sunday, June 23. (Daily, 1 to 4.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through Friday, June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small selection of pastels, etchings, and paintings by Whistler; through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show (ending Tuesday) of drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by the same

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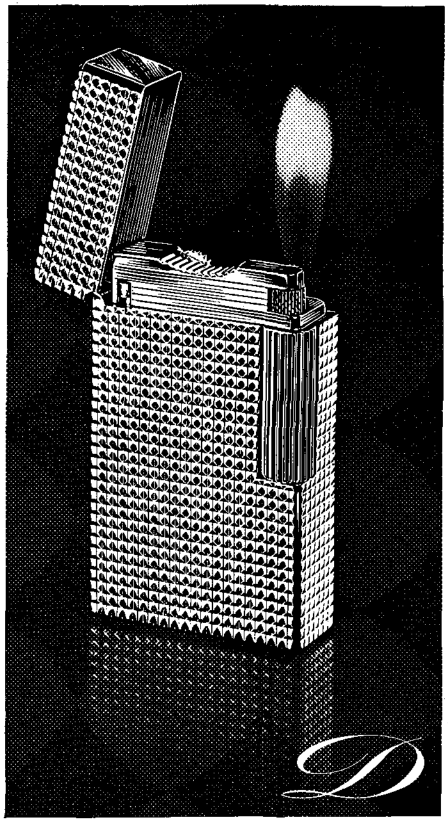

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

artists at the Rizzoli Gallery, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through Saturday, June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The galleries occupying the fourth floor have recently been reopened and offer a polished exhibit of nineteenth-century landscapes and an abundance of American portraits from the Colonial period to mid-nineteenth century. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

Rome Opera—The first six in a series of eleven performances of three operas by this company appearing here for the first time. Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ilva Ligabue and Tito Gobbi: Saturday, June 22; Monday, June 24; Wednesday, June 26; and Saturday, June 29.... ¶ Rossini's "Otello," with Virginia Zeani and Aldo Bottion: Tuesday, June 25, and Friday, June 28. (Metropolitan Opera House. Evenings at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Thursday through Saturday, June 20-22, at 8:30: Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of American music in the final "Promenades" of the season, with Mary Costa, soprano.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 27-28, at 8:30: Two special concerts, with Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, and Gunther Schuller each conducting one of his own works, and with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Gary Karr, double bass.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, June 20, at 8:30: **earth opera**.... ¶ Thursday, June 27, at 8:30: **clark terry quintet**. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

Vanilla Fudge, James Cotton Blues Band, and Loading Zone—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday, June 21, and (with Georgie Fame in place of Vanilla Fudge) Saturday, June 22, both at 8 and 11:30.

Tim Hardin—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, June 29, at 8:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**clove lakes park**, Staten Island: Friday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Barry Morell, and Frank Guarrera.... **crocheron park**, Bayside: Saturday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Jan Peerce, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ron Bottcher.... ¶ Tuesday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Samson et Dalila," with Sandra Warfield, James McCracken, and William Walker.... **botanical garden's daffodil hill**, Bronx: Wednesday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Jan Peerce, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ron Bottcher.... **prospect park**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 28, at 8:30 (rain date, June 30), "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, William Olvis, and Frank Guarrera.... **central park's sheep meadow**: Saturday, June 29, at 8 (rain date, June 30), "Samson et Dalila," with Sandra Warfield, James McCracken, and William Walker.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays, except June 20, and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

Riverside Park—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first in a series of five concerts, this one with Yosef Yankelev, violin. (Friday, June 21, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Aug. 24. Thursday, June 27, at 8: Count Basie and his orchestra and Joe Williams.... ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8 and 10:30: Moby Grape and Muddy Waters. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Special pre-season performances—Tuesday, June 25, at 8:30: The 5th Dimension, Spanky and Our Gang, and the American Breed.... ¶ Wednesday, June 26, at 8:30: Ray Charles and the Raeletts.... ¶ Thursday, June 27, at 8:30: Dinah Shore.... ¶ Friday, June 28, at 8:30: Judy Collins and Arlo Guthrie.... ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 30, at 3:30: Victor Borge, with Leonid Hambro, plus the New York City Ballet Orchestra conducted by Robert Irving. (Saratoga Springs. For tickets, call PL 7-5985, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra in the opening performance of a new festival of weekly concerts that will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. With Marian Anderson, narrator, and Gold and Fizdale, duo piano. (Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, June 29, at 8.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Grace Doty and Ramon Segarra, and Louis Falco and his company of dancers. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, June 27, at 3; Friday, June 28, at 8:40; and Saturday, June 29, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Houston, Thursday, June 20, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday and Saturday, June 21-22, at 8:05, and Sunday, June 23, at 2:05.... **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 25-26, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, June 28, at 8, and Saturday, June 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader).

Boxing—Joe Frazier vs. Manuel Ramos, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 594-6600. Monday, June 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 9:30.)

Motorboat Racing—Hudson River Marathon, Saturday, June 29.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 29. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 22; the Vagrancy Handicap, Monday, June 24; the National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 26; and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 22.

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—Santos of Brazil vs. Napoli of Italy, Friday, June 21, at 8.... ¶ Generals vs. Baltimore, Sunday, June 23, at 2:30.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, June 22, at 2:45, and Sunday, June 23, at 2.

TENNIS—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, June 23.)... ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Monday through Sunday, June 24-30.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 22.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 21), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—In **BRYANT PARK**, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: The final programs in a series of outdoor readings. David Shapiro and Victor Fernandez Fragoso, Saturday, June 22, at 1:30.... ¶ Anthony Hecht and Mark Strand, Monday, June 24, at 2:30.... ¶ Joel Oppenheimer and Pedro Santaliz, Wednesday, June 26, at 2:30. (In the event of rain, the readings will be given on the following day at the same time.)... **POETRY CENTER**, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (FI 8-1500): Teo Savory and Denise Levertov reading English translations of Eugene Guillevic's French works; Czeslaw Milosz and Elzbieta Czyzewska reading English translations of Zbigniew Herbert's and Mr. Milosz's Polish poems; George Awoonor-Williams reading from his own works; and John Malcolm Brinnin reading English translations of the works of Ecuadorian poet Jorge Carrera Andrade. (Monday, June 24, at 8:30.)... ¶ Mark Strand and Carolyn Kizer reading English translations of the works of Chilean poet Nicanor Parra; Anthony Hecht reading English translations of the works of Austrian poet Ingeborg Bachmann; and Zulfikar Ghose reading from his own works. (Wednesday, June 26, at 8:30.)

WALKING TOURS—"Upper Central Park," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 23. Meets at Central Park West and 100th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—Final auctions of the season at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday, June 20, at 1:45: English and Continental silver, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Friday, June 21, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture and decorations, from various owners. Exhibition hours: Thursday, June 20, from 10 to 5.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—June 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Paranoia" (1967), in Dutch.... ¶ June 21 at 2 and 5:30: "The Spitting Image" (1963), in Dutch.... ¶ June 22 at 11:30: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German film, directed by F. W. Murnau.... ¶ June 22 at 3 and 5:30: "The Human Dutch" (1964), in Dutch.... ¶ June 23 at 2 and 5:30: "The Gangstergirl" (1966), in Dutch.... ¶ June 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Paranoia" (1967), in Dutch.... ¶ June 25 at 2 and 5:30: "The Whipping Cream Hero" (1967), in Dutch.... ¶ June 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Doctor Dolittle—For children, and only for children. Rex Harrison pretends that his extreme urbanity is not wasted on four-footed friends. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Monday through Wednesday, June 24-26, at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through June 23.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 26.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—A Czech film, written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in a Prague occupied by a faintly updated anti-Semitic power. The picture is very eloquent about the difficulty of modern types of courage, and is made with striking, finely detailed baroque style. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girls' boarding school—but wasn't that "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The ninth, and last, movie made by the famous team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 25.)

The Long Day's Dying—A perfectly acted English picture with David Hemmings, Alan Dobie, and Tom Bell, directed by Peter Collinson, about three privates sweating it out in contest with a German soldier in the Second World War. Written by Charles Wood, one of the most interesting playwrights in England. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013; through June 22.)

Nazarin—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal (of "Belle de Jour") plays the priest. No film has ever said "I do not believe, thank God" with more distress, humor, and endurance. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting June 20, at 8.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon plays the one who horribly recreates the situation all over again and becomes a new wife-figure, fussing about with coasters and driving Walter Matthau nuts. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Petulia—Richard Lester's giant stride forward, in a story about two people—wonderfully played by Julie Christie and George C. Scott—in San Francisco. The story concerns modern ways of hiding pain and injury. Lester's technique, which is jangly and terse, exactly expresses the subject and becomes eloquent about his own tacit perception of modern pain. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Planet of the Apes—One of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 26.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Rosemary's Baby—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with wan beauty, gets pregnant by Satan in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy, leading the witches' coven with nosy chattiness and behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Stranger—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 25.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 23. ... ¶ Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; starting June 24.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5, and Monday through Wednesday, June 24-26, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus, four-part movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer, not an actress (Ludmila Savelyeva), is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre in this stupendous endeavor, which draws one into another life in a country on the brink of change. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through June 26.)

Contempt (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—An account of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

Don Quixote (1961)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkassov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 22-24.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Starting Saturday, June 22, matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Lola (1962)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25-26.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French, as you might have expected. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 26.)

My Life to Live (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 20-21.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through June 26.)

Ordet (1957)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 20-21.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 26.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

The Suitor (1963)—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf. Pierre Etaix is the star. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 22-24.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 25: "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.
From June 26: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through June 26: **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 25: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.
From June 26: **SCORPIO RISING**, revival; **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Chafed Elbows," revival, a Robert Downey film.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE FOX.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through June 24: "Prudence and the Pill," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From June 25. "The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 25: "The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.
From June 26: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Boom!," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"What's So Bad About Feeling Good," George Peppard, Mary Tyler Moore.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 23: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
From June 24: **THE TWO OF US** (in French).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 25: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From June 26: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 23: **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
From June 24: "The Man with the Balloons" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Catherine Spaak.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 25: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.**
From June 26: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE FOX.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through June 25: "The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.
From June 26: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
"No More Excuses," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 25: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans; and "Billion Dollar Brain," Michael Caine, Karl Malden.
From June 26: **PLANET OF THE APES**; and "The Flim-Flam Man," revival, George C. Scott.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE FOX.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through the afternoon of June 24: "Happy End," a Czechoslovakian film.
From June 25: "The Bride Wore Black" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Survival 1967," Jules Dassin's film on the Israeli war.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
From June 20, at 8: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through June 22: **THE LONG DAY'S DYING.**
From June 23: "Inadmissable Evidence," Nicol Williamson.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 20-21: **ORDET** (in Danish), revival; and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (in French), revival.
June 22-24: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SUITOR** (in French), revival.
June 25-26: **LOLA** (in French), revival; and "Bell'Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 20: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **DON QUIXOTE** (in Russian), revival.
June 21: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; and "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), revival, Birgitte Federspiel.
June 22: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," revival, Barry K. Barnes.
June 23: "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival; and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.
June 24: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
June 25: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
June 26: **REPULSION**, revival; and **CONTEMPT** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 25: "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.
From June 26: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).

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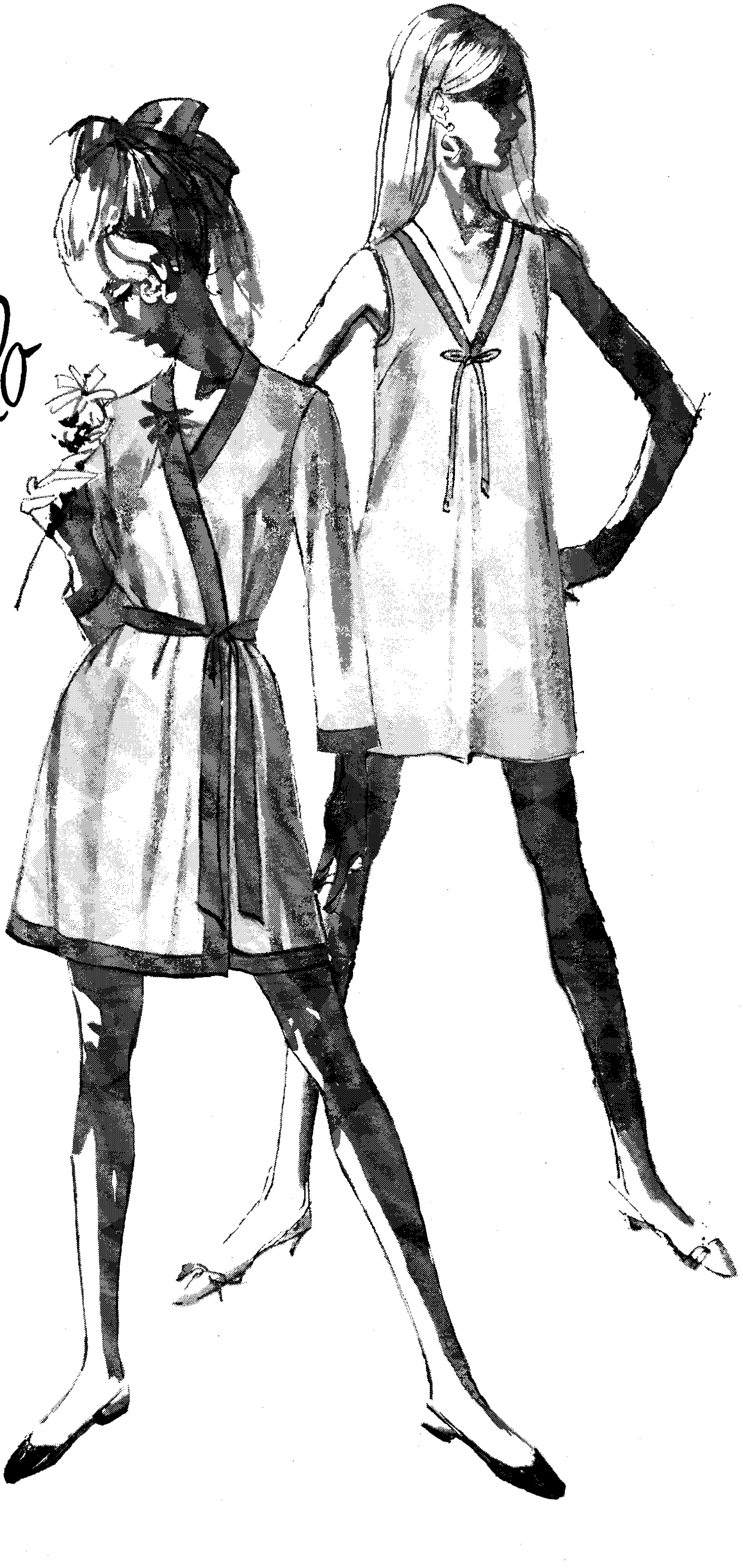

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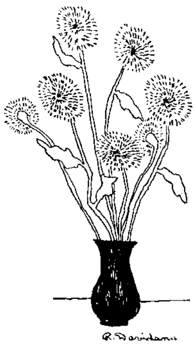
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

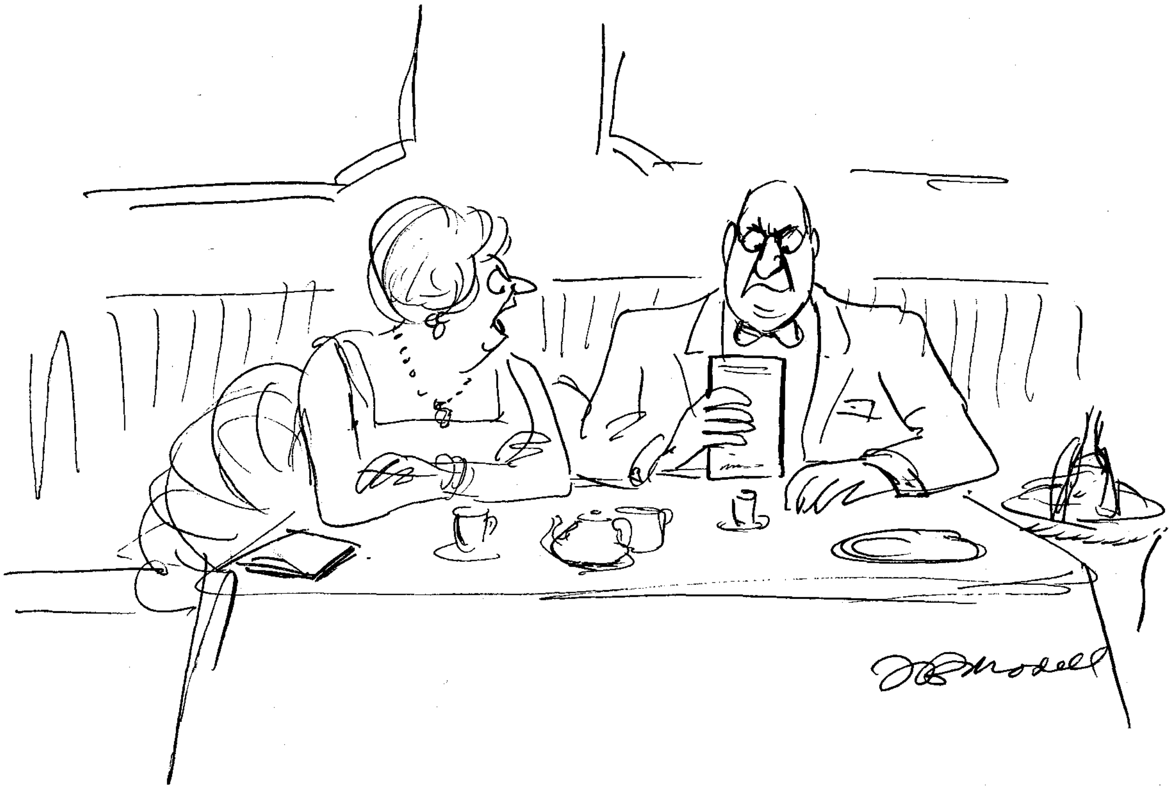
GETTING used to it is what we all do well now. Each morning since the death of Robert Kennedy, we have awakened to the familiar knowledge that some terrible piece of news, some new jolt of the intolerable, awaits us just beyond the borders of sleep. We open our eyes to a corner of the bureau, a soft glint of mirror, morning sounds, and then it comes back. Yet even as we try to recapture sleep, to stuff consciousness away again for a few minutes, we recognize, day by day, that the wound is smaller and acceptance closer to hand. Like an invalid, we are each day less shocked to find that we are ill, each day more absorbed with our symptoms. We have, after all, been here before—after Dallas, after Memphis—and the morning terror no longer quite surprises us. We are sustained by habit, and the headshake of "No, no" has become the invisible nod of recognition. This time, even in the first day or two, we knew what to do and what it would be like for us. Our facial expression on such days, our choice of necktie and platitude, the look on the faces around us—all these we know by heart. In the office, after the shooting, we took our same seat in the same big room where the office television set is placed on such occasions, and were joined by the same companions. It was a reunion. And later, after the old elegance of mourning and the release of grief, we exchanged, at home with friends or on the street with strangers, a look of gravity and innocence, once again less alone and once again comforted, like children, by our own good behavior, by our coming forgetfulness, and by the knowledge that while the worst had happened, it had not happened, exactly or entirely, to us. The irreversible is no longer strange to us; it is the commonplace of our time, and assassination is only another calamity to be smothered in habit, in good taste and cool. A friend with appalling news—a marriage in ruins, a child lost in despair and confusion, a parent in alcoholic collapse, or a sister catapulted through a windshield—comes to dinner in the perfect assurance that his disaster will be handsomely received. Welcome, friend; we are unsurprisable here. Please note how carefully we listen, how intelligently we reassure, how brightly we change the subject or drop a joke. Tears are acceptable tonight—also rage or silence. Martinis are here and good food is coming; the evening will pass. Our defense is not philosophy or faith or even courage but mere style. We are With It. At the end of the evening, the ashtrays are emptied and the danger set outside the door with the rest of the trash. We put the right record on the machine ("Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you") and go to bed a little stupefied. Waking up will hurt less tomorrow. Cool, baby.



Motorman

HAVING not long ago spent a pleasant and instructive morning with a bus driver, we decided to spend a few hours with a subway motorman, so, one weekday morning at ten o'clock, we met Mr. Patrick Christy, who has been driving trains for over thirty years, at the Woodlawn Terminal dispatcher's shack, to which he reports each day at 8:50 A.M. Between 8:50 and 10 A.M., Mr. Christy, a soft-spoken man of sixty with a distinct trace of County Longford in his voice, had driven an empty train from the Woodlawn I.R.T. station to the nearby Mosholu trainyard, laid up the train there, and then "deadheaded" (i.e., ridden as a passenger) on a regular train back to Woodlawn Terminal; the Transit Authority had declined to let us accompany Mr. Christy on his Mosholu-yard mission, which involves climbing off the empty train, walking the tracks, and stepping over the third rail. Mr. Christy's schedule now called for him to drive a Lexington Avenue I.R.T. express train from Woodlawn, in the Bronx, to Atlantic Avenue, in Brooklyn, between 10:01 and 10:53 A.M. We stood next to his cab, asking him questions whenever his duties and the noise level permitted.

Mr. Christy's train was ten cars long—most subway trains are, except during off-hours and on weekends, when most of them are six or eight cars long—and each of the cars has its own motor. The conductor was riding between the first five and the last five cars. At exactly 10:01, Mr. Christy put his reverser key in the forward position, thereby unlocking the controller; closed his control cut-out switch, making contact with the motors of all ten cars; put his brake handle in charging position, getting the straight air reading of 75 and the brake-pipe pressure reading of 110 required for braking; and then, after receiving a white-light signal indicating that the doors of all ten subway cars were closed, depressed the controller and moved the brake handle to running-release position. We were off. For four or five feet after leaving the station, the handle was on the first of three forward positions—one called "switching." After getting off to a smooth start, Mr. Christy shut off power and coasted for a moment, to make sure that all the cars were rolling freely. Then he moved the controller back to "switching," on to the second position ("series") and then to the third ("multiple"). For reasons that he couldn't explain, subway trains have n



"Oh, for pity's sake! Put it on your American Express card and blow your top when you get the bill."

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speedometers, so it isn't possible to tell the exact rate at which a train is going—a fact that has been brought up in court in cases concerning fatalities on subway tracks. When the handle is on "series," Mr. Christy told us, the train is travelling at fifteen miles an hour or more, and when it is on "multiple" it is going twenty-five miles an hour or more; the precise speeds depend on such matters as whether all ten motors on the train are working. Travelling between such far-apart express stops as 125th Street and Fifty-ninth Street on the IND line, Mr. Christy said, a subway train moves along at top speed—around forty-five miles an hour. The train we were on felt slow to him, and he said that perhaps two or three of its motors were dead; it is possible to drive a ten-car train when only six motors are working.

By the time we had absorbed this information, we had pulled into and out of the first half-dozen stops on our way to Atlantic Avenue, always stopping at the numeral 10 (for a ten-car-long train) at each station. Between the next half-dozen stops, Mr. Christy 'nted out the many signs and signals has to watch every foot of the —so many that we thought it just ll that the train was guided by ck and didn't require steering. were green lights, giving Mr. Christy clearance up to and beyond the next signal; yellow lights, signifying caution and giving him clearance only as far as the next signal; and red lights, telling him to stop. Between a green light and a red light there was always a yellow light, so that he wouldn't have to stop too abruptly. There were also many double sets of lights at junction points—for example, yellow over red and red over yellow—the lower light having to do with routing and the upper with clearance, and there were numerous signs along the tracks indicating curbed speeds on curves, descending grades, and before entering stations. At several points along the way, men were working on the tracks, and flagmen waved flags and lights and blew whistles, to signal Mr. Christy to stop and then to proceed; he acknowledged their instructions with blasts of his own whistle.

Between 167th Street and 161st Street, the train seemed bumpy. Bumpiness has to do with the vibration of the train on the tracks, and Mr. Christy said he couldn't do anything about it. "There may be a few bad spots in the roadbed, causing a swaying motion, but in general the tracks are kept in excellent condition," he told us. "There has to be a give in the movement of the train over the tracks—otherwise, you'd have a rigid, rough ride. There's really no such thing as good and bad drivers among motormen. The faster I go into the stations, the smoother the train brakes. Most of us prefer the ten-car trains to the six-car trains, because they have slightly stronger braking power."

Until 161st Street, we were aboveground; before we reached the 149th Street station we were underground, where the tracks were well illuminated with white lights. Mr. Christy pointed out some blue lights, where there were emergency telephones, fire extinguishers, and boxes at which he could shut off the power in the third rail, if necessary. In his career as a motorman, he has never had an accident in operating his trains, although there have been three unavoidable fatalities—people who jumped or fell to the tracks directly in front of him; on those occasions, he had to shut off the power in the third rail.

At the 138th Street station, we spotted the letters "MH" in the mosaic tiles on the station pillars, and Mr. Christy told us they stood for Mott Haven, the former name of the station. "I always have to keep my eyes ahead, so I don't get much of a look at the stations," he said. "I don't take notice of how many passengers get on or off at the different stations. Trains are the same to drive whether they're empty or full. The stops are supposed to be about fifteen seconds long, but the conductor handles them, and I just proceed when I get the signal. I have no idea how many stops there are between Woodlawn and Atlantic Avenue; I've never counted them. [There are twenty-four.] All I have to do is stop at the right ones."

When we reached Fourteenth Street, Mr. Christy pointed out that he had to stop exactly at a sign marked "S," and not a foot or so in front or in back of it, because the Fourteenth Street station, being built on a fairly sharp curve, has moving platforms that shoot forward to fill the gap between the straight line of the car and the curved line of the station. (When the station was built, it was built for shorter trains.) After we left the Bowling Green station, Mr. Christy told us we were going downhill and under the East River through the only tunnel on the Lexington Avenue line.

We arrived at Atlantic Avenue at precisely 10:53, whereupon Mr. Christy walked through the empty train to what had been the tenth car and was about to become the first car. Ten minutes later, he set off for Woodlawn, and arrived there at 11:55—once again exactly on schedule. After lunch, he was to deadhead from Woodlawn to Utica Avenue, in Brooklyn, where he would transfer an empty train to Atlantic Avenue and then drive a passenger train from Atlantic Avenue to Woodlawn between 3:35 and 4:27, when his workday ended. We asked him how he happened to have that particular schedule, and he told us that motormen "pick tricks" (select runs) twice a year, according to seniority. The most junior motormen, he said, wound up on the "extra sheet," which meant that they had to substitute on a day-to-day basis for more senior men who were out ill, and had to work nights, weekends, and holidays. Mr. Christy's seniority was high; he chose to work out of a dispatcher's shack just a few subway stops from his home and to work daylight hours. Some of the older men preferred a schedule of straight driving, which didn't involve stepping over the third rail, but Mr. Christy didn't mind that. He liked the route he drove, because it was nicer to be out in the open part of the time than to be underground all day. In summer, he would pick a schedule that would enable him to start and stop work an hour or so earlier, so that he could spend the late afternoon sitting in the sun with "the Mrs."

We asked Mr. Christy how he happened to become a motorman.

"There's security and good positions in any civil-service job," he said. "In Ireland, I tried for the police, but I'm only five feet seven and a half, and you have to be five feet eight for the police in Ireland, so I was a gardener there. I came to this country on May 21, 1928. My brother had come here two years earlier and had gone to work on the Third Avenue 'L.' I became interested in trains through him. I went to work as a guard on the Second Avenue 'L' on June 6, 1928, and I've worked for the railroad ever since. I eventually transferred to the subway, and became a motorman in 1936. I was lucky. I always had a week's wages during the Depression years, when many smarter men were out of work. But conditions have certainly improved in this job since I started. The unions came in in the thirties, and then we started getting vacations, paid holidays, and sick pay. I now earn a hundred and sixty dollars and thirty cents a week, and I'll get a very good pension when I retire. I could have taken tests to become a dispatcher, but I wanted to be a motorman and I stayed a motorman. I've driven all the routes on the I.R.T. system. I like my job. It's not boring. Some guys won't take the subway on their days off—they say it's like a mailman not wanting to go for a walk on a Sunday—but I've always lived in the city and I've always ridden the subway. I've never even tried to drive a car. I have three children, and they drive cars. I'm happy when I'm operating a train."

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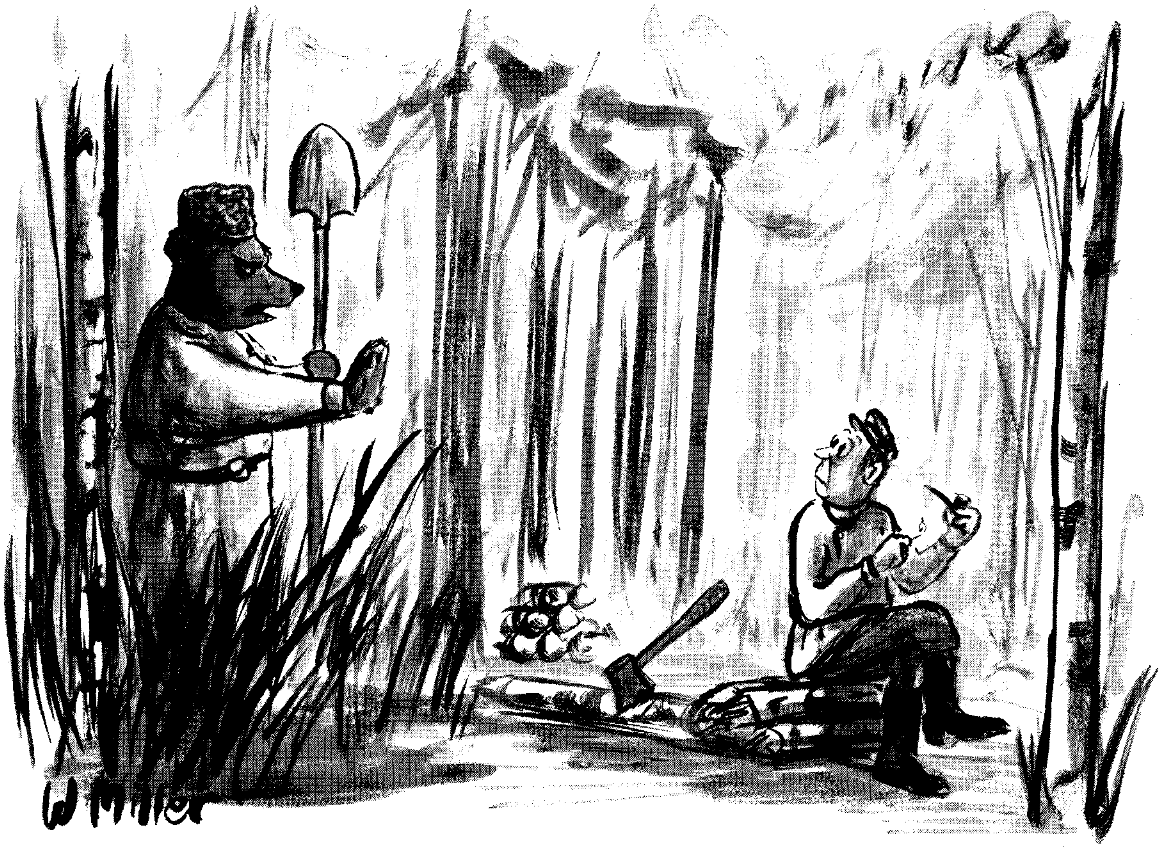
OVERHEARD in the registrar's office of Radcliffe, assistant registrar, speaking crisply into the telephone: "No, I'm sorry, the grade is not B. The grade is D, as in 'Dostoevski.' "

Nine Million Cards

IN the course of a lunch in the Trustees Room of the Public Library a few months ago, Mr. James W. Henderson, the library's research chief, told us that its public catalogue, consisting of some nine million cards, had deteriorated to the point where many of the typewritten entries—especially the upper-right-hand-corner class marks, which make it possible for titles to be located in the stacks—were indecipherable, and that a plan for a printed catalogue in book form, running to three hundred volumes, was on the tapis. We went to his office the other day to learn more about this project.

"I came here twenty-one years ago, and I saw that our catalogue was gradually falling apart," Mr. Henderson said. "In 1963, when I became chief of the research libraries, I got a six-thousand-dollar grant to have an Egyptian graduate student at Colum-



"Nyet, Tovarisch!"

bia, Seoud Makram Matta, do his doctoral dissertation on a full-scale investigation of this problem. He spent two years gathering data and writing it up. He found that 2,296,000 of the then 8,000,000 cards were in need of replacement, and that the cost of rehabilitating them and reproducing them photographically in book form would be around three million dollars. Thanks to a gift of forty thousand dollars from the Council on Library Resources, we've been able to study the matter further, taking into consideration an increase of a million cards, and have concluded that it would cost $1,150,000 just to *prepare* the cards for publication—that is, get them in shape for the camera—and anywhere from $2,000,000 to $3,750,000 to have them published, based on an edition of from two hundred and fifty to five hundred sets. These would sell at five thousand dollars apiece. Production would take five years. The card catalogue would then be closed, but a new one would be started for acquisitions, which might be published in cumulative supplements every five or ten years. Our customers, of course, would be other libraries, which would use the catalogue as a bibliographical and locating tool. A reader could consult it in Buffalo, for example, make up his call slips, and mail them to us, and we'd have the books ready for him when he came in. It would save a lot of time." The project has been recommended to the library's trustees, and awaits an angel. "I hope we're on the verge of success," he said. "Around thirty per cent of our cards need immediate attention."

Mr. Henderson invited us to give some of them *our* attention, and we followed him up a flight of stairs to the catalogue room. "Let's look at 'Chaucer,' " he said. He pulled out a tray of cards, smudgy on their tops, and riffled through them. Their faces were even smudgier. A number of class marks had been obliterated. "The thumbing of nearly sixty years," he said. "The Astor, Lenox, and Tilden library foundations were consolidated in 1895, and this building opened in 1911. Some of the entries were printed for the Astor Library as early as 1857. They've been cut up from the old Astor Library book catalogue and pasted up on cards. This tray will take a lot of work. See how many class marks are gone? Even some of the author and title headings are illegible. Let's look at 'Sex.' "

We walked across the room to this category, and Mr. Henderson pulled out another tray. "Not as bad as 'Chaucer,' " he said, looking faintly surprised. "But pretty bad. Fingerprints attract sulphur dioxide, and you then get deterioration from sulphuric acid. That angel will *have* to come across, or nothing will be left here. Let's look up 'Nothing.' "

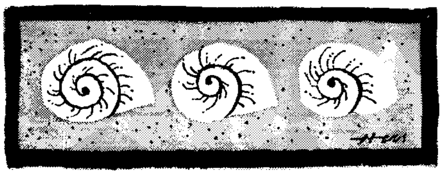
Mr. Henderson showed us a nice clean card headed "Nothing, by Nobody," and we took our leave.

Off Limits

A New Jersey chap of our acquaintance was overcome the other evening with a desire to send a singing telegram to a friend who is vacationing at Orleans, on Cape Cod, and called up Western Union. "I am sorry, sir," said the voice on the other end, "but that is not within singing territory."

Environment

We went to a cocktail party recently and helped to create a work of art. In fact, the cocktail party *was* the work of art—or, at least, part of a work of art called MINUCODE, an elaborate "environment" designed by a twenty-four-year-old blond Argentinian artist named Marta Minujin. Working from the principle that we are all collaborators in creating our daily environment, Miss Minujin invited representatives of four professional groups—businessmen, fashion people, artists, and politicians—to come and be themselves at four cocktail parties on four successive nights at the art gallery of the Center for Inter-American Relations, on Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue. We arrived at seven o'clock on Artists Night, and found the gallery jammed with collaborators (eighty artists had been invited, and more than two hundred showed up). The cocktail-party atmosphere was very authentic. Just inside the door of a large white room, there was a real bar, with real bartenders behind it. On top of the bar were real bottles of Black & White Scotch, club soda, ginger ale, and Coca-Cola. There were buckets of real ice, and trays of real glasses, and bowls of real pretzels, potato chips, and cheese crackers, and everyone was standing around and drinking and making real conversation and staring at each other with commendable verisimilitude. The one thing that distinguished this gathering from the hundreds of ordinary cocktail parties given in New York art galleries each year was the complete absence of paintings, sculptures, graphics, and/or constructions on the walls, ceiling, or floor. Instead, three sixteen-millimetre movie cameras had been set up on tripods along one bare wall. At a signal from Miss Minujin, a three-man camera team would begin shooting the assembled artists "at work." After ten minutes, the cameras would be moved across the room and the party would be filmed from the opposite side. Later, a forty-minute movie would be spliced together, using ten-minute segments from each of the four parties, and this film would be shown at the official opening of the MINUCODE show one week later.



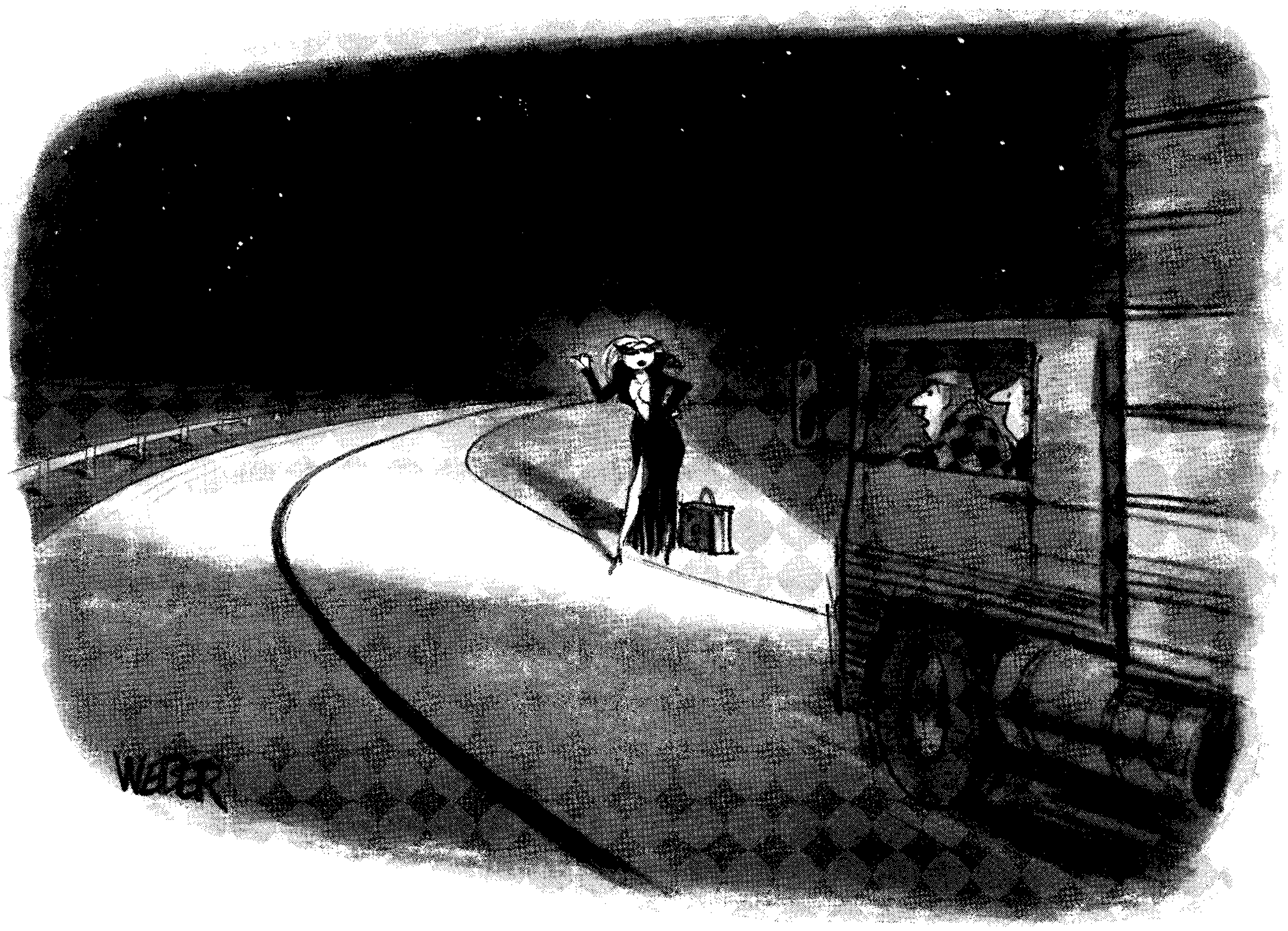
We found Miss Minujin, who was a painter and sculptor in Buenos Aires before becoming an environmentalist, standing toward the back of the gallery, directing traffic, greeting newcomers with a broad, freckled smile, and gazing about happily at the environment she had wrought. She told us that she was waiting for the party to "warm up a little" before turning on the cameras, but she was obviously pleased with the progress so far. "Already it's a nice cocktail party—it's a groovy cocktail party," she said, in a pleasantly blurry Argentinian accent. "They're having a good time. Fellini pays eighty extras to do that. I don't pay nothing."

A short lady wearing a longish skirt and a bewildered expression made her way through the crowd to Miss Minujin and announced, somewhat belligerently, "I don't get it. What's the point? Is it like McLuhan? Or what?"

Miss Minujin pointed to the crowd. "Everybody in the street is a creator," she said. "You, me, everybody. The world is an invisible environment. I want to select four groups that are important in this culture, bring them in here, and make them conscious of the invisible environment. I make the invisible. I tell them to do just like the media teach to them. Try to understand me. The whole thing is one big environment."

A tall, thin girl in a tan pants suit rushed up to Miss Minujin and embraced her. "When are we going to start, Marta?" the girl asked, nodding in the direction of the three silent cameras.

"It's *started*," the artist said. "This *is* it. It's working. The cocktail party in



"Part of me says, 'Don't stop.'"

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this country is a message in itself, no?"

A handsome, suntanned man in a Nehru jacket leaned over and kissed her on the cheek and said, "Is it a little late in starting, Marta?"

"No, no, the thing is working," Miss Minujin replied, and went on to say that it was harder to work with people than with conventional art material. "With people, it is much more . . . abstract."

Finally, Miss Minujin gave the signal. Four floodlights in the four corners of the room came on, and the three cameras began turning. As if determined to play their assigned roles like old troupers, the partygoers went right on talking and drinking and staring at each other. The only apparent change in the crowd was a tendency to separate into three subgroups, one in front of each camera, with perceptible gaps between them. But even then the largest group of all remained in front of the bar, completely out of camera range.

Four days later, we returned to the gallery for a special "participants' preview" of the forty-minute film that had been distilled from the four parties. There was some unexpected technical difficulty, so the first few arrivals were seated in a small outer reception room, where an automatic slide projector was showing a series of color slides taken on Fashion Night.

"They're very clear," someone commented after the first fifteen or twenty slides had clicked by.

"Look," a girl in a brown leather miniskirt said to her escort. "That looks like Bob from the back, doesn't it?"

Her escort shook his head. "No, it doesn't. It almost does—but it doesn't."

The little reception room began to fill up with businessmen, fashion people, artists, and politicians, and once again people were asking when the show was going to start.

"Be patient," Miss Minujin announced, with a confident smile. "Nothing is working." She ducked out, only to reappear a few minutes later with the news that everything was now in order. "One of the participants helped to fix it," she said. "You see—it's still going on, the environment. Isn't that wonderful?"

The participants filed into the large white room. The bar had been removed, and the only light came from six movie projectors—three along each bare wall where the cameras had been. The participants milled around in the middle of the floor, staring at the brightly colored images of themselves and their friends projected on the gallery walls. Whenever someone stepped inadvertently in front of a projector, an ominous black silhouette—alien yet vaguely familiar—seemed to pass among the glittering two-dimensional guests, who went right on drinking and talking and staring at each other. It was an eerie, unplanned effect.

We sought out Miss Minujin and asked her what her next environmental project would be.

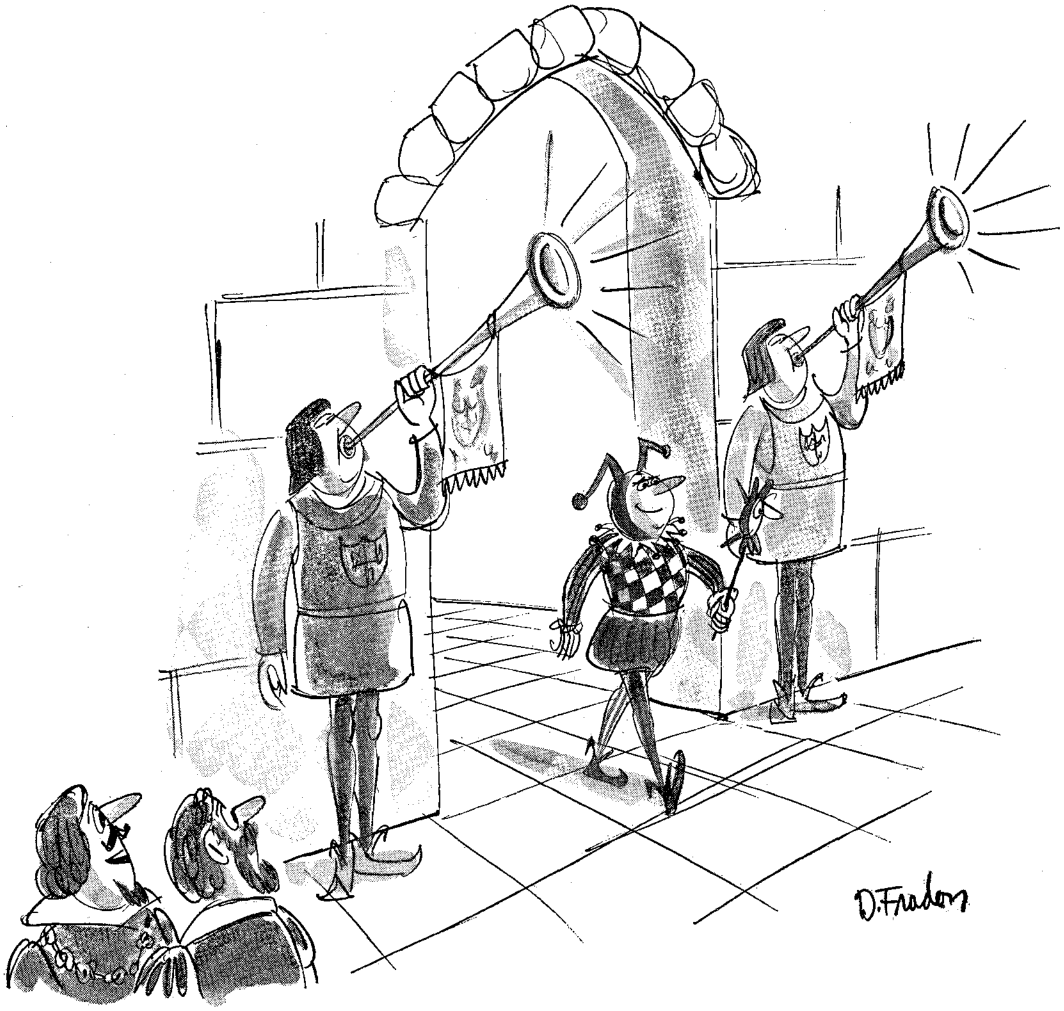
"I want to do a show in Buenos Aires called 'Importation-Exportation,'" she told us happily. "I want to import the whole New York hippie culture and stage a Be-In in a park with about two hundred hippies. Then I want to reproduce an American Presidential election campaign in the streets there, with the banners, and buttons, and motorcades, and speeches. And then I want to perform a riot, like you have here in Newark."

THE DOUBLE BOLLIX

(A PAPER WRITTEN AFTER A CAREFUL READING OF "THE DOUBLE HELIX," BY JAMES D. WATSON)

CERTAINLY not everybody will share my interpretation of the events and personalities involved in the discovery of the basic formulative structure of VIDA (verosclerotic intermolecular disulphurbic actone), without which neither you nor I nor even Dr. Grel Brewster could so much as exist. I mean exist. And I especially mean Dr. Grel Brewster, since there is no one, or hardly anyone, in the entire scientific community (*that* congeries) for whom I hold more respect, if not necessarily affection. But putting both respect and affection aside, something deep inside me, perhaps VIDA itself, propelled me to cream Brewster in the matter of VIDA's structure. All of us at the Hereford Labs knew that Brewster was deeply involved with peptones, but we also knew that with his immense knowledge of the verosclerotic field he would be edging his way toward a solution of the problem of VIDA. The essential question was whether he had hitched on to the matter of the paper dolls.

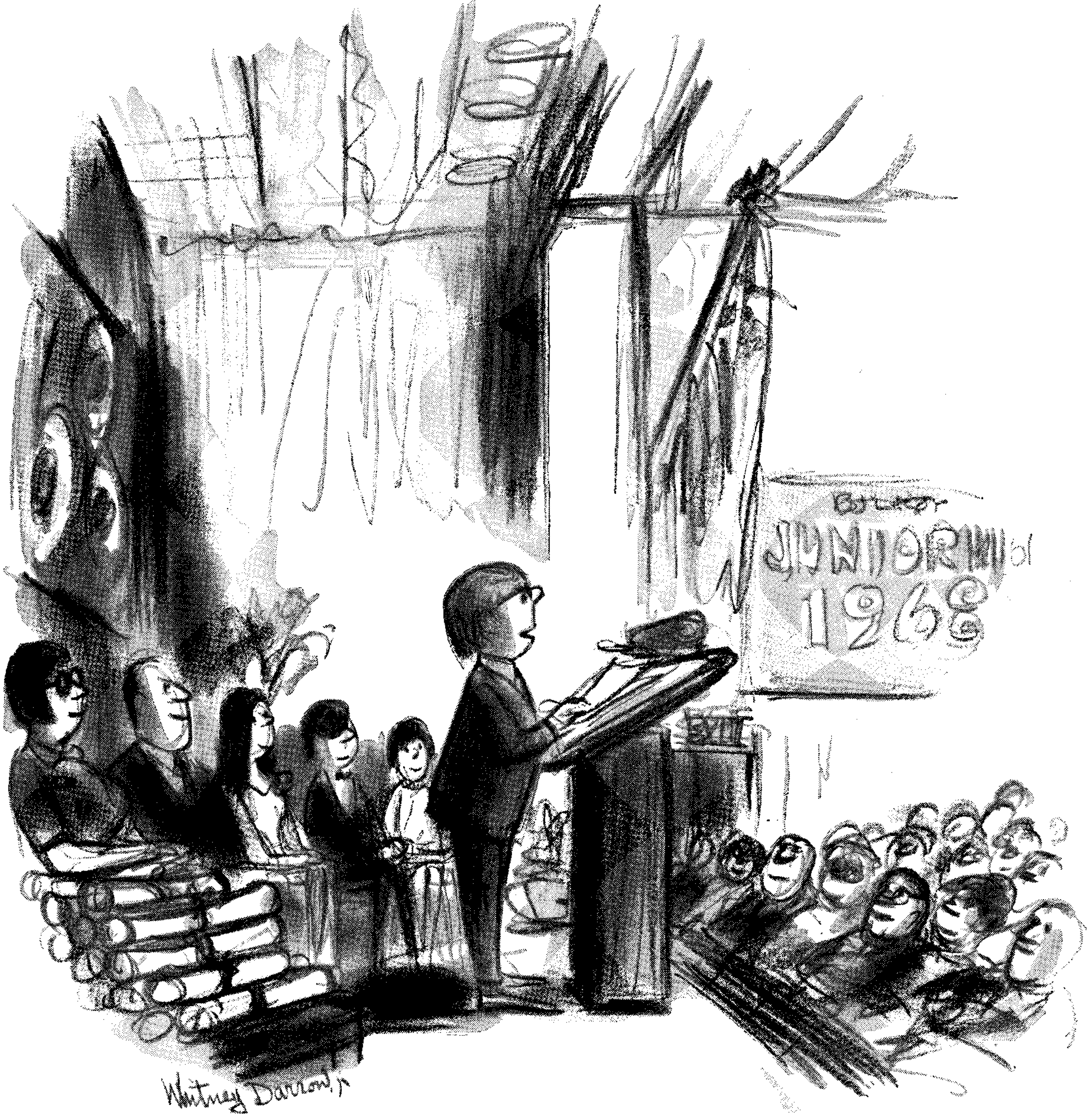
I was slothing about the Hereford on a Blakeslee Grant, ostensibly pursuing the elusive inner core of anti-zymbiotics, but since I knew next to nothing about zymbiotics, anti-zymbiotics completely eluded me, and I had every reason to believe that when the grant ran out there would be no further drinking from that particular trough. I took advantage of the beautiful spring weather and sat outside a good deal under the trees, admiring the passing scene—mostly delectable chicks—occasionally leaving England and running over to the Continent for a weekend of fun and games. The old fellow in charge of the labs, Sir Creighton Mockridge, had put me down as a dunce the moment he laid eyes on me, and this relieved me of any sense of pressure. I secretly envied him for the work he had done in 1896 on salubrious fentones, but I had no notion of what he had done in the intervening years. Anyway, I enjoyed the aroma of his pipe tobacco, and the quirky patch in the seat of his tweed trousers. Mockridge was the solid-daddy image at the labs, and his children were a mixed bag. First off, there was Burkie—Lothard Burkie. One morning, strolling along Veritas Lane, I spied this character hopping down the lane on one foot, making small animal noises that sounded like "oop-eep-ah, oop-eep-ah." Now and then, he would vary the sequence and say "ah-eep-oop." I carefully examined his features—balustrudic anthropoid with overtones of baroque polymorphism and with no visible signs of enzyme deficiency. The entire performance was slightly infra dig, but I could not help admiring the determination of the party performing it. I was somewhat surprised a week or so later—when I decided one morning to go to work—that he and I were sharing a laboratory at the Hereford, and that his entire lunch consisted of a package of processed yellow cheese, which he heartily consumed, paper and all. Less eccentric than most of the people in the verosclerotic field, Burkie disguised his brilliance by speech so slow and so measured that students (he delivered occasional lectures) fell sound asleep between syllables, and often woke up screaming. We hit it off together immediately, and when I talked to him about the paper dolls there was a glint in his left eye that made me realize that he instantly sensed their possibilities. The right eye, curiously, displayed no response. Old Mockridge thought even less of Burkie than he did of me; in fact, he had been known to exclaim to some of the dons at High Table that if he heard another "oop-eep-ah" (his windows overlooked Veritas Lane) he would retire to the Isle of Wight and spend the rest of his days rereading the novels of Jane Austen. Down the hall from us, in a lab housing a huge aspidistra, labored Bellinza (La Beanie) Locke, who dominated not only the aspidistra but her co-worker in the lab, Tiny Giles Album, a creature famed for his work on zelids. La Beanie was a complicated personality, who often remarked that the entire scientific community would be immeasurably improved if someone had the sheer guts to set a torch to the Hereford. This infuriated Tiny Giles Album, who



"He's one of the truly great comics."

was convinced that La Beanie meant what she said. I never took her seriously enough (she was a grilotic type, broad of beam) to give any thought to the matter. Whenever Burkie heard her incendiary comments, he permitted himself an extended series of "oop-eep-ah"s and went punting for the afternoon. Neither La Beanie nor Tiny Giles Album knew anything about the paper dolls, nor would they have placed any credence in them. Burkie and I proposed to keep it that way.

Aside from La Beanie, most of the tension in the Hereford was generated by the rush for the Persimmon, that most coveted of prizes. Burkie and I desperately wanted the Persimmon, and were honestly willing to share it. La Beanie, I felt certain, would do anything to undercut and undermine us. She never passed me in the broad main hall of the Hereford without rolling her eyes, smiling an arcane smile, and saying, "Aha, Mr. Candor himself!" I wanted to wring her strange little neck, but I didn't. I was too worried about Dr. Grel Brewster. I didn't exactly want to wring *his* neck, but the thought crossed my mind. He, too, had his sights set on the Persimmon. One of his daughters, Adenine, had come over from the States to do research at the Hereford on planetubular oxides, and I thought to myself that if I took the dear girl out for an evening and filled her with beer and my own special brand of charm, I could get a line on her old man's progress. An evening was easily arranged—a bit too easily. I took her to the Beowulf, and there, in the Tap Room, with fat candles dripping over the tablecloth, she proceeded to undo me. I never learned a single fact about what dear old Dad was working on. The beer went to my head long before it went to hers, and her uncontrollable habit of twitching from head to foot so unnerved me that I was about to babble something about the paper dolls when the publican announced closing time. It was a narrow escape, and when I told Burkie about it in the morning he said, "Old trout, you need a change, a rest. Get away from the lab, clear your head." Nobody has to say anything like that twice to me. I packed my duffel and headed for the Übermensch, where I toyed with the notion of climbing the damn thing but settled for rocking in a rocker on the porch of a nearby hotel and admiring the view. Then I flew over to Rome, and sashayed around a number of parties being thrown by the international rich. I admire the international rich, mostly because of their delightful little hot hors d'oeuvres. At one such party, I was frolicking with a *contessa* and counting the bubbles in my glass when Hans Hansk, the German byridicist (who had himself won the Persimmon a few years back), came over unsteadily and remarked, almost in passing, "Brewster has ordered six thousand paper dolls from Amsterdam, all different sizes, all different shapes." "*Ciao*, baby," I said to the *contessa*. She slid to the floor. I grabbed the next plane to London, and took the first train down to the Hereford. It was after midnight when I climbed the rope ladder (Mockridge personally took home all the keys to the place at the close of day) and let myself in through the window of Burkie's and my lab. To my surprise, Burkie was there, playing with some Thai marionettes. "We haven't a



"And when we turned to your generation for guidance, what was your answer? 'Hi ho, hey hey—chew your little troubles away.'"

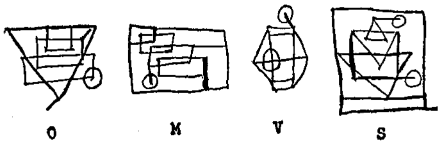
• •

"moment to lose," I said. I told him about Brewster and the paper dolls. "Oop-eep-ah," he said, and we went to work.

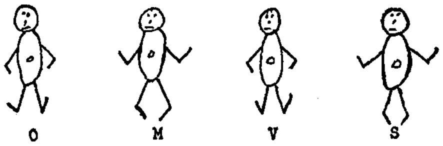
One of those frenzied fortnights. I didn't wish to lose any time before *our* paper dolls arrived from Amsterdam (we had ordered them months before), so I flew up to Oslo to the Rolvaag Laboratory and importuned the professor to grant me a cram course in zelids. I was weak in zelids, and could never admit this to La Beanie or to Tiny Giles Album. They would have spread word around the lab, word would then have got back to the States, and I would have been nixed in connection with the applications I had made for fourteen grants at various institutions of higher learning. I mastered zelids in a few days, and went back to the Hereford.

Burkie was in a state of elation. He showed me his new shears. "I think these will do the trick," he said. "They will cut the dolls across and up and down with one snip." Burkie and I then went to work on the peptone complex, mixing first the oil, then the vinegar. We then mixed the vinegar with the mustard, and the oil with the salt. We drew up the compotrometric tables. We burdled the aladins and marcotrized their components, entabulating the diagram. Burkie and I both noticed the exquisite thing at the same time: when the gelluloids came into proximity with the marstens, they reversed themselves, taking all the rest with them, in utter transposability. In other words, the marstens became gelluloids, and the schematic beauty of the process was staggering, like some crazy double sunset. "Old trout," cried Burkie, "I think we may have reached VIDA's structure!" I wasn't all that sanguine, and spent the weekend in Helsinki, throwing myself at the mercy of Professor Belius, who gave me a quick course in subpeptones. I didn't know a thing about subpeptones. There were some lovely Continental chirps in the vicinity, all gathered at the home of Baron Somebody-or-Other, and the ensemble watched the latest Swedish porno and guzzled caviar. Professor Belius was at the party, too, and when the ceaselessly pouring bubbly reached his frontal lobes he confided that Grel Brewster had been in Helsinki the week before, attending the XXIII Crantone Conference, and had talked cryptically about a new pair of shears. Back to the Hereford. Burkie had been spending his time memorizing the libretto of "Don Giovanni."

The morning post brought an immense package of paper dolls from Amsterdam. We broke all the rules of the Hereford and locked ourselves in our own lab. Using Burkie's new shears, we began to cut out the dolls, making them adhere as closely as possible to the X-rays we had taken of marstens and gelluloids, themselves reboextensions of the oil, vinegar, mustard, and salt. Flattened, before reboextension, they looked something like this:



"Abridge them!" cried Burkie. He dashed off for a walk along Veritas Lane. I played with the paper dolls all afternoon, wrote four or five letters to Nora—one of the Helsinki chirps—yawned, napped, dreamed of the Persimmon, and went back to the dolls. Burkie returned, and we lost sight of time. We must have been at it for days. There were occasional insistent knocks on the door of the lab (La Beanie, no doubt, sticking her nose into other people's affairs), but we paid no attention. The dolls turned out, roughly, like this:



We had it! From a philographic point of view, the symmetry, reverse to reverse, became perfectly formed cryptohomunculi—VIDA itself. Chemically, biologically, and structurally, everything fell into place. O-M fit V-S, and the octones, the mulloids (SMVO), and, more especially, the shadowy gradels and the 3.8 X-rayed out without furtivity. Burkie and I sat right down and put our findings in a paper, which we promptly mailed to *Parietal*, the learned journal. We forgot to lock the lab door when we stepped out to mail the article, and when we returned we found Old Mockridge, La Beanie, and Tiny Giles Album looking at the paper dolls and scratching their heads. "Oop-eep-ah," cried Burkie, and from the look of sorrow and pity that crossed Old Mockridge's face I knew that our secret was still well kept. He merely thought that Burkie and I were dotty. The little group backed out somewhat rapidly, and as La Beanie went through the door I heard her remark, "A tragedy when minds go to seed." The instant they had gone, we set about supporting each doll with cardboard backing, and stringing the whole lot on the Tree of Life. They hung easily and gracefully. We moved the Tree behind a screen and summoned the entire Hereford, La Beanie included, to drop by at 4 P.M. and take a look at a little job we had been working on. Everybody turned up in our lab, including Churls, the janitor. Burkie performed like an idiot, jumping up and down. I could see that Mockridge was about to have him committed. When everybody had been squeezed into the lab and the door was about to be shut tight, Grel Brewster suddenly shoved his way through into the small remaining space. Grel Brewster!

"I just this minute flew over from three days at the Blendin Conference," Brewster cried out. "Hate to spare the time. I'm on the edge of VIDA, right on the edge." I almost felt sorry for the fellow. Burkie jumped up and down with such violence that I was certain he would injure himself. His ooping reached new heights of frenzy.

"We happen to have something here that I think will be of interest to you," I said, as calmly as possible, and with a flourish I removed the screen from the Tree of Life.

The entire room gasped, then broke into cheers. A painful silence followed.

Finally, Dr. Brewster spoke up, clearly and firmly. "You have done it," he said, with no cutting edge to his voice. "The structure of life is apparent to us all. Certainly the Persimmon will be yours!"

Old Mockridge lost control of himself. "A memorable day," he kept saying, "when the Persimmon Lab is awarded a Hereford." Even La Beanie wept for joy. The group then went over to Lord Marston's for cheese and chicks, and on the way I remarked to myself how warm, how generous, how open, and how unselfish is the entire scientific community, but I don't believe a word of it.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*Hans Leigh in the October, 1909, issue of the Moving Picture World*]

More than a year has passed since I wrote warning the manufacturers of motion pictures that a continuance of their method meant the ruin of the moving picture industry—that a few more months of the gruesome, bloody, immoral, ill-conceived, badly executed pictures of that day would send the motion picture into oblivion with the bicycle, the ping-pong table and other fads which have made their stir and then passed from public notice.

AN ARRANGEMENT IN PARENTS

WHEN one is young, rebellion is the need. Anything at all serves as the thing to reject—whatever lies closest to hand, which is likely to be parents. When my own children were struggling to become anything so long as it wasn't me, sometimes in self-defense I used to point out I wasn't what they were assuming, really. But then I would remember my youth, and that greater service no parent can render than to be rejected. A good parent even becomes whatever rebellion next needs.

Rebellion, in my adolescence, was complicated by the fact that, while my contemporaries were occupied in running away from conventionality, I was perforce running away *to* it. Nothing, I felt, could be more of an embarrassment than to have painter parents. I could not, for example, imagine the mother of my school friend Denise—a chic lady who bought her clothes from Chanel—bending over double to look at things upside down.

My father, an Impressionist painter, had imbued my mother with all the theory she ever had any use for; and a part of what they held axiomatic was that, artistically, objects were what they were regardless of their significance. One of the painter's problems was managing to see things as they looked, without getting trapped by what they were supposed to be. To this end, my parents, when at work, used various expedients—standing with their backs to a picture and its model and looking at them through a hand mirror; or bending over and looking at them sidewise or upside down. Even when they were out-of-doors, visibly painting landscape, they went in for this sort of peculiar behavior.

The only thing that ever kept my father home from his Boston studio in the daytime was to be at work on a painting of the white hollyhocks in our garden, or of a model in a veiled hat standing beside his favorite white standard rose tree, or on one of his all-green, pointillist landscapes of meadow and orchard. I would come out of the house on some hot, murmurous June morning and see, far out in the green sea of the fields, a white spot—my father, in battered sola topee and shirt-sleeves, painting. I would walk down through our orchard, where I could smell the fruit beginning to form on the early apple tree, skirt the swamp, and climb the radiant eastern slope toward Billy Goodwin's Rock. My father sat in full sun on a campstool, hunched over, in front of a sketching easel on which his canvas was secured. The kind of enormous oval palette he favored, with a bunch of brushes stuck in the hole, was over his thumb, and his boxes of paint tubes and turpentine and linseed-oil bottles lay spread open on the grass.

Just as I was approaching, my father stood up and, in full view of the Goodwins' house, the Sullivans' house, the Neffs' house, set his feet far apart and, leaning over, viewed his picture and the scene between his legs.

"Papa! *Must* you do that?" I said. I think of myself as dressed in a beige copy of a Chanel dress, a choker of oversize pearls around my neck, and high heels; not such a slouch at the inappropriate myself.

"I've got to see what that tree by the stream looks like," he explained when he stood up straight again. One good thing about my parents was that conversation never bothered them when they were working. They welcomed it. My father in his studio would entertain models with long stories having complicated points, the working out of which didn't distract his mind a bit. Frequently he burst into song. "It's been getting stupider and stupider looking," he said now.

"It looks like a willow to me," I said.

"You're so literary! If a tree is any good, it ought to look as good upside down as right side up. Better. Because you're not so dead used to it."

"Things have to mean something

PEABODY'S
LEMONADE
10 CENTS
LORENZ

"Old Charlie Peabody is kind of a neighborhood tradition."

to be anything," I instructed him, coldly.

"Don't be hard on the old gentleman, Job Lots," he said.

I froze. It was a humiliating pet name from my infancy.

He threw me an affectionate glance; my expression remained haughty. " 'But he forgot and said "Fa-la-la! The Queen of Lilliput's own papa!," ' " he declaimed. " 'She frowned and ordered him up to bed. He said he was sorry. She shook her head. His clean shirt front with his *tears* was stained,' " he went on, plaintively. " 'But discipline *had* to be maintained!' "

How could anyone cope (I had just acquired the word "cope") with frivolity like that? There seemed nothing for it but to stroll indifferently away.

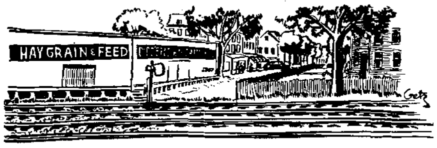
As I went, he began to sing at the top of his voice: "*What's the matter with Father? He's all right!*"

Such eccentricities made puzzling the problem of what it was I was rebelling against and for what I pined. I pined for Vionnet blouses, and for gold slave necklaces, and my own stag line at subdeb parties; for using just the right adjectives of praise, like "divine," and of scorn, like "repulsive," and the right slang, like "nifty." Yet I pined too for the right parents—orthodox ones, against whom I could properly rebel and for the proper reasons.

Sometimes, spending the night with a school friend, my imagination would lead me into creating such parents. "The family's so *stuffy*," I'd say (using just the correct adjective). "They won't let me go to the movies alone with a boy! It's absolutely antediluvian," when, actually, making such a prohibition had never dawned on my parents. Or I might reply, to a question, "Yes, isn't convention loathsome? All those formal tablecloths and stuff the family insists on!" In fact, driven into a corner where there was no way out of entertaining, my father would groan and my mother try to console herself by arranging the table and the flowers in new ways. Conventional my parents were not; at the time I would have added, "alas."

When my school friends came in turn to spend the night with me, they were often enchanted by what they found. "Your father's so *amusing!*" Denise would exclaim, astonished, and "Your mother's really terribly *attractive!*" I had feared as much. What was disconcerting to a sixteen-year-old was the dim realization—less dim sometimes than others—that my parents, against whom I had every God-given right to rebel, tended to giggle privately about my being the last word in stuffiness myself.

MY father's high spirits, his wit and gaiety, never seemed so real to me as when I had left home and gone to live in New York, where I had a job



on a magazine devoted to the arts. I used to walk to work in the morning, up Lexington Avenue, feeling as if the lemon-yellow sunshine, the white garbage trucks, the fruit outside the fruit stores had been created just for me. At the same time I would remember my father and how he said that, back in the days when he was studying under Alden Weir at the Art Students League, he felt as if New York had just been made, that minute, for him. It gave a sort of solidity to my euphoria that my father had felt it before me,

FLEA DANCE

"Here at the Pole amid the stillest cold
At last we'll tire the Moon. Out, my dears!
Leap from my seams and dance in snows apart
The crowning joy that, man and flea, together,
By sheer conviviality we've won the world!"

"Though what's *more* important
Is every door pointing
The short way to Norway when
One begs for potage!"

"Starve or freeze, though, up this lyrical way,
We stripped, we danced, we showed our brotherhood,
And now look! The Moon faints to see us turn—
This way, that way—so fast the same cold hearts
Who sped us here are whirled as at our sides!"

"But *they* dance the laughter
All Norway lifted
To find you'd try there—
With Sweden still left you!"

"Or if a few still hold the Moon's far hue
Dearer than the fled color of a haunch
Cold has persecuted—why, here we'll dance
Away deliriums and phlegm of spirit
Till any so inured find full release!"

"Never were you chastened
By any injustice—
Moving north, foreign,
Knocking, making gestures."

"For, loves, though Heaven's curious Mute extols
Averring silence as mouths pull and rend—
This way, that way—each his neighbor's flesh,
What humorless, thin smile can ever match
Dancing away the straits where men eat men?"

"But now the way deepens
Past any fond hoping—
The cold of God's mercy
Runs down the Dipper!"

"Then leap into my arms, you charmers all,
And, giving a happy twist to a trite fate,
Dance out one more quick turn across my chest:
The only real forgiveness is to dance
Until the scene is herbs for a world of sin."

—FREDERICK BOCK

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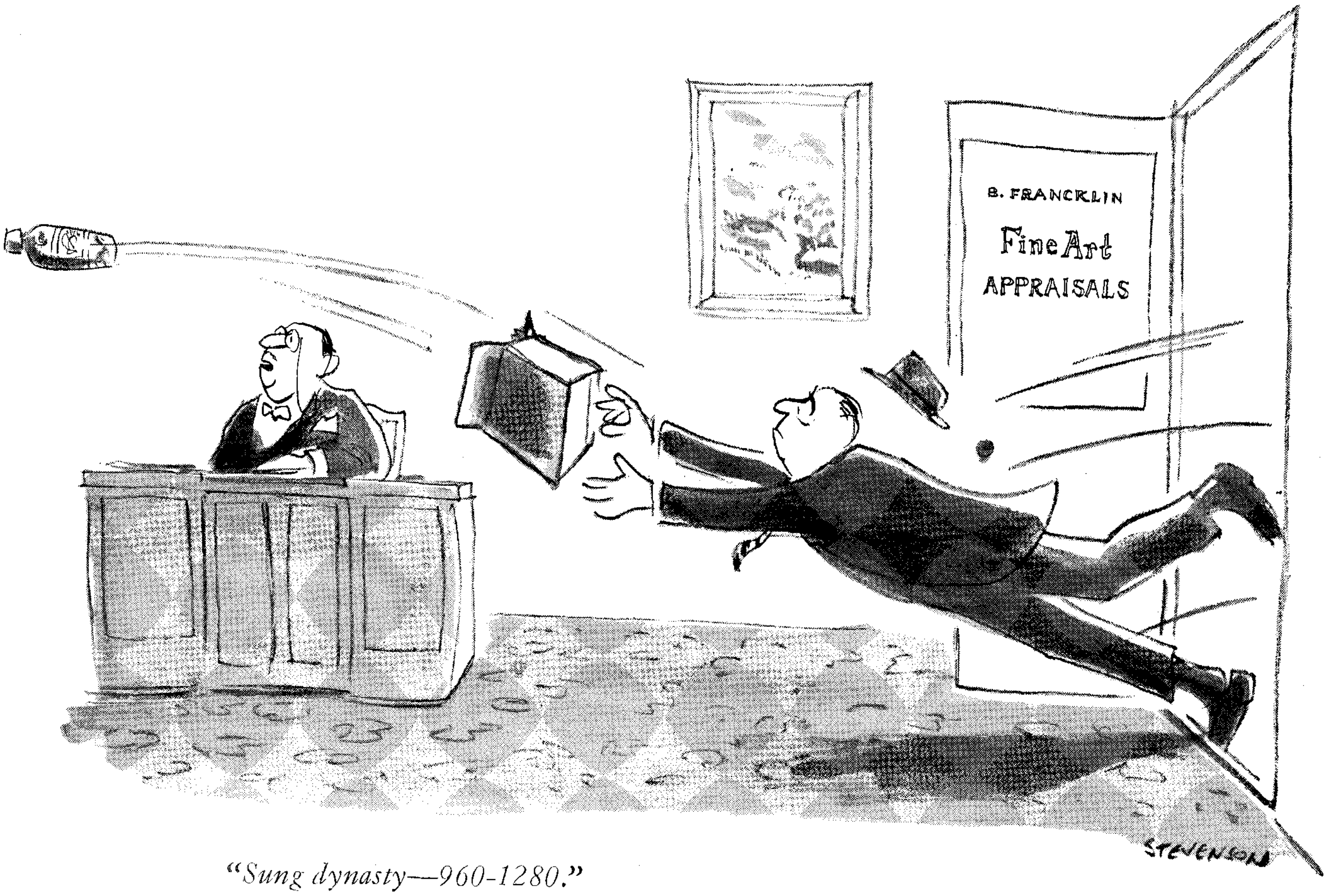

"Sung dynasty—960-1280."

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and it was one of the ways in which my parents began to rearrange themselves.

My mother, whose perceptions were direct and wordless, had always used my father as her font of artistic wisdom. My father's own life, on the other hand, was devoted to acquiring ever more and more knowledge about art. He taught anatomy, as well as life drawing, at the Museum School; he taught history of art at Boston University; he was the author of a book on Vermeer, and of columns of newspaper criticism of art. Every night after supper, when my mother had gone to bed, he sat up, hour after hour copying the drawings of Ingres, Watteau, Michelangelo, the way a pianist practices scales, in the pursuit of technical perfection. He had read everything, and seemed to remember everything he read, so that to quote, for him, was the natural interlarding of conversation.

In New York, I used him, too; I leaned on him. He was my font of conversational stock in trade. At dazzling social moments when my knees shook and my heart quailed, it cut a considerable swath with people up to recognizing Vasari when I could (having first, of course, built up the gag) quote Paolo Uccello waking his wife up in the middle of the night to say, "Isn't perspective exciting?" Once I was what I called petrified by a brusque and famous surgeon I sat next to at dinner. He gave me, or so I thought, a surprised, respectful look when I remarked, "The triceps of the thigh fastens to the kneecap, and thence, by a tendon, to the tuberosity of the tibia."

My father himself proved a never-failing subject in making conversation. "When my father was an art student in Paris in the nineties" was a beginning that caught attention; there were hundreds of anecdotes, funny or dramatic, I could follow it up with. My father's aphorisms came off well, too. "Art first, life afterward" made me sound cynical and experienced. To say things like "My father used to spend the summers at Giverny, where he knew Monet" helped to place not so much him as me, I thought—until one afternoon in the office of the magazine where I worked.

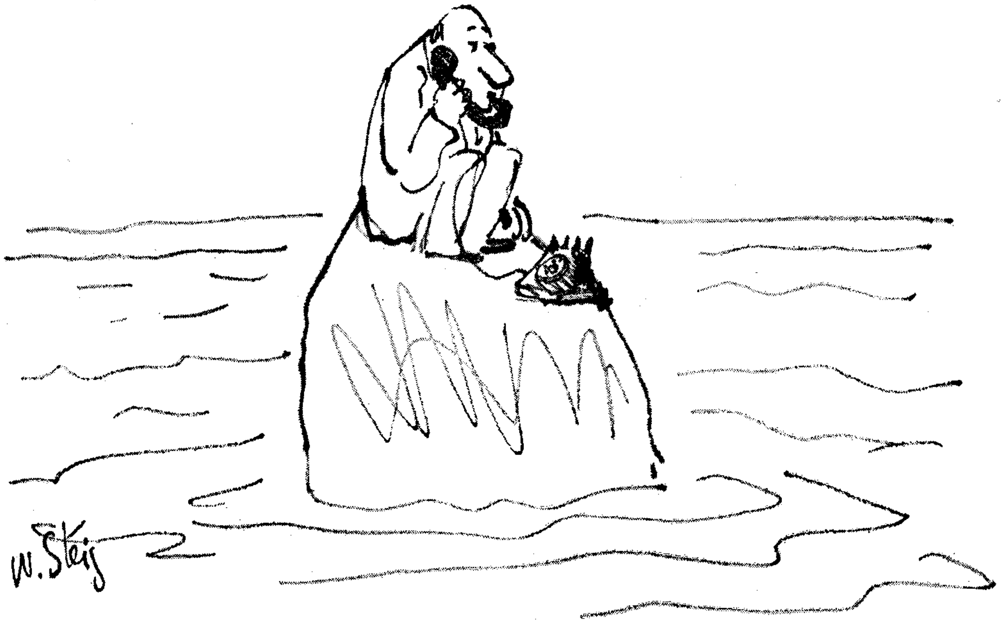
The editor, an elderly, wellborn dilettante with a nose for the vogue in art, used to tippet about the various offices on his tender feet, seeing what was up with us sub-editors. He liked to stop and tease the secretaries, too, whom he called by extravagant names: Elaine the Fair, or La Princesse Lointaine. He tried to become one of us—gossiping about the latest mot of Cocteau or Dorothy Parker or Stravinsky, until an appointment or the telephone would call him back to his interior-decorated office. The idea was to make the atmosphere of the office democratic—the democracy of the arts.

I was running on, as usual, about my father. "My father used to support himself in Paris by copying at the Louvre—imagine!" I said. "To pay for going to Julian's and the Beaux-Arts. He was over there about fifteen years, and when he came home he was on top of the heap. He was one of the first Impressionists to hit America."

"Oh?" the editor said. Staring straight into his eyes—blue, urbane, filled with the good will of the completely self-assured—I saw the truth he knew so well. My father was not, ever, at the top of the heap; he was one of the first but never one of the famous American Impressionists. He had never been a success—never.

The editor's private secretary appeared in the doorway. "Mrs. Delano is on the telephone," she told him. The editor tippeted away, but I had looked at the world's view, and in that moment became open to the meaning of despair.

Some months later I lost my job on that magazine. It was for flattering reasons—the rest of the staff said



"It's good to hear yours."

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either they or I must go, since I was younger, made more money, and came in later than anybody else—and the reaction to it didn't hit me till late that night.

I had been to a theatre and dancing at the night club the Algonquin used to operate, with a tall, pockmarked writer who was a good dancer. At my apartment he came in for a nightcap. I made him a drink and carried it to him; when I stood in front of him holding out the glass, he took it away from me and set it on a table, meaning to kiss me. But, in his arms, instead of kissing him I burst into tears.

I cried a long time; it must have appalled him. I cried at first because the people at the office didn't want me, because of failure; but I cried ultimately—then and after the man had left—thinking of how my father felt, how he had always felt. It seemed to me then the truth was he hadn't really been gay or lighthearted at all. He'd put it on to endure failing at the only thing he wanted to be—a successful painter. And he wasn't; no matter how he tried, no matter how he drew and drew till the early hours of every morning, no matter how he painted daily, rain or shine.

My mother was always successful—success came to her at the very start. When she was old and her work finally went out of fashion, she said to me, "I always took it for granted, being successful. I assumed I always would be." But my father only got enough encouragement—a popular prize at one exhibition, a portrait commission resulting from another—to keep his hopes titillated, and add to his inability to accept reality. He could have immortalized himself as a critic of art, but he thought nothing of writing—to his family writing came easy. He did immortalize himself as a teacher. But that was not what he wanted, either. Nothing mattered but the coming true of the dreams of his youth when, coming home from the ateliers, New York seemed born specially for him.

The editor of the magazine that fired me used to say, "One *does* so wonder why anybody ever paints an allegorical picture." Toward the end of his life my father did paint allegorical pictures, against all his artistic principles. One, I remember, was of a group of huge, surging, tossing horses on a beach, reined in by their naked rider. One was of a winged centaur, fabulous, soaring against a crimson-streaked dark sky while, far below on earth, stands the tiny relentless figure of the archer who has loosed the arrow that has struck the centaur's flank to bring him down. Another is of a nude—like a wraith, like a muse—hair spread out in the water on which she floats, drifting down a stream among water lilies by moonlight; she is, perhaps, dead.

Such pictures will always be unsalable. They belied, moreover, every tenet of painting in which my father believed—being of imaginary subjects, not painted from the model, nor demonstrating the composition of light. They lacked everything except meaning, secret and protean meaning—the meanings of a literary mind, to which, in the end, he must have been driven.

My father died, at home, when I was twenty-three, of a ruptured appendix, from which he suffered terribly, my mother told me afterward, but for which he refused to have a doctor until it was too late, for fear a doctor would somehow stop him from working. When I went up from New York to the undertaker's chapel funeral, I could feel—sitting between my mother and my professor uncle—nothing but the sorrow and the waste of his life. My uncle read aloud some poetry—the only service there was:

> "He has outsoared the shadow of
> our night;
> Envy and calumny and hate and
> pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall
> delight,
> Can touch him not and torture not
> again. . . ."

The dry, academic voice ceased; the undertaker's men began shepherding us up toward the coffin. Nobody had thought to tell them not to leave it open. Nobody had the spirit to resist now. We filed past, and when it was my turn to look at my father, the shock was nightmarish—his face was gray, the color of clay.

The catastrophe that separated my parents separated them for me, too. I remembered my father as alone, enduring his tragedy—a pain he hid from my mother, I realized, or expressed only in ways like those paintings, disguised perhaps even from himself. I thought of him long ago, when he would sit with my mother beside the fire and read aloud after dinner. He loved the early Yeats, and I used to love to hear him read it, but now I interpreted it differently:

> She bid me take life easy, as the
> grass grows on the weirs;
> But I was young and foolish, and
> now am full of tears.

In the years following his death, my mother could never understand why I didn't want to talk about my father, as I'd once loved to do, when we would tell each other his jokes and repeat his badinage.

"But your father loved you so!" she would say, distressed. "Why do you close up so when I mention him? Don't you love him any more? He loved *you*. When you were a baby, and he played with you, he was the happiest man I ever saw. He used to say a rhyme:

> "All my fancy
> Dwells on Nancy. . . ."

But short of tempests of tears, which I spared her, there was no way I could express what I felt about my father.

For all those long years after his death, he was as though cut off. There *were* no happy thoughts to think about him. My father was alone in the shades, walking disconsolate, forever longing and forever thwarted.

My mother never stopped singing his praises. When she was an old lady, people used to comment on how she talked of him as though he had died only yesterday. She spoke with ever fresh enthusiasm for his wit and wisdom, with almost girlish awe for his achievement. Sometimes I felt impatient with her. "What's the use of dwelling on the past?" I said once. "You have to live in reality. People that are gone are gone—they're not even ghosts."

"I wish your father *would* come back as a ghost," she said once. "I'd love it."

WHEN my mother died, I couldn't mourn her. She was too full of years, she'd expressed herself in her work too completely, to mourn. But as she sank back into the ground of the past, gradually she seemed to join my father, dead for so long, in the heaven of my recollection. Gradually, close to her, his lonely sorrows seemed to drift away, like snowbanks in the morning. Now that they were both dead, they seemed to move into a world they really did inhabit—their world as I knew it, not as I feared it to be.

I am sick with measles, and the shades are drawn because my eyes are sensitive to light. All afternoon my mother sits in the upstairs hall outside my open door, reading "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" aloud. Twilight comes. My father gets home from his studio, stamping the snow off in the hall downstairs, but more quietly than usual because I am ill, and then comes upstairs to pay me a visit before supper is served.

"How is my suffering cat?"

The evening passes, and the sound of waltzes and mazurkas, all played at a deliberate tempo, drifts up the stairs. In the latter half of his life my father learned to play the piano, and used after dinner to read from albums of Chopin, accurately but very slowly. The sounds of home shutting up for the night drift up along with the music to me—the brass lock of the front door being turned, the sound of the fire irons in the living room as the logs are pulled apart.

"Get up and brush your teeth, darling," my mother comes and says. Later she lays her cool hand on my forehead. My father stands in the doorway to say good night too; she gets up from my bedside and goes and stands beside him, with her arms up over his shoulders; she used to drape herself on him.

"My little spotted pard," my father says.

I attempt a joke. "Pardner?"

"No. A mythological cat with spots. Like you."

Then they have gone. Later there comes another sound—my father's big chair from his study, the one with the wide, swinging arm on which he can lay his work, bumping against the banisters as he drags it upstairs to set in my room. When I was especially sick, my father used to spend the night sitting up in my room in case I should wake and need something.

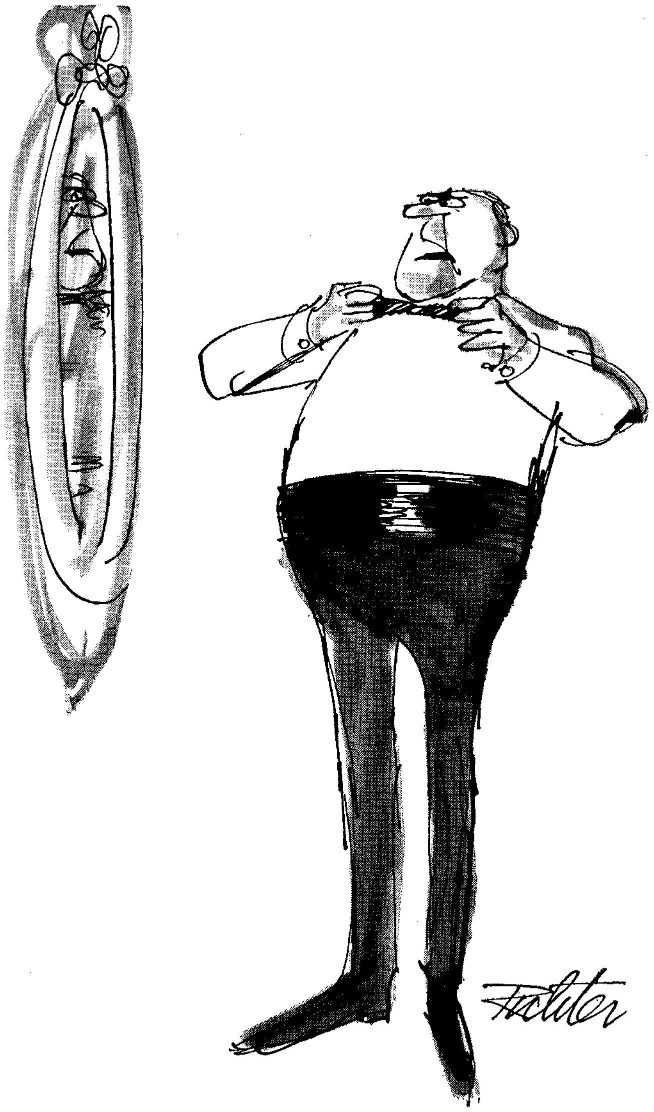
He leaves it there and goes away to work downstairs, on his drawing or his studies. But when I wake in the night I feel him there, and sometimes see him, silhouetted against the gray early light from around the shades, sleeping in his big chair. He wakes at six so as to get to the studio, and when I myself wake it is to hear him singing in his tub:

> "Oh, it's time to get up in the morning,
> Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

Sometimes, when I am going to sleep at night, I walk through the rooms of the house where I grew up and where they are reunited, enjoying the effects my mother's taste created—a fluted white china teapot (broken in a dozen places and mended with white lead; she was always saving) that stands on the broad sill of the west window in the dining room, between dark-blue-and-white glazed chintz curtains she made herself. Or I wander into my father's study, where I can view the things he needed in the evenings to work with—Dunlop's "Anatomical Diagrams," Élie Faure, "Bridgman's Book of One Hundred Hands," as well as piles of copper plates and the diamond or ruby dry points he used for drawing on them, jars filled with Venus pencils, and the little bottles of India ink, and pens, with thin metal handles, to use it with: all objects real as real and true as true.

Perhaps it is extravagant to imagine that they are only upstairs, snickering together the way they always did, at convention and the world's ways; but for me it seems less of an extravagance than a preservation to imagine they are somewhere. Perhaps in the garden. Not the same thing as, but indistinguishable from, the rose tree and its standard, he stands, an unyielding, indispensable support, for her to spill over; like roses. There they entwine in a true-lovers' knot, for all lovers true to admire.

—NANCY HALE



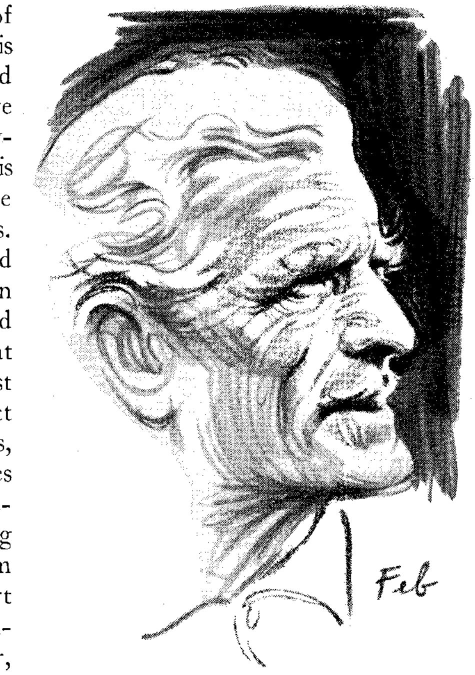
"*You . . . are . . . a . . . dignitary!*"

PROFILES

THE LAWNS OF WIMBLEDON

A WEED—in the vernacular of groundsmen in England—is known as a volunteer, and there are no volunteers in the Centre Court at Wimbledon. Robert Twynam, who grows the grass there, is willing to accept a bet from anyone who is foolhardy enough to doubt this. Twynam's lawn—nine hundred and thirty square yards, one-fifth of an acre—is the best of its kind, and Twynam has such affection for it that he spends a great deal of time just looking at it. He takes long, compact walks on the Centre Court. At times, he gets down on his hands and knees and crawls on it, to observe the frequently changing relationships among the various plants there. Twynam keeps a diary for the Centre Court ("February 4: very sunny spells, Centre Court fine," "February 5: cooler, little sun, Centre Court O.K."), and, in the words of one member of Wimbledon's Committee of Management, "Mr. Twynam regards each blade of grass as an individual, with its own needs, its own destiny, and its own right to grow on this blessed piece of lawn." Twynam has been at Wimbledon forty-four years. Nearly all the greatest stars of tennis have played under his scrutiny, and—while he knows a great deal about the game—his appraisals of all of them seem to have been formed from the point of view of the grass. "When Emmo puts his foot down . . ." Twynam will say, in reference to Roy Emerson, of Australia, "when Emmo puts his foot down, he is stepping on forty or fifty plants."

"Wimbledon," of course, is a synecdochical term: over the years, the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club has become known by the name of the borough in southwest London where its present courts were established in 1922. Similarly, the term "Centre Court" applies to more, at Wimbledon, than the principal tennis court there and the lawn on which it is lined out. The term refers as well to the stadium that has been built around the playing lawn. The stadium remarkably resembles an Elizabethan theatre, for it was built in the shape of a great dodecahedron, with its courtyard open to the sun and its grandstands roofed over. The groundlings, who sit low and near the grass, in the so-called Open Stands, are unsheltered from the sun and the rain, but the rich and the royal sit high and under the roof. When the grandstands are empty, the roof returns an echo of any sound that is made in the stadium.



Robert Twynam

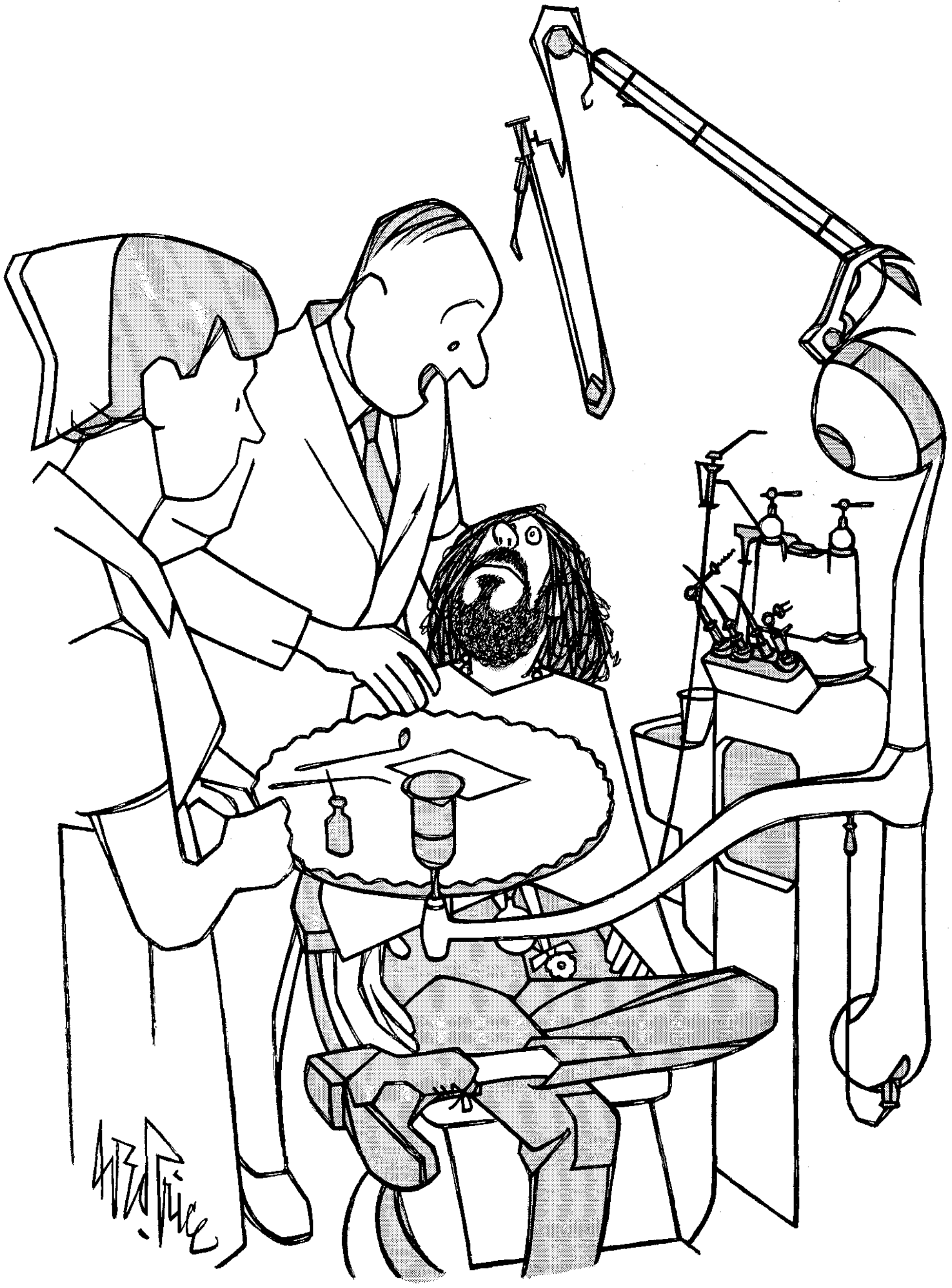
Working alone on his hands and knees somewhere between the baselines, Twynam raises one hand and affectionately slaps the surface of the lawn, which is so firm that the echo is like the sound of a rifle. It is the third week of June, and the Wimbledon championships will begin in a few days. "This court brings the best out of the players," he comments. "They can make the ball speak, here on this court. The ball sometimes comes through so fast it sizzles. We've had some terrific battles here." The lawns of Wimbledon are his in more than a professional sense, for his own home is within the tennis club's compound, and tennis lawns are around it on three sides. His house has casement windows and a steep slate roof. Red roses grow up its walls. Twynam, his wife, and their children are the only people who live within the boundaries of the All England grounds. At the edge of the grass of the Centre Court is a Lightfoot Automatic Electric Refrigerator, in which—for consistency of bounce and other, more subtle, reasons—tennis balls are chilled up to the moment that they are put into play. The Twynams kept their butter and milk in the refrigerator in the Centre Court until recently, when they bought a fridge of their own.

When Twynam describes tennis players, he is less likely to call them touch players or power players than to call them toe-draggers, sliders, or choppers. A right-handed toe-dragger will inscribe a semicircle in the lawn, with his right toe, as he serves; and by the end of a long match these crescent ruts can be so deep and distinct that they almost seem to have been burned into the ground. "They dig their toes. They drag their toes," Twynam says. "Once they get underneath the surface, away they go. Nothing will hold it." Understandably, Twynam prefers to see non-toe-draggers defeat toe-draggers in Wimbledon championships, but things do not always work out that way. The preëminent toe-draggers of this century have been Jean Borotra, Robert Falkenburg, and Jaroslav Drobny, each of whom won the Men's Singles Championship. Borotra won it twice. "Borotra was the worst ever," Twynam says. "He used to cut the court to pieces, he did. He dragged his toe something shocking. He was so awkward on his feet. He used to dig up the turf with his heavy great shoes and make shocking big holes. The Bounding Basque they used to call him. He slid a lot, too, as you can imagine." A slider runs to get into position, then slides a yard or so before executing a shot. "Of course that's what gets on the old court, you know," Twynam goes on. "They all slide to a certain extent, but the *great* players don't slide much. I mean, they know where the ball is coming, don't they? These foreign players do a lot of sliding. Czechs. French. Austrians as a rule are heavy-footed, too. One or two Americans used to slide. Falkenburg was a slider. He was one of our worst enemies all around. But Emmo never slides. Rosewall never slides. Don Budge never slid. Kramer never slid. Budge Patty—a gentleman player, he was. He played beautiful tennis. He never slid. He never dragged his toe. He was a genteel player, a nice player. He beat Frank Sedgman for the championship in 1950." A chopper, after losing a point, temporarily uses his racquet as an axe. There have been so many choppers at Wimbledon that Twynam sees no point in drawing up a list. The effect of the chopping is almost always the same—a depression in the lawn five inches long and an inch deep. When this happens, or when a slider takes a serious divot, play is interrupted while Twynam goes onto the court to repair the damage. He fills holes with a mixture of clay and grass cuttings; and when he replaces divots, he applies fresh clay, then a cupful of water, then the divot itself, which he sutures into place with matchsticks while the crowd and the competitors look on—an operation that usually takes three minutes.

Throughout the Wimbledon championships (known to the Wimbledon staff as The Fortnight), Twynam is close to the Centre Court and is prepared to go into action. He sits on a folding chair in the passage—between the Royal Box and the West Open Stand—that the players use to get from the clubhouse to the court. He places the chair very carefully beside the sloping wall of the grandstand, at the point where he can be as close as possible to the court without allowing his head to protrude into the view of the spectators, or paying customers, as he prefers to call them. Since he is five feet five inches tall, he can get quite close. From time to time, he nips into his house for a cup of tea or something to eat, where he continues to watch the Centre Court, on B.B.C. television. On the saltshaker he uses are the words "Say little and think much." If anything goes wrong on the court, it is only a half-minute walk through his garden and past the Court Buffet, past the Wimpy hamburger kiosk, and into the stadium. The appearance he makes as he moves into the view of the crowds is prepossessing. He looks like a Member of Parliament. His hair is handsomely groomed, wavy, and silver gray. His mustache is sincere and reassuring, being just halfway between a handlebar and a pencil-line. His face, which has strong and attractively proportioned features, is weathered and tanned. He is trim and in excellent condition—nine stone five. He wears a gray suit, suède shoes, a white shirt, a regimental tie.

TWYNAM is not a horticulturist or a botanist or a herbarian, and his approach to the growing and care of his grass goes some distance beyond science. He is a praying man, and at least part of the time he is praying for the grass. Last June, three days before The Fortnight began, he left all sixteen of Wimbledon's lawn-tennis courts uncovered, for he wanted to take advantage of what he believed would be a brief but soaking rain. Imprudently, he did not even get out his tarpaulins against the possibility of a heavier storm. After the rain had been falling steadily for ninety minutes, he began to worry. The courts could absorb only two hours of rain and still be in perfect condition for the opening matches. "If it had gone longer, I would have been in serious trouble," he said afterward. "I got down on me knees and prayed, I did. I got down on me knees and prayed." The rain stopped almost precisely two hours after it had begun, and the lawns were in perfect condition on opening day. Some nights, out of consideration for others, he prays that it will rain, but not until ten-thirty—"when everyone's gone home from the boozer," he explains. "A drop of rain, no more—just to give it a drink, just to cool the grass." The Wimbledon lawns are top-dressed from time to time with miscellaneous loams, and the new soil is eventually pressed into the old with rollers. When asked if the courts are periodically checked to see that they are level, Twynam says, "Oh, no, bloody fear. We haven't got the time. We trust in the good Lord. They're pretty good for level, considering they get such a banging about." Only once every five or six years is the earth of Wimbledon tested for its pH factor. At last count, it was between 5 and 6—slightly acid.

In a drawer of a small chest in Twynam's sitting room are copies of important texts in his field, such as R. B. Dawson's "Lawns" and



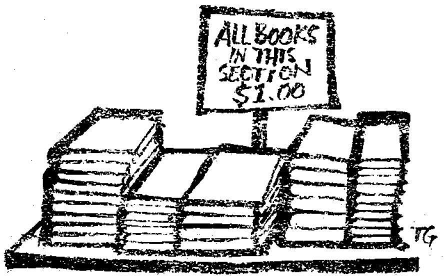
"What's your bag? Novocain or Sodium Pentothal?"

I. G. Lewis's "Turf." Twynam has his personal pantheon of great figures in grass. The late William Coleman, one of his predecessors as Head Groundsman at Wimbledon, trained him and remains to this day something of a hero to Twynam, but not on the level of Sir R. George Stapledon, of whom Twynam speaks with obvious reverence ("He went into this lawn culture in a big way, you know"), and whose name is apparently the greatest one in the annals of English turf. It was Stapledon who developed the superior modern strains of English grasses. There is a passage in "Turf" in which I. G. Lewis writes, "At a seaside town on the west coast of Wales the first steps towards better grasses for this country were taken by a man in whom profound belief mingled with immense vision—a combination which in all ages has been recognized as the precursor of genius. Aberystwyth was the seaside place and R. George Stapledon the man. With the results of a wide survey of grassland in this country uppermost in his mind he set out, as others of his native Devon had set out centuries before, on a journey of discovery. Stapledon, however, sought new grasses not new lands." These books in Twynam's drawer are used more as talismans than as references. Twynam does not use them in his season-to-season work. Some years ago, he regularly read a journal called *Turf for Sport*, but found it so redundant he gave it up. He does have a look, now and again, at the *Groundsman*, but his way with his lawns is not so much planned or studied as it is felt. He has his experience, his sense of the weather, and a crew of twelve, and his lawns are acknowledged by tennis players from everywhere as the best in England and the best in the world.

The men in Twynam's crew, for the most part, are middle-aged and even elderly. Around all of them there is an atmosphere of individuality suggesting that no pressure or persuasion could cause them to wear white monkey-suit uniforms or soft rubber shoes, and they don't. Players are forbidden to go on the courts in anything but flat-soled tennis shoes, but the men of Twynam's crew walk around on the lawns all day in street shoes with sharp-edged leather heels. Typically, they work in their shirtsleeves, with the cuffs turned halfway up their forearms, and now and again they hitch up their braces as they mow or roll the lawns. Most of them have been at Wimbledon for decades, but they appear to have been pulled in off the street for an afternoon's work. For thirty-seven years, it was Twynam himself who lined out the courts ("If the lines are dead straight and the corners are true, it's a picture; it's not everyone can line a court out—to get it really spot on"), but he has recently turned this responsibility over to John Yardley, a tall sharp-featured man with a good eye and a steady hand.

Twynam likes to point out that two standard rules of lawn care are "Do not use a heavy roller" and "Do not roll too often." "These rules are always broken at Wimbledon," he says. According to "Turf," "Occasional rolling with a light roller is permissible, but very heavy rolling packs the surface and prevents healthy root growth." A similar warning appears in "Lawns," which goes on to say, "For spring use the roller seldom need be heavier than 2 cwt." Twynam and his crew use something ten times heavier than that. They call it the Old Horse Roller. In season, they use it every day, and it weighs two thousand five hundred pounds. They drag it around by hand. No power machines of any kind are used on the Centre Court, and only for certain brief autumnal procedures are power machines used elsewhere at Wimbledon. The Old Horse Roller is equipped with shafts, in which a horse, its hooves padded, was once harnessed, but the horse was phased out long ago and now John Yardley gets between the shafts and four other men drag or shove the roller to help him. They heave like galley slaves. The work is hard. Fights occasionally break out. One day last June, the Old Horse Roller was reversing direction, slightly overlapping its previous path, when one old man got his feet tangled up in the feet of the man next to him. The second man, whose age was about sixty, raised a fist, loudly called the first man a bleeding bastard, then hit him hard, knocking his hat off. The first man, who appeared to be at least seventy-five, hit back. Yardley turned in the shafts and bawled them out. They calmed down, the hat was retrieved, and the Old Horse Roller began to move again. By mid-June, the turf of Wimbledon is packed down so firmly that the daily rolling has little effect. "What the roller does is put a polish on," Twynam said. "The court is firm enough as it is, but the roller makes a nice gloss on the top of the grass."

The lawns are mowed every day in the springtime—with hand mowers, of course. Power mowers frog and rib the courts—"frog" and "rib" being terms for various unkempt results—and, moreover, power mowers cannot be as finely adjusted as hand mowers. The height of the grass at Wimbledon is three-sixteenths of an inch. The mower that keeps it at that level is a sixteen-inch Ransome Certes, which has a high-speed, precision-ground ten-knife cylinder, makes a hundred cuts every thirty-six inches, costs forty-one pounds twelve and six, and hums with the high sound of a vacuum cleaner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UNCONSCIOUS CAME A BEAUTY

Unconscious came a beauty to my wrist
and stopped my pencil,
merged its shadow profile with my hand's ghost
on the page—
Red Spotted Purple or else Mourning Cloak;
paired thin-as-paper wings, near black,
were edged on the seam side poppy orange,
as were its spots.

I sat arrested, for its soot-haired body's worm
shone in the sun.
It bent its tongue, long as a leg, black
on my skin,
and clung without my feeling,
while its tomb-stained
duplicate parts of a window opened.
And then I moved.

—May Swenson

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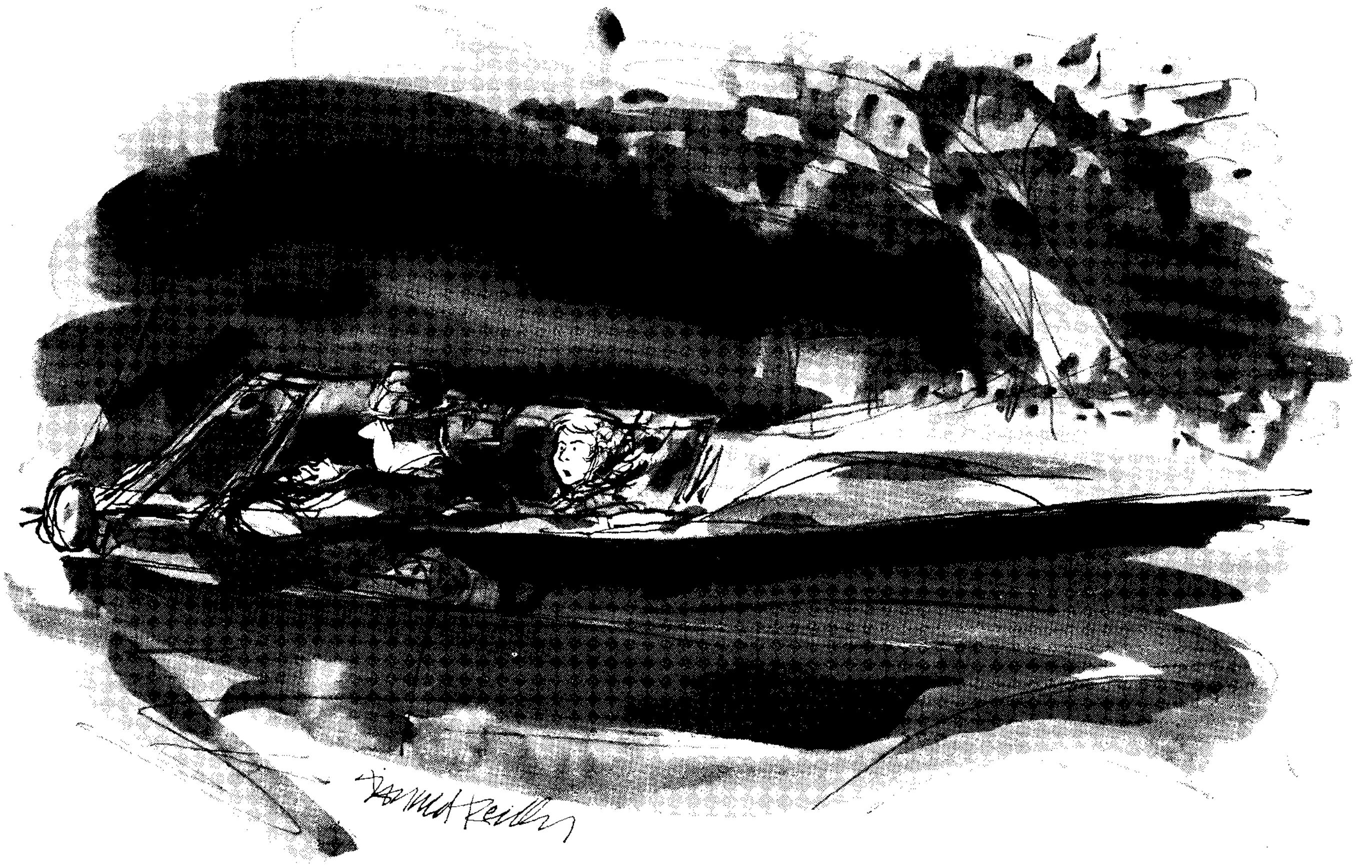


"You know when the magic went out of our marriage, Henry? When we completed our major consumer-purchase decisions."

• •

while it moves. It throws its cuttings forward into a hooded catching device, the design of which causes the over-all machine to look very much like an infant's perambulator and the crewman who pushes it to look like a grandfather in St. James's Park. In the early spring, the courts are cut diagonally. In mid-spring, they are cut from side to side; and as The Fortnight approaches, the cuts are made the long way, end to end. Cutting the long way, the lawnmower is always pushed in the exact swaths that were cut the day before, and it always moves on each alternating swath in the same direction that was followed in earlier cuttings. The effect of this, to an observer at one end of the court, is that the lawn appears to be made of an enormous bolt of green seersucker, the alternating stripes being light and dark. If, in making the cut, the mower was going away from the observer's point of view, the cut appears light. If the mower was moving in the observer's direction, the cut appears dark. The light cuts and dark cuts have no influence on the bounce of the ball, but they follow the line of play and thus remind the players of the direction in which the ball is supposed to be hit.

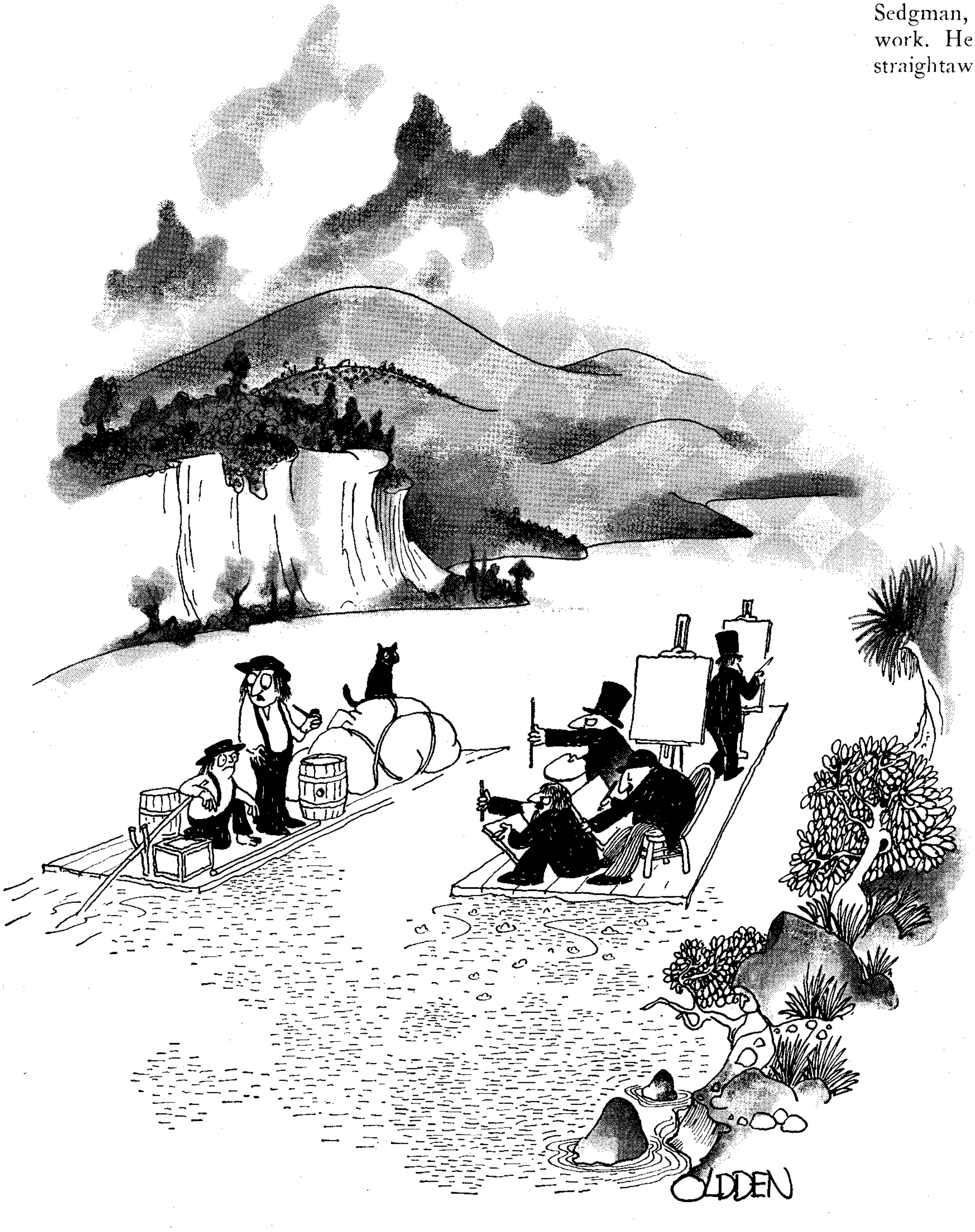
"Grass grows at night, you know," Twynam says. "With a little warm rain, you can practically hear it growing." He puts his hand on the court. "Feel that. This hasn't been mowed for a day. Feel that little wisp on it." If the weather is warm and humid, the grass will grow as much as an eighth of an inch overnight, but it usually grows much less than that, and the tips that the mower shaves off the grass are often so small that Twynam refers to the aggregate as dust. Sometimes, after the Centre Court has been completely mowed, the removed cuttings can be held in the palms of two hands.

SOMEWHERE in almost any English newspaper story of an opening day at Wimbledon, a poetic reference is made to the appearance of the lawn itself ("The turf was green velvet," said the *Times* of June 27, 1967). This gratifies Twynam less than one might imagine, for green velvet is the last thing he is trying to grow, and an edge comes into his voice when he describes groundsmen who develop their lawns for cosmetic effect. "These lawns at Wimbledon are not made to look at but to play on," he says—and as long as the lawns are alive and healthy he doesn't care what color they are, including brown. "Other courts are greener than these," Twynam goes on. "This is hard-growing, natural green. There's no nitrogen or phosphates or sulphate of ammonia forcing this green up. Grass that is forced up may look greener, but it is weaker and softer. Overfeed grass and you're not making good base grass. All you're doing is mowing. If you force-feed it, it gets all pappy and there's no guts in it. If you don't give it *any* fertilizer, you're asking for trouble, but don't give it much. One ounce per square yard. Grass doesn't want forcing. Let it grow hard. Leave the grass to struggle for itself. The deepest roots only go down about two and a half inches anyway. If we were to fertilize just before The Fortnight, use a seven-hundredweight roller once a week, and mow to a quarter of an inch, we'd have lovely green beautiful lawns. But we haven't fertilized these courts for three months. These are not ornamental lawns. This is a true hard surface for lawn tennis. This is hard-growing grass. And as soon as it grows, we go down and cut it off. These lawns are not here to be looked at. The world championship is played here." Whatever the reasons, the lawns of other front-line English tennis clubs—Roehampton, Queens, Hurling-ham, Beckenham—do not have quite the same texture as the lawns of Wimbledon. Billie Jean King, of California, who has won the two most recent Ladies' Singles Championships at Wimbledon, says that the other English courts she has played on "are not half as good" as Wimbledon's. "The bounce varies in the other places," she explains. "One time the ball may skid, another time it may stand and float. But not at Wimbledon."

In Australia, grass courts are very good, and most players, Mrs. King included, say that the Australian surfaces are almost as good as Wimbledon's. Roy Emerson, who won Wimbledon in 1964 and 1965, goes further than that. He thinks that the center courts at Brisbane, Sydney, and Adelaide are the peers of the Wimbledon lawns. "The turf is good in Calcutta, too," Emerson says. "Wimbledon, Adelaide, Brisbane, Sydney, and Calcutta—that's the story on good grass courts throughout the world. Other than that, grass courts are pretty bad. Forest Hills is nowhere near it—very bad." Emerson's reverence for Wimbledon may have been reduced slightly in 1966, when, defending his title, he sprinted after a stop volley and—by Twynam's description—"got his racquet tied up in his pigeon toes, bowled over once, and finished up in a ball under the umpire's chair, tangled up in the microphone cables." In the accident, Emerson injured his shoulder, and as a result he lost the match and the chance to win Wimbledon three years in a row. "Wimbledon is fast and hard," Emerson says now, "but Wimbledon is sometimes a little slippery. The first couple of rounds, the courts are a bit green. There is still a lot of juice in the grass. In Australia, there is a bit more heat. The grass is hardier and isn't as slippery."

"I've seen football players hurt worse than that—with their ankles hanging by the cleats—get up and score goals!" Twynam says, remembering Emerson's accident. "It was a shame, that—when Emmo fell. Emmo is as pigeon-toed as a coot, like Frank Sedgman, but he usually has good footwork. He gets the feel of the lawn straightaway. He likes a court really fast. He likes the ball to come through. He's very quick. Emmo is a real machine. And he never makes a mess of a lawn. If Emmo sees a place kicked up, he goes out of his way and treads it back."

Developing a reasonably good tennis lawn in England is not the difficult feat that it is in, say, the United States. The English atmosphere, with its unextreme temperatures and its soft reliable rains, makes the English land a natural seedbed for grass. At Cambridge, typically, there is a meadow behind St. John's College, on the west bank of the Cam, where cattle graze during much of the year, and where crocuses come shooting through by the thousand in March. Each year, the crocuses are mowed down, the grass is cut short, the cattle are driven to other meadows, posts and nets are erected, courts are lined out, and all kinds of dons, by-fellows, and undergraduates play tennis there. In another part of Cambridge, beside the university gymnasium, is a patch of lawn that basketball players ride their bicycles across all winter long on their way to and from the gym. In the spring, the same lawn is sometimes used for exhibition tennis matches on an



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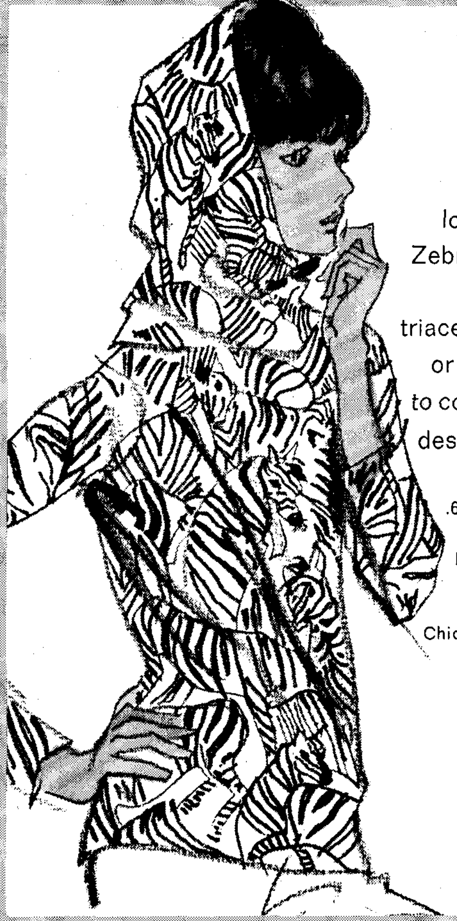

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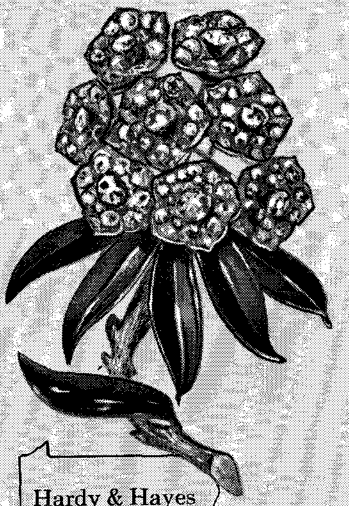

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important scale. Some years ago, when Vic Seixas was preparing to defend his Wimbledon championship, he played an exhibition match against Tony Trabert on the lawn beside the Cambridge gym. In England, grasses riot on the earth, obviously enough, but what happens after that—the ultimate quality of the playing surface—is a matter of the groundsman's style. Seixas, who at forty-three was still competing in the Wimbledon championships last year, describes the Wimbledon turf as "cement with fuzz on it." Seixas lives in Villanova, Pennsylvania, and plays at the Merion Cricket Club, near his home. He says that the grass courts at Merion—and at Forest Hills and other American tennis clubs—are soft. "We don't have a proper conception of what grass should be," he goes on. "In American clubs, hardworking ground crews produce nice-looking lawns, but that's all they are—nice-looking. The turf has to be hard for the ball to bounce. In our country, the ball just dies. It's like playing it on a cushion. And in the soft ground you get holes and bad bounces. A bad grass court favors a weaker player and makes luck more important than skill. The Wimbledon people obviously feel that it's a very integral part of the game that the ball bounce properly. Surfaces cannot get much faster than at Wimbledon. The smoother the surface, the more the ball will shoot off it. Remember, though, the problems are greater in our country. I can't make grass grow in my own lawn."

FOR many years, before they were given their present house at Wimbledon, Twynam and his family lived in a small maisonette flat on the Kingston By-Pass, in Surrey. His back garden, which was sixteen feet wide and twenty feet long, was turfed with "a bit of old rough grass," which he mowed with no especial fidelity, since he cared nothing about its botanical origins or its earthly destiny. He has always concentrated on Wimbledon. He was born within a mile of the Centre Court. His father was a construction foreman from Connemara, who had crossed to England at the age of eighteen, and while still a very young man had attempted to emigrate to the United States. For obscure reasons, he was kept at Ellis Island for a number of weeks and then sent back to Britain. "I wouldn't have let him in, either," Twynam says. "He was the biggest bloody rogue that ever set foot in this country." When Twynam was two, his father left home and did not per-

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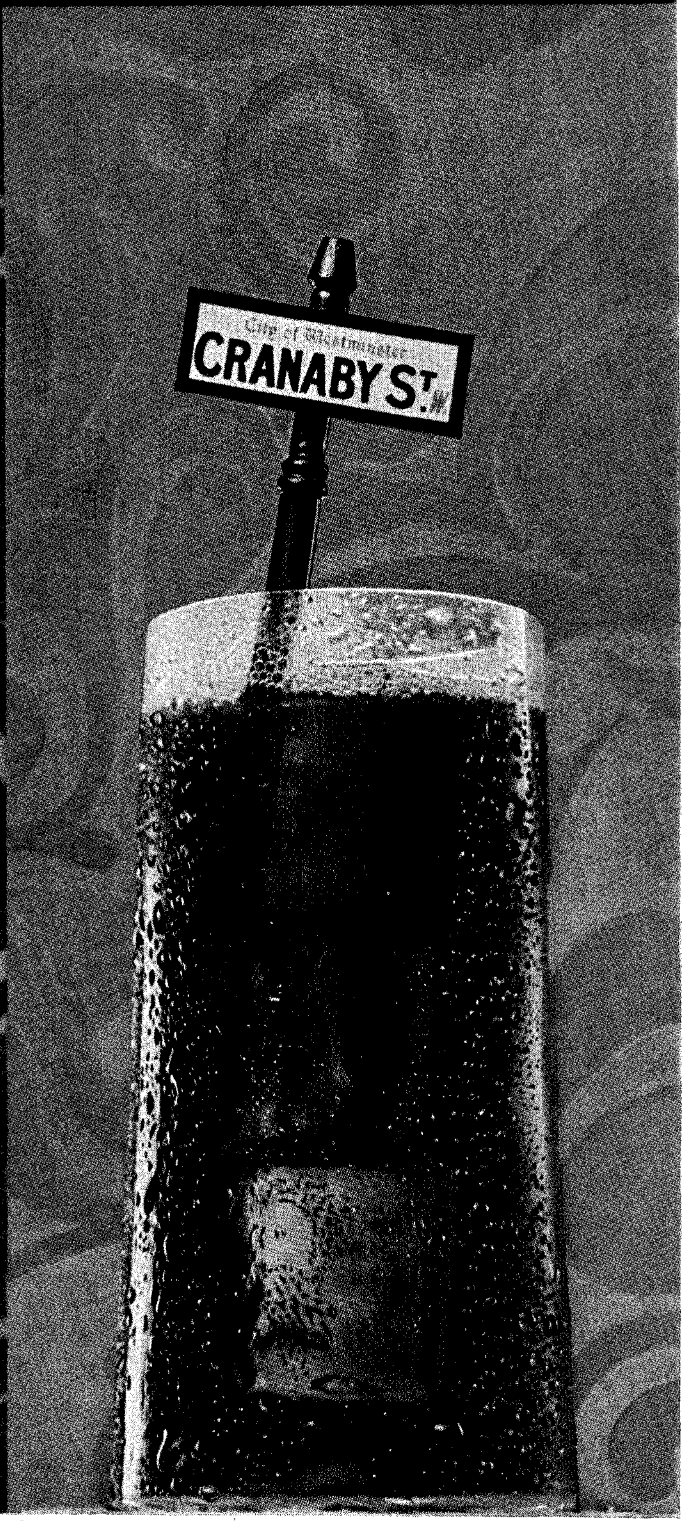
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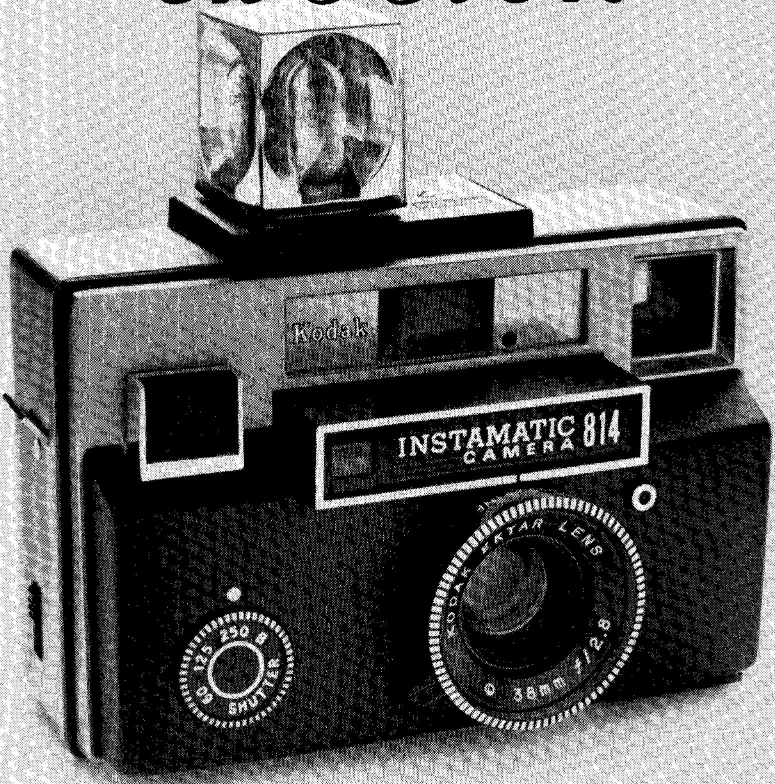
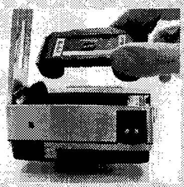
manently return. Twynam was the youngest of six children. He went to school until he was fourteen and then tried working as a messenger for the General Post Office. He wore a pillbox hat and a black mackintosh, and he went around Chelsea and Battersea in all weathers on a red bicycle. He hated the hat, the coat, Chelsea, Battersea, the bicycle, and the weather, so he applied for a job as a ball boy at Wimbledon. The All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club had full-time, resident ball boys when Twynam joined the staff—a luxury that the club gave up many years ago. Dressed in the club's colors, bright green and mauve, Twynam spent three years retrieving faulted serves and put-aways, and then he was promoted to the ground crew.

"I ball-boyed for Vincent Richards, Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet, Bill Tilden, Sidney Wood, Alice Marble, Helen Wills Moody," he said one evening last spring, while he was enjoying a walk on the Centre Court. "Wills Moody was playing here when I first came, in the final, here on the Centre Court. Light and dainty, she was. I've never seen a woman take a divot. Alice Marble was tall, blond, strong, and manly—but no damage. Like Althea Gibson—a bit manly and not all that interesting to watch. Suzanne Lenglen was light, like a bloody ballet dancer, and never disturbed the courts at all. Helen Jacobs was a bit heavy-footed, but not bad. Mrs. Susman—Mrs. J. R. Susman—was the only 'worst enemy' we've ever had among the women. She used to drag her toe terrible when she served—terrible mess—oh, shocking. She used to scuff and slide. Slide on her right heel, drag her left toe. Always sliding she was, Susman. Women play tennis now like men did years ago, but they seldom hurt the grass. Billie Jean is light on her feet for a big girl. Maria Bueno is so light—a very dainty thing, she is."

The evening was quiet, in the extended twilight of the late spring, and the walk was long and helical. As Twynam moved around the court, he stopped from time to time—for no apparent reason—to stare at the turf in the way that some people stare into a log fire. In one of these moments, he said that he himself had once played in the Centre Court—but only briefly, and forty years ago, with another groundsman. "It was just a knockup," he said, "but it was an odd experience, really. You seem like a lonely soul, stuck out here on your own in the vast arena." He opened a packet of cork-tipped Player's Weights and lighted





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one. During the Second World War, he said, he was a Leading Aircraftsman in the Royal Air Force, and he spent four years in control towers, "talking in" planes. In Poona, in the State of Bombay, to defeat boredom during a rest period, he organized a group that cleared an area in a grove of mango trees and built a red-clay tennis court. Until 1955 or so, he used to play tennis forty-five minutes a day, with other groundsmen, at Wimbledon, never sliding—or so he says—and never dragging his toe. The Wimbledon ground staff has its own tournament, and it has always been a professional tournament, for the winner receives, in addition to a fine silver trophy, a merchandise voucher that is convertible into goods in London stores. The competition is therefore without nonsense. Ball boys are used, and, as Twynam describes it, "We have a chap in the chair taking the umpire duty. There are baseline judges. The players wear flannels, slippers—no pure whites. Some wear a bloody collar and tie." Year after year, in the nineteen-thirties and nineteen-forties, Twynam got into the final, but he always lacked whatever it is that draws a player together in a championship and gives him the thrust to win the final. But 1952, the year of Frank Sedgman, was also the year of Bob Twynam. In the groundstaff final, he defeated William Collis, and won his only Wimbledon championship. "I had quite a decent game in those days," he said. "But now, at fifty-seven, I'm retired a bit. My game is going down." About a dozen times a season, he plays with his son, Robert, who is fourteen and in grammar school. He has two other children. The oldest, Jennifer, is thirty-two, and is a draftswoman; her husband is a draftsman. The other, Tessa, is twenty-one and sings, dances, and does pantomimes in a travelling cabaret show. Twynam said that he and his son now almost always play on one of Wimbledon's ten hard-surface courts, where the ball bounces higher than on turf and the action is slower. "Yes, these grass courts are too much for me now," he admitted. "I watch the ball go by."

EACH year, the opening match of the Wimbledon championships is traditionally played between the men's defending champion and some unfortunate and usually obscure fellow whose name happens to be paired with the champion's in the draw. The match is little more than ceremonial—no test for either the champion or the court. In 1966, for example, Emerson, the de-

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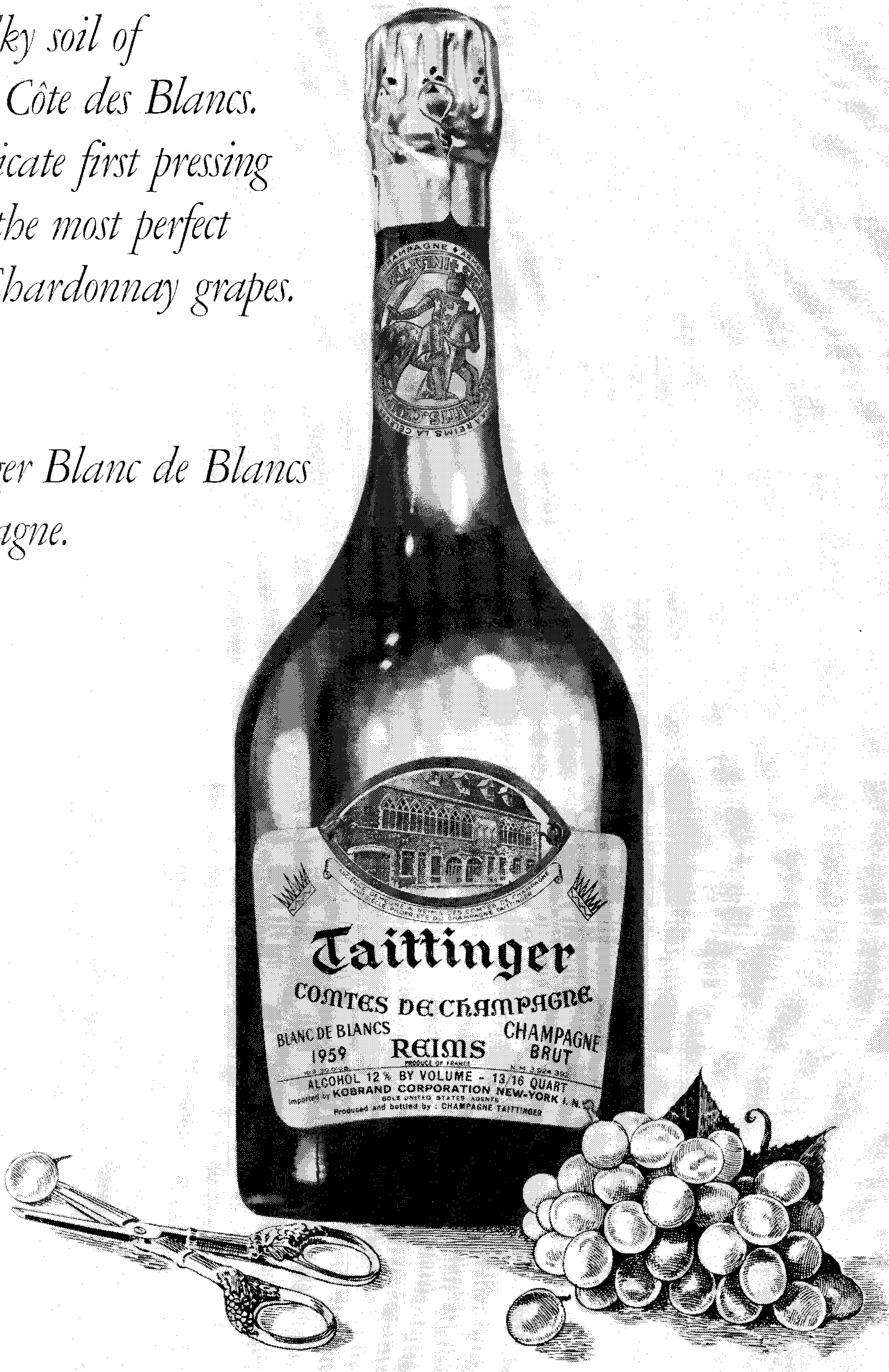
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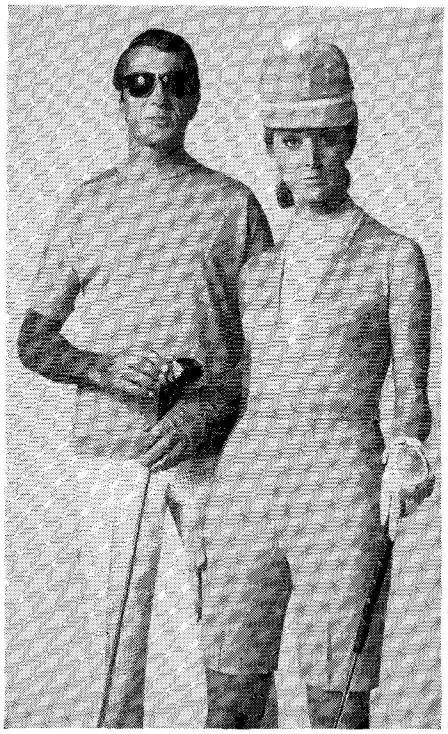

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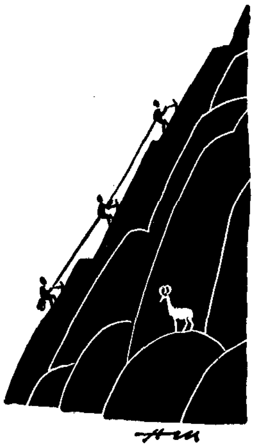
fender, was paired with one H. E. Fauquier, of Canada, and Emmo defeated him 6–0, 6–1, 6–2. In 1967, the defending champion was Manuel Santana, of Spain, and the player that came up opposite Santana in the draw was Charles Pasarell, an undergraduate at U.C.L.A. Because Pasarell happened to be an American, his role as the customary opening-day sacrifice was an ironic extension of the humbled status of American men at Wimbledon, for men's tennis in the United States had declined to such a remarkable extent that in 1967, for the first time in thirty-nine years, no American player was seeded in the Men's Singles Championship. All this only moderately interested Twynam. "That should be a good match," he said, "because the court will be in A-1 condition."



The draw was published during Overseas Week, as the Wimbledon staff refers to the seven days immediately preceding the tournament. During Overseas Week, tennis players from about fifty nations come to Wimbledon, unstrap their enormous stacks of racquets, and have at each other from eleven in the morning until deep in the evening, trying to effect ultimate refinements in their styles before the meeting that is regarded by all of them as the world-championship event in the sport. They practice—usually two-on-one—on the courts outside the stadium. No one ever practices on the Centre Court. Twynam walks around among them, watching the lawns and the weather. Given the imminence of The Fortnight, Overseas Week is a surprisingly relaxed and easygoing time, full of chatter and casual gossip. The players all know each other as if they had spent the past ten years in the same small boarding school, and, in a sense, they have. "They love these courts. They would sleep on them if you let them," Twynam says. "They love to come to Wimbledon. If they can't make it, it breaks their hearts. They come back with their children. The atmosphere is so beautiful here." The grounds are small, only fourteen acres, and narrow walkways intersect among the tennis lawns and tea lawns. Paul Scarlets climb posts of larch that are set parallel to the baselines of the courts. Other roses, of every known color, climb the brick columns of the Members' Enclosure, where straw parasols shade white tables around a fountain pool with lilies and goldfish. "Harrods supplies the goldfish," Twynam observed one day. "Nice goldfish, but expensive." In the air were the scent of roses and fresh-cut grass and the sound of tennis balls like the sound of popping corks. Red and blue hydrangeas growing in boxes spilled over balconies in the ivy-covered walls of the Centre Court. In the background, a church spire emerged above thickly foliaged trees and above solid, suburban, detached but propinquant houses. "That's St. Mary's Church, the Wimbledon parish church," Twynam said. "Lew Hoad was married there." An Australian on Court 9 hit two drives into the tape at the top of the net. "You hit the ball over the net and into the court," he said to himself. "That's page 1, line 1." An American girl on Court 8 shouted at herself, "What's the story with my backhand?" English players kept calling "Sorry" to one another. "Sorry." Twynam saw a girl beside one court with oranges in her hand. "South African," he said. "If she's got oranges in her hand, she's a South African." Santana, practicing with Vic Seixas and Charlie Pasarell, drilled one past Pasarell at the net. "You're out of your mind," said Pasarell. Santana grinned toothily. Other remarks were flying around in Dutch and Danish, German and Polish, Serbo-Croatian. Twynam wandered off to one corner of the grounds and onto the croquet lawn. He said that on Sunday afternoons elderly members play croquet, two at a time. They wear all white, like the tennis players. Twynam tapped the croquet lawn with one foot, and said, "Make a nice nursery for the tennis lawns, wouldn't it, this?" Looking back across the courts, he said, "They're all first-class tennis players here. There are no rabbits here. We don't do this for love, you know. There's no jiggery-pokery. Nothing's too much trouble to cater to the players. They have medical services, masseurs, doctors, free rides to London. They can have anything they want, as long as they're playing tennis. They've got to play good tennis. We must take care of paying customers, not just friends who come in and look around and pay nothing. These players come here to play tennis. Even the second-rate players play good tennis here. This

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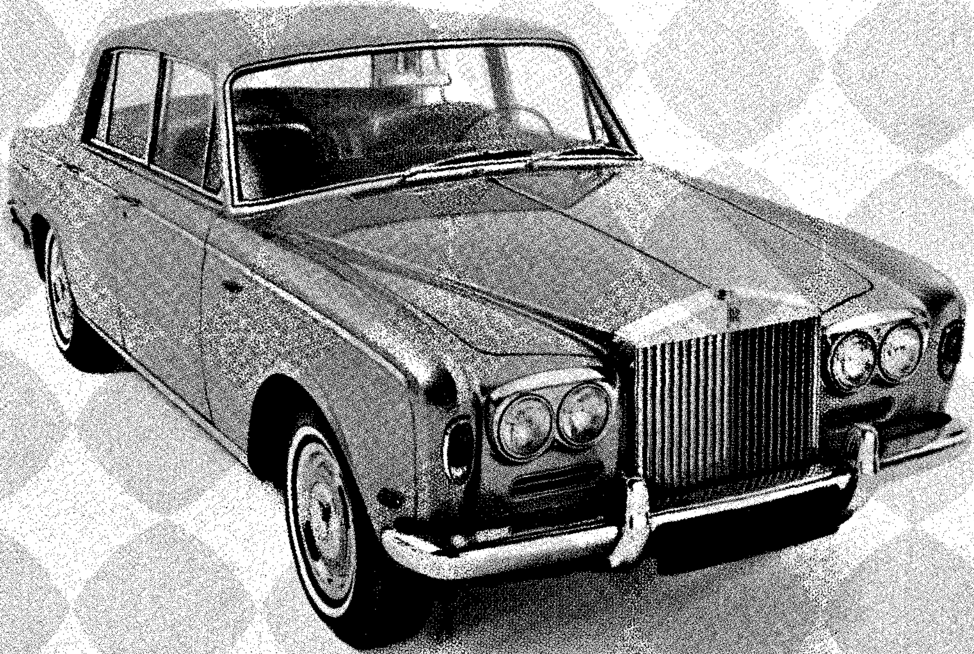

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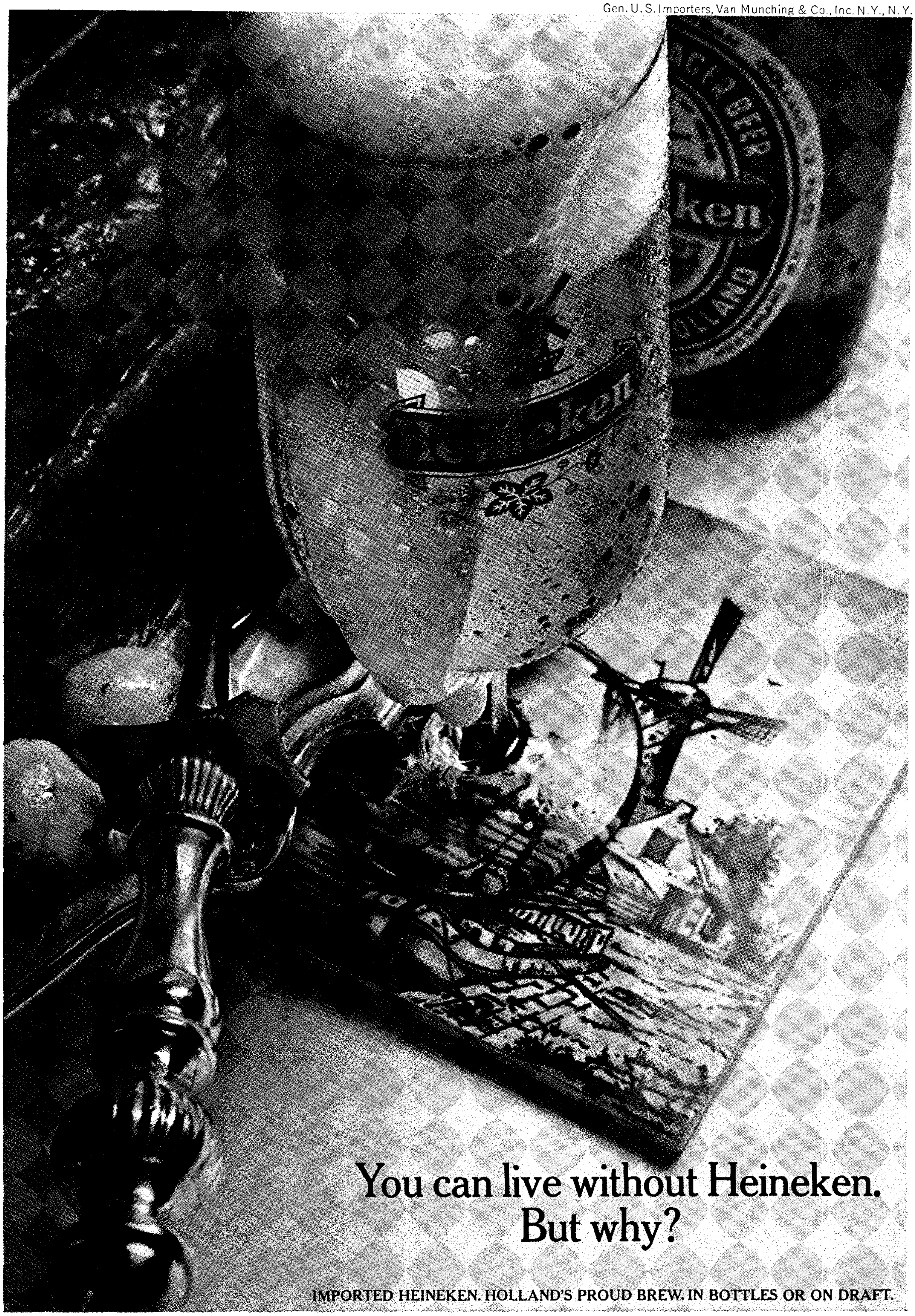
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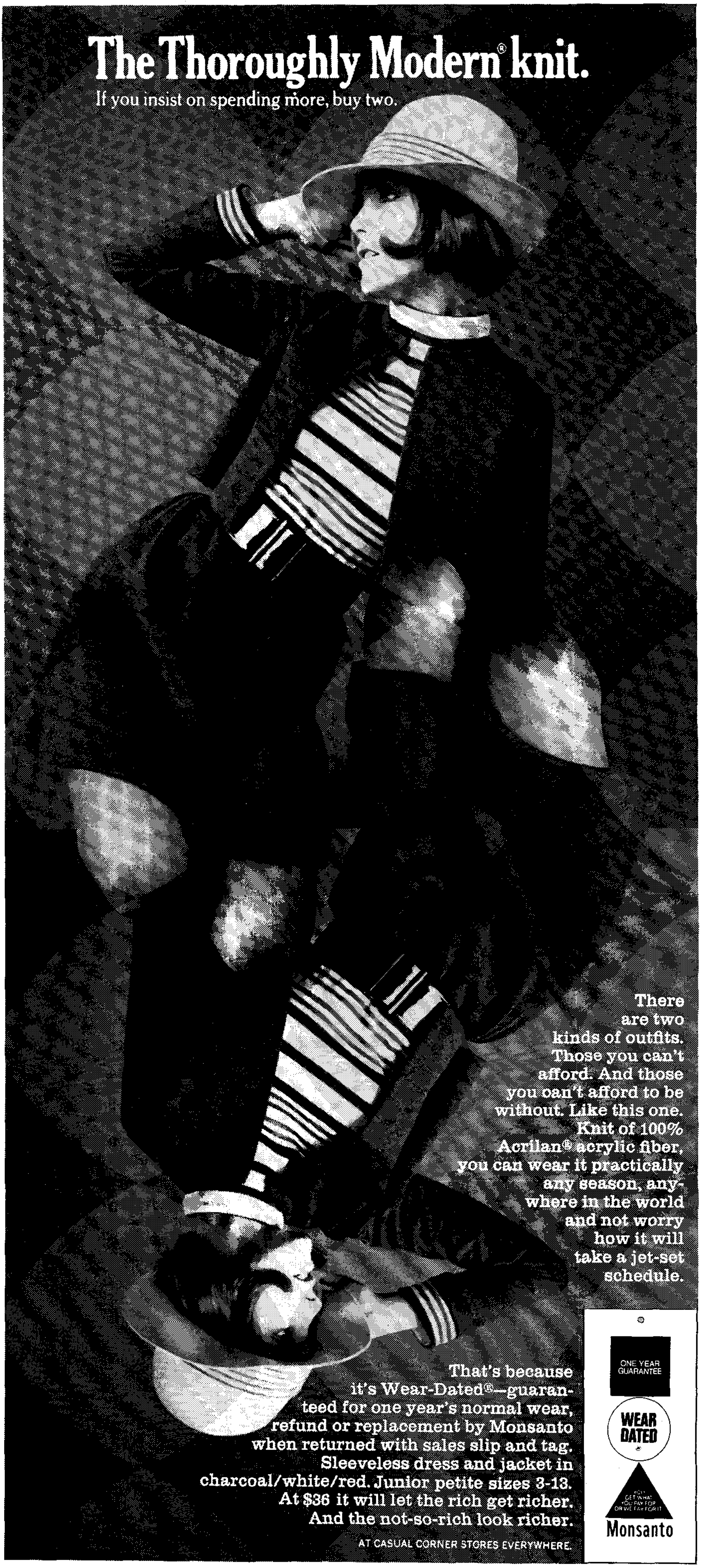
There was a lot of talk in the London papers and on the Wimbledon courts during Overseas Week about the possibilities of the open tennis championships that have since become a reality. Twynam's only comment was that he wondered if the professionals would be up to competing with the amateurs at Wimbledon. "Many of the pros have been away from Wimbledon for years," he said. "They have played most of their professional games on wood and clay, and they'd find a vast difference here. The actual name of this tournament is The Lawn Tennis Championships on Grass. I wonder if the pros could stand the pace." He paused a moment and then said he was going to have a look at the Centre Court. On the way there, he went through a private entrance and past the Gentlemen's Dressing Room. Then he opened the double doors through which all competitors must pass on their way to the Centre Court. Above the doorway, in large letters, is a fragment from Rudyard Kipling: "If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two impostors just the same . . ."—words that might ask too much of a pro.

In the stadium, Twynam made a close inspection of the turf. He pressed his fingers down on the dense, elastic surface. "Feel the fibre," he said. He withdrew his hand, and the turf sprang back. "The court is as alive as the players are," he went on. "There is an inch of fibre between the surface and the topsoil. Claw it. Claw it. See? There's something there to wear." About two feet down, he said, are the tops of tile land drains, set in a herringbone pattern in the local clay. Ten inches of clinker is above the drains, and over that is an inch of fine ash. Above the ash is ten inches of light and loamy topsoil, and in the topsoil are the roots of the lawn. When the surface of the lawn is looked at from a distance of inches, the differences among the various grasses there become pronounced. Some areas were lighter in shade than the grasses around them and were noticeably tinged with gray, in contrast to the flaring shamrock green of their neighbors. "The light patches are *Poa pratensis*," Twynam said. "Smooth-stalked meadow grass. The gray color is seed heads. One must mow close to get them. By rights, we don't want smooth-stalked meadow grass anymore. The greener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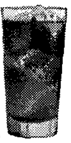

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patches are Chewings fescue and American browntop—better pedigrees than the *Poa pratensis* now. The smooth-stalked meadow grass is coarser and doesn't make as good a mat as the fescue and the browntop. But it's been here for years. It's self-sowing—and it comes up in these pale-gray patches. We'll phase it out before long. You get a better game of tennis on the browntop and the fescue. The fescue comes up into a tuft, and we mow it right down to the basal level. That forces the grass prostrate and makes it mat. The American browntop is shallow-rooted but hard-wearing. Americans have done a lot for lawns, you know. It's all Americanized. This browntop is actually what they call Oregon browntop. If you were a keen lawnmaker yourself, you'd use these strains. But you don't get a first-class lawn in two or three years. It takes twenty or thirty years to get a real lawn down. There's also a bit of creeping bent in here, but that's about all. One or two bastard grasses come in, like a bit of rough-stalked meadow grass, a bit of rye grass, a little bit of Yorkshire fog. They blow over, you see. But we pick them out. Yorkshire fog is bloody awful. Prickly. Spiky. Hairy. . . . Volunteers? Parsley piert, plantain, and pearlwort are about all you get in here. We don't let them stay. . . . The only hard thing about this job is, you can't change your court over. The court is static. All the courts are static. We can't move them up or back or sideways. The lines are always in the same places and have been for forty-six years. Same toepieces. Same baselines. Same no man's lands. Same run-ups in the service areas. We get the same problems in the same places every year. In the autumn, on the other courts, we put in *new* turf—pieces one foot square from our own nursery—along the baselines and the run-ups. The Centre Court baselines and run-ups are almost always resown. The last time we turfed in here was six years ago. We oversow the rest of the court with seed, after pruning the roots with a hand fork and letting in some air and light. This year, we'll be using eighty per cent Dutch Highlight Chewings fescue and twenty per cent Oregon browntop. Then we give it a light top-dressing with a heavy loam, then a light roll, and it's ready to start germination—we hope. In November, we solid-tine the turf with potato forks, making deep holes two inches apart. Then we top-dress it again, with a ton of medium-to-heavy loam. Luting, it's called. The

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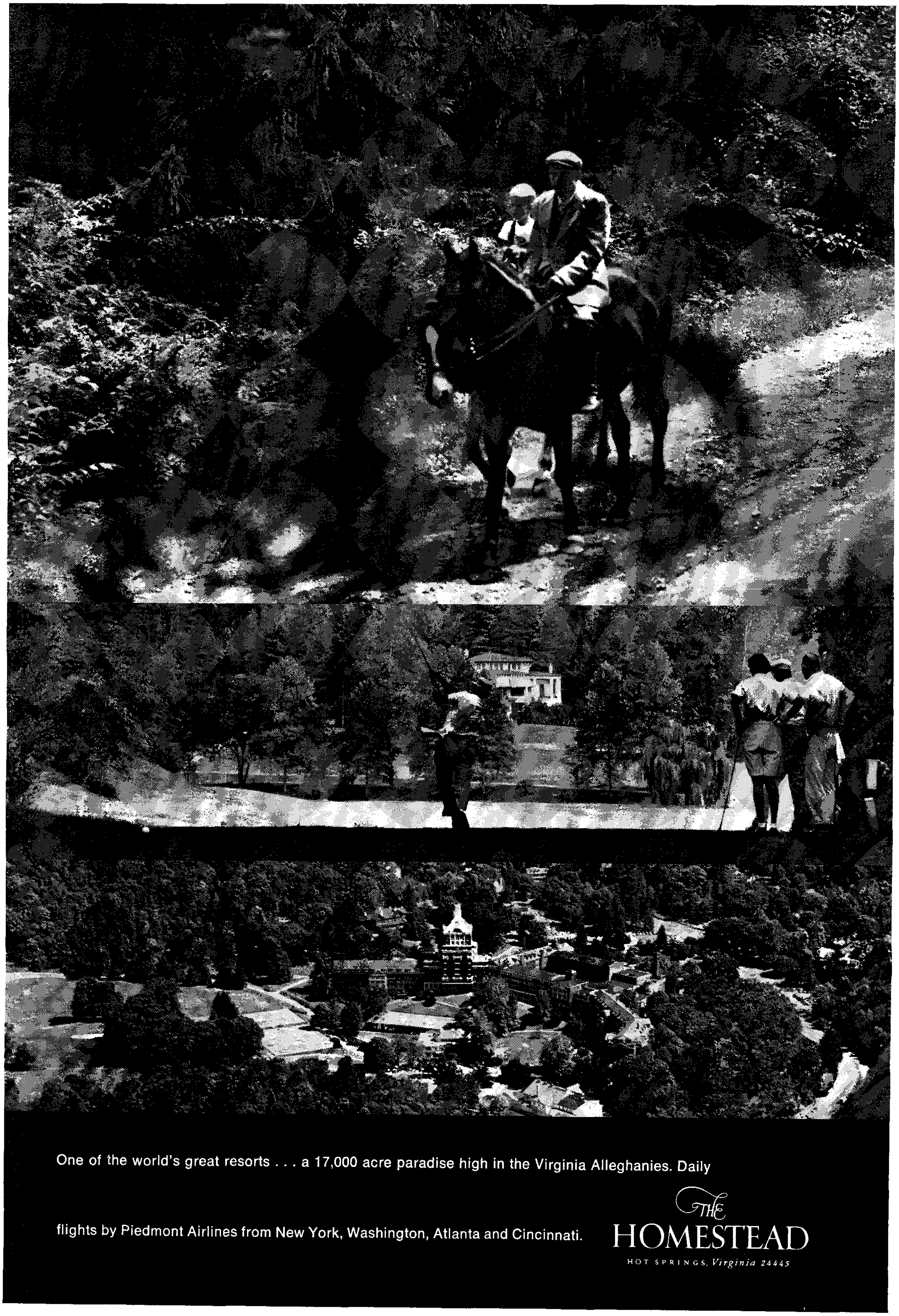

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new soil is spread with a lute, a rake that has no tines. Extra-thick top dressing makes a firmer surface. The soil falls into the legs made by the potato fork. We never hollow-tine here—just a matter of opinion. The top-dressing soil comes from the Guildford area, here in Surrey, and it's a decent bit of stuff. Mow the grass once or twice in late autumn and it stays a half inch high until spring. You like a good winter, to lift up the roots. A good winter is a cold winter, what they call an open winter. It lifts the roots up and aerates them. The Centre Court is the hardest one to keep in good shape. It is shaded from the sun. Frost stays longer in here. There is less freedom of air. But in the spring we get a good top growth. It's called a good braird." He plucked a bit of browntop, or common bent grass, out of the turf and turned it slowly in his hand, describing its flat, hairless, spear-shaped leaves, its short rhizomes and stolons, its notched, blunt-topped ligules. Hunting around awhile, brushing past whole colonies of the predominant grasses, he finally came up with a plant he was seeking, its blades like stiff bristles, infolded and bluntly keeled, its ligules blunt, and its auricles rounded like shoulders. "There you are," he said. "A bit of creeping red fescue."

ON Saturday afternoon, forty-eight hours before the championships began, four women members of the club—Mrs. C. F. O. Lister, Mrs. W. H. I. Gordon, Mrs. P. E. King, and Mrs. N. M. Glover—played on the Centre Court for an hour and twenty minutes so that Twynam, with this light rehearsal, could sense the timbre of the lawn. While the ladies—in pure white, of course—made light but competent movements around the court, driving long ground strokes at one another, Twynam said that a similar ritual occurs every year. "It gets the court knocked in a bit," he explained. "I watch them to see how the ball really does come up, you see. Then, if necessary, we can get the surface padded down a bit. It's coming through quite well, considering the wet we had yesterday. I've been looking for bad bounds, but there have been none. No trouble at all. It's coming through quite good."

That night, the court was covered. Twynam and his crew have an enormous tarpaulin—eight thousand sixty square feet. Winches at either end of the court raise the canvas, between spars, until it is high above the grass, looking like a vast pup tent. Air can

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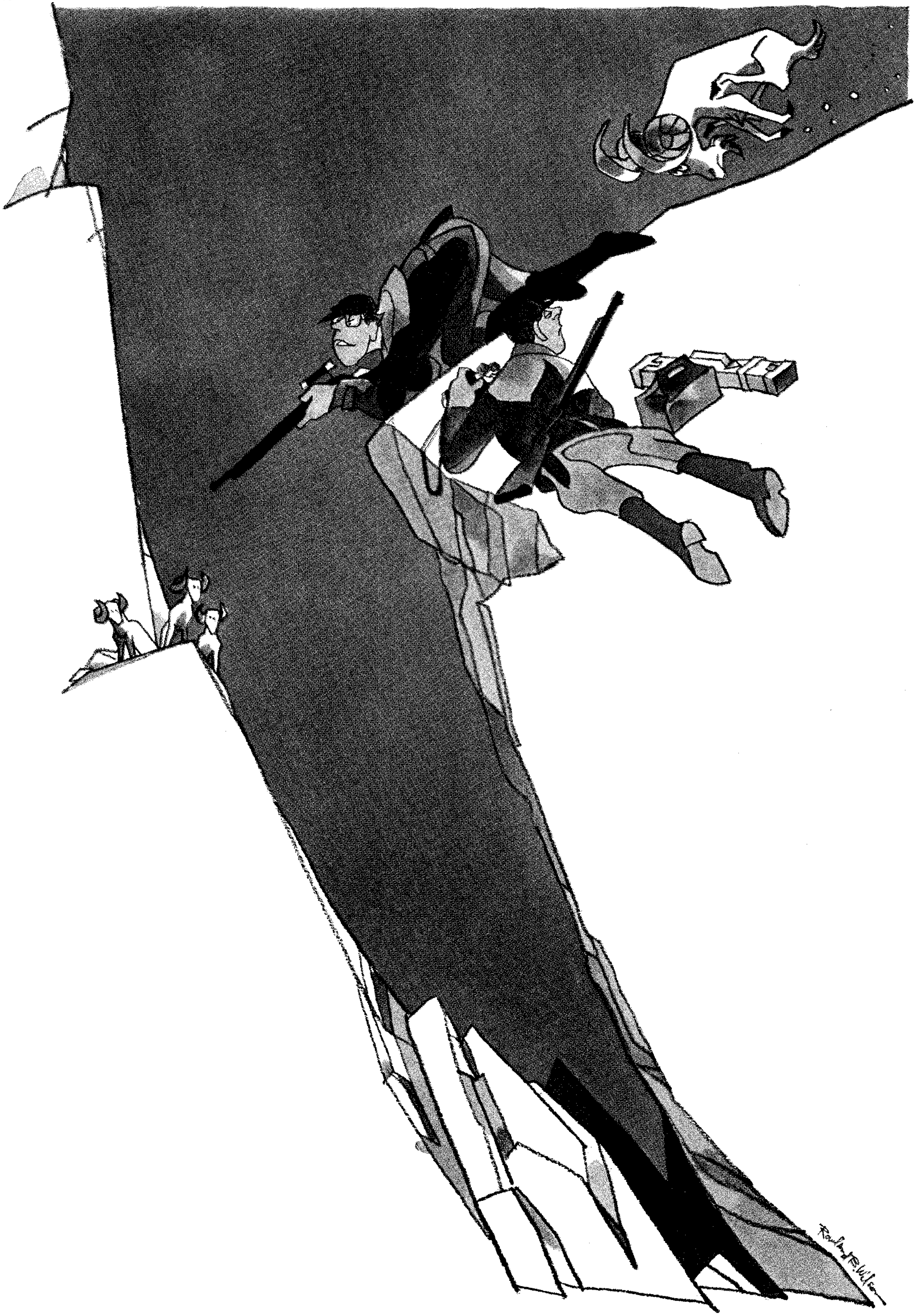
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circulate inside. Mildew won't form beneath the tent, as it will, sometimes, under a flat tarp. The crew can get the tent up in fourteen minutes. If rain comes during a match, they just drag it over the lawn, flat. Sunday morning, they removed it, then mowed, rolled, and marked the lawn. The white lines, put down with a forty-year-old machine, are made of pulverized chalk, called whiting. Lime is never used. It would burn the grass. The court was covered again at noon. At 7:30 A.M. on Monday, the opening day, the court was uncovered. It was mowed again, rolled again, and—although it hardly appeared to need it—marked again.

The gates of the grounds were opened, and the crowds came in. Fourteen thousand five hundred people came into the Centre Court. Twynam looked them over. "From grocers' boys to kings we get here," he said. The sky was a mixture of clouds and blue. "The court is all right," Twynam said. "The court's O.K. We gave it a half hour's slow roll longways this morning, that's all. It could have had a little more rolling, but the players will pat it down, I hope." He set his chair in his accustomed spot, adjusting it so that the top of his head would not quite coincide with the slope of the adjacent wall. Santana and Pasarell walked past him. Pasarell, his hair falling over his forehead, looked sleepy and impassive. Santana's dark eyes were bright and he was smiling. Applause greeted them, and they began to warm up. Both are fairly large but not impressively or even athletically built. In the way they moved, however, and in the way they hit the ball, they showed, even in warmup, why they were there. "When they win Wimbledon, they win the world," Twynam said. Santana once worked as a ball boy at a club in Madrid. His family had no money. To finance a tennis career, he found a sponsor, and now he has become a national hero in Spain. He is the first Spaniard who has ever won at Wimbledon, and the first tennis player ever to be given an award that the Spanish government annually makes to the nation's outstanding athlete. A touch player, he has been called a genius with a racquet, a stylist, a virtuoso, and a master of many shots. He has been said to have thirty-seven shots known to the game and two that no one has ever heard of. He has seven different forehands. When Santana—at the end of the court near Twynam—began to serve in the match with Pasarell, Twynam said, "Santana is a scientific player, very

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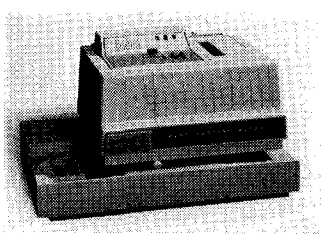

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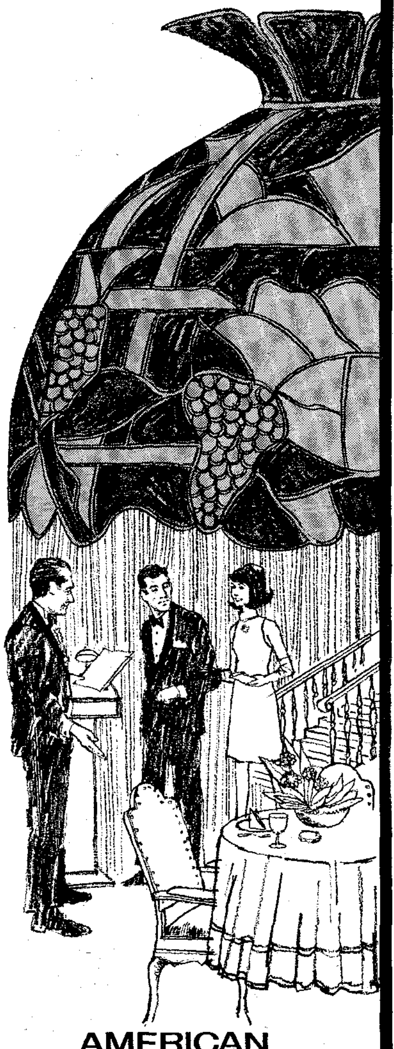

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steady. Watch him now, though. Watch his right foot. He drags his toe something shocking, he does." Santana lifted the ball high and swung through for his first serve. His right toe, never coming off the ground, moved in an arc toward the baseline and scuffed up the grass. After six or eight serves, Santana had made a light but distinct crescent in the lawn.

Twynam looked at the sky, which was thickening a little but not seriously. "All in all, the Lord has done pretty well for us," he said. Pasarell got ready to serve. Pasarell's father, who is chairman of the board of Philip Morris de Puerto Rico, was once tennis champion of the island. So was Charlie's mother. Charlie grew up in a beautiful house in San Juan and learned his tennis under Welby Van Horn, at the Caribe Hilton. He is very strong, and the dimensions of his game consist of power and more power. He is technically moody, given to flashes of brilliance, and when he is playing well and is fired up he is a beautiful tennis player and almost unbeatable. But his game can fall apart quickly. He relies on speed, the hard ball, the rush to the net. He has four shots: one forehand, one backhand, one serve, and one volley—boom, boom, boom, boom. If he could give Santana any game at all, it would be a contest between power and style. As Pasarell was about to serve, Twynam said, "Watch this one now. Watch his foot." Pasarell tossed the ball into the air and swung through. "See how he lifts that foot?" Twynam went on. "See how he puts it down flat? He's all right, he is. First-class. He doesn't drag his foot."

Santana broke through Pasarell's fourth service and soon led 5–3. Lovely, puffy clouds were now moving swiftly overhead. "They're all right, but I'd sooner see a nice blue sky," Twynam said. "Beggars can't be choosers, I suppose." The scuff line under Santana's toe was becoming a small rut. "Shocking," Twynam said. "But the court can take it." Pasarell broke back through Santana's service, and the first set went to 8–8 before Pasarell broke through again. He won the set, 10–8.

Taking his time during the next change of ends, Pasarell walked slowly to the umpire's chair, towelled himself, and looked at the sky. Returning to the court, he spoke to himself. "Come on, Charlie," he said. He said this aloud to himself about once a game, all afternoon. He won the second set, 6–3.

The sky had gone gray, and several

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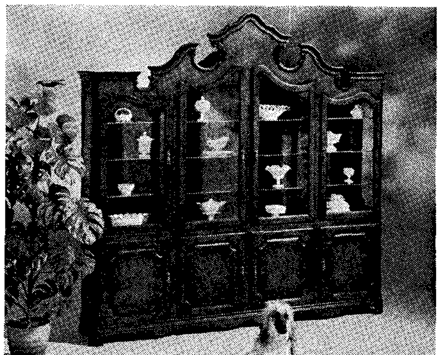

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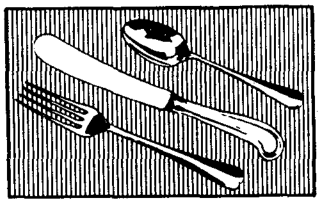

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minutes later a pouring rain fell. "I'm no God," Twynam said. "I can't stop the bloody weather." His crew had the net down and the court covered in sixty seconds. The rain lasted seven more minutes. The cover came off, the net went up, and, less than ten minutes after play had stopped, the match was under way again. "It all has to do with the paying customers," Twynam said, after directing the operation. "If there was no one watching, we wouldn't give two hoots. Let's have another four or five hours of sunshine, God. Be good to us, please." Three minutes later, the sun broke through and patches of blue appeared in the sky. Santana won the third set, 6–2.

It appeared that Santana had found his touch and had turned the match around. Pasarell, however, seemed stronger in the fourth set than he had been all day. He was leading, 4–3, when more rain began to fall. "This has never happened for donkey's years, this," Twynam said. "It's bad for the public, bad for form." Twynam, as it happened, was referring not to the rain, for his crew has covered and uncovered the Centre Court as many as eight times in one afternoon, but to the match itself. In the ninety years of the Wimbledon tournament, no defending champion had ever lost on opening day, and it appeared that the defending champion was in danger of losing now. Fourteen minutes after the new rain had begun, the sun was out again and there were wide blue patches of sky in the west. Breaking Pasarell's service, Santana tied the set, at 5–5. "Come on, Charlie," Pasarell said as he missed the shot that blew the tenth game. Santana won the eleventh, Pasarell the twelfth. Then, in the thirteenth game, Pasarell broke Santana's service. "He's a bit of a rawboned American, but he's getting there," Twynam said. A few minutes later, in bright sunshine, Pasarell chased a lob, running toward the baseline, and Santana moved up to the net. Pasarell stopped, turned, and drove the ball past Santana to win the match, 10–8, 6–3, 2–6, 8–6.

"What did you expect?" Twynam said. "He didn't drag his foot."

—JOHN MCPHEE

•

This Tuesday, the common council is expected to cuss and vote on an application seeking $515,617 in federal model cities planning funds.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

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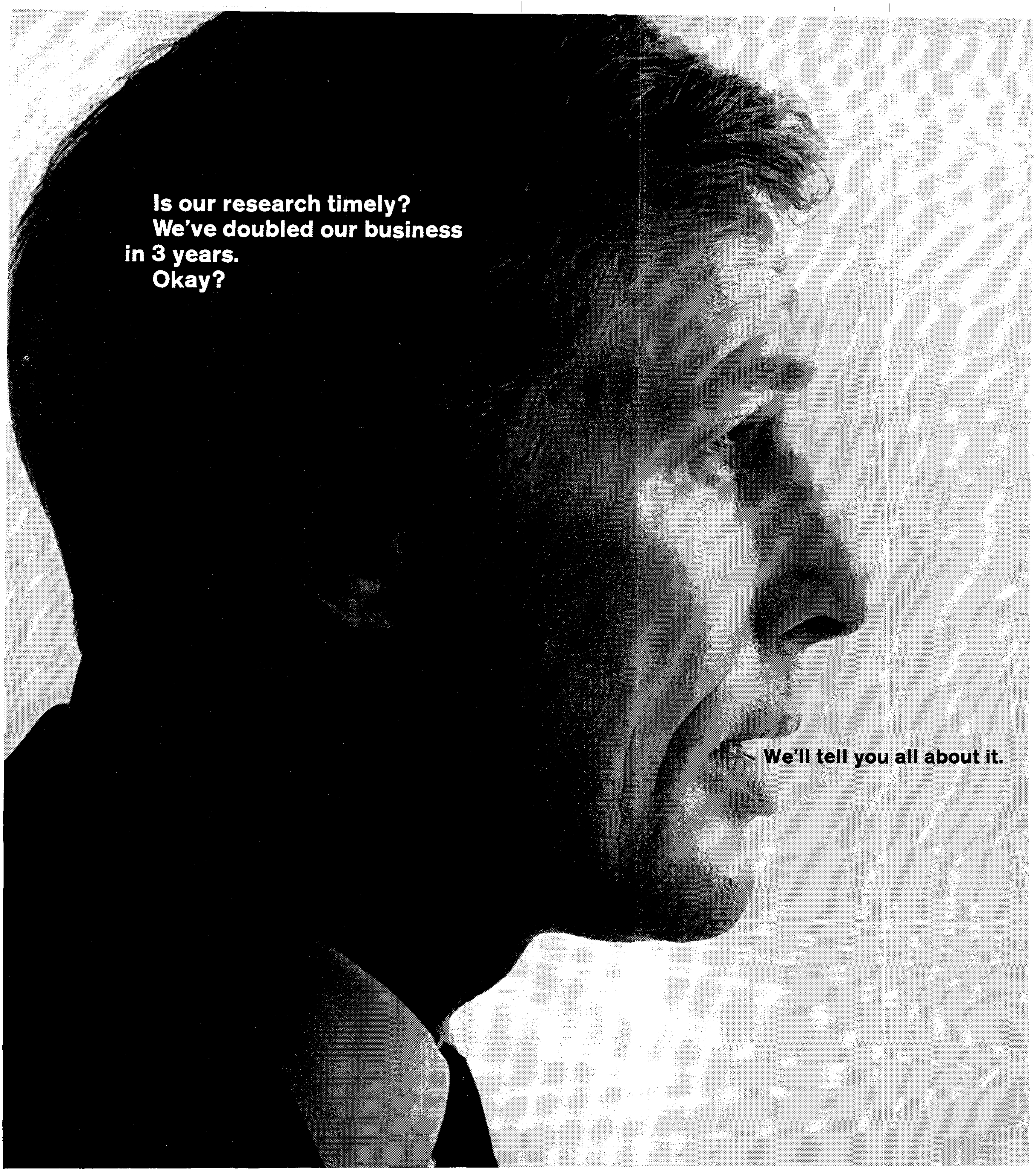
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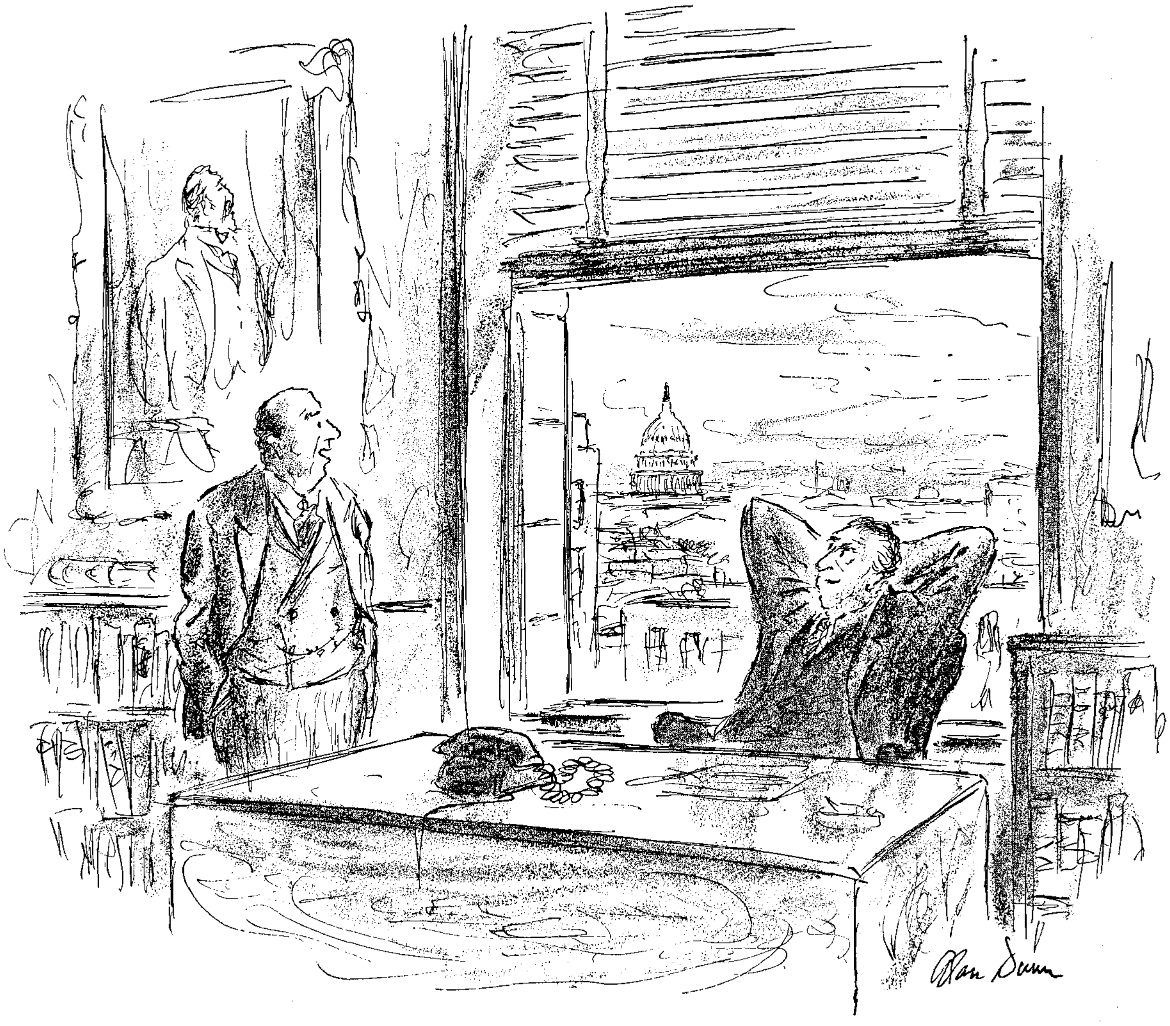
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"WALK DOWN MAH STREET!" may, if all goes as it should, change the luck of the hitherto unlucky Players Theatre, where it opened last week. The show is an unpretentious, chipper little topical revue. The street of that annoying title is in Harlem (the title song is listed twice in the program as "Walk Down My Street," and without the exclamation point), and the topics under consideration in songs, skits, and blackouts are racial matters, with such inevitable ramifications as slum life, war, love, school, and whatever else happens to be on the mind of the young these days. Many of these topics have, of course, been dealt with many times before, but that doesn't seem to matter much, and, for a refreshing change, no number runs for one second after its point is made. Most of the music, which certainly sounded good to me, was written and arranged by Norman Curtis, who also presided at the piano; most of the words were written by Patricia Taylor Curtis, and they, too, more often than not, sounded appropriately fervent or comic. The members of the company—four m., two f.—come in assorted colors. Several of them are débutantes, theatrically speaking, and all of them are in their late teens or very early twenties. They are a bright bunch, full of themselves in the best possible way, and able to sing and dance and handle comedy and feeling. Much of the material they perform is what used to be called "protest," but even when their eyes flash and their fists clench in the age-old postures of stage revolt as they sing out "Prepare for revolution . . . brace yourself for riots," one cannot help thinking how appealing they are—how refreshing and, oddly, how well disposed toward us and everyone else. Even more oddly, this doesn't make their protest any the less affecting. It would be hard to imagine six more promising beginners than Denise Delapenha, Freddy Diaz, Lorraine Feather, Kenneth Frett, Vaughn Martinez, and Gene Rounds. They are, according to an earnest program note, the first professional group to come out of the Next Stage Theatre Company, "a scholarship program in which musically gifted young people, primarily from economically disadvantaged backgrounds, are given the opportunity to study musical theatre." It should be added immediately that the show is entirely free of the taint of worthiness.

Among my favorite songs are the title song (but with "my" for "mah"), as sung by Mr. Frett, a lanky, handsome fellow; "Just One More Time," a love ballad, as sung by Miss Delapenha and Mr. Diaz; "Someday, If We Grow Up," as sung by Mr. Martinez; and "Flower Child," as sung by Miss Feather and Mr. Frett. In a funny sketch, Mr. Rounds, a born comedian, makes a quick change into the robes of a visiting African—and just as quickly changes his personality—in order to con a cabdriver into taking him up to 135th Street. In the funniest scene of the show, Mr. Martinez appears as an indignant Puerto Rican janitor whose domain—a school boiler room—has been left a mess by a group of insurgent students. He actually persuades members of the audience to climb onto the stage and help clean up the litter, as he sits down in one of the front rows and applauds them. The puckish Mr. Martinez could persuade an audience to do anything or believe anything, I should think. —EDITH OLIVER



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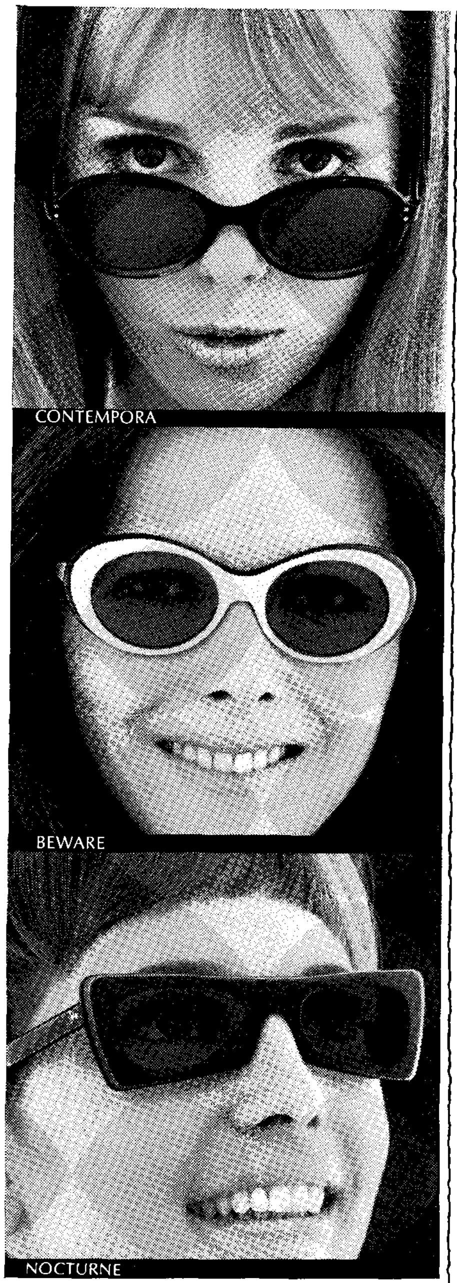

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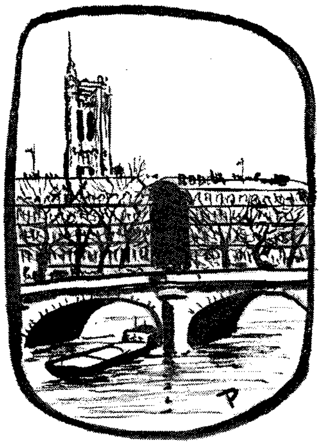
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 14

THE strikes here, now going into their fourth week, have been best borne by peripatetics—by walkers. In this writer's midtown hotel, our middle-aged, portly fifth-floor waiter has been walking five hours a day, to and fro, between his distant suburban flat and his pantry here. When gasoline began to run dry the week before last, for two days everyone in Paris walked or stayed home. At the end of last week, the Métro and buses started running again, and also the commuter trains—a great relief to people's feet. Taxis were expected on the streets Wednesday but have not yet appeared. In industry, nearly a million metalworkers are still on strike, largely in the big automobile factories—Simca, Peugeot, Citroën, and Renault. As the only nationalized car manufacturer, Renault was the pilot in the strike negotiations, until it met with a tragedy on Monday in connection with its huge campestral modern factories at Flins, twenty-five miles west of Paris, built on what used to be well-known truck gardens beside the Seine. That afternoon, the ubiquitous Paris students managed to journey out there to encourage the Flins strikers. In their skirmish through the fields and woods with the alerted Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité police, whose men and cars filled the country roads, a young girl and a youth tried to swim across the Seine, which is broad and deep in its curves there. She saved herself by clinging to the pillar of the bridge at Meulan, but the boy, aged seventeen, was drowned. He supplied the students with their first martyr.



To honor him and to avenge themselves on the police for his death, a monster, violent *manif*, as the manifestations are now curtly called by the students, was organized for Tuesday night. It was the first warm, beautiful Paris June night, too celestial to have its beauty abused by rioting, with a full-faced moon, soon to be the color of a blood orange from the tear-gas bombs and the exploding *grenades offensives*, valued for their alarming noise. The battlefield was the familiar Latin Quarter. However, the tactics were different on both sides. Emerging from their covey of black buses, the C.R.S. kept the Place de la Sorbonne and the Odéon cleared at first. This fractioned the students' forces and pushed them back up to the square in front of the Panthéon, where they ambitiously tried to capture the Fifth Arrondissement police station, next to the *mairie*. Later, they managed to reduce to a scrap heap the old, small police station on the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés, next to the former Librairie Divan, that famed center for Stendhalian literature. At one moment, the police even took shelter in the doorway of the Café des Deux Magots, just across the way, whose great plate-glass windows were shattered. There was only one big student barricade, set up in the Rue Jacob, in front of the ugly modern medical center on the corner of the Rue des Saints-Pères. Far up the Rue de Rennes, near the old Montparnasse railway station, now being dismantled, the students set fire to the street itself by filling the gutters with gasoline and oil and lighting them. Flames belched from the sewers. The students' tactics were explicit and martial, after three weeks' rioting practice. They divided into small parties, each with its own *troupe de shock* for the fighting. All the students now live as noctambules. The wretched bourgeoisie housed in expensive old-fashioned apartments on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, near the Cluny, and around the Luxembourg Gardens are unnerved by sleepless nights but dare not leave for fear of what might happen to their homes in their absence.

On Monday, transportation having been restored, thousands of Parisians went back to work as the strikes, except in factories, started running downhill. On Tuesday, people's conversations overheard on the Paris streets had a different tone than before, carrying a sharp note of impatience as office and shop workers on the Left Bank saw the devastation remaining from earlier riots—trees cut down or singed, piles of uncollected debris, with here and there the remains of auto fenders, all of which rubbish had so recently been citizens' or taxpayers' property. At first during the riots, Parisians had with sang-froid scrawled "*Vive la*

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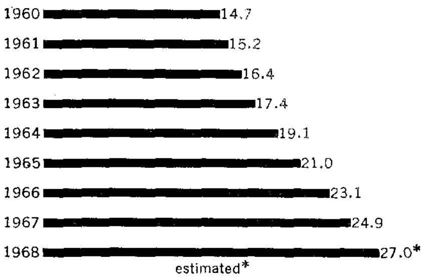

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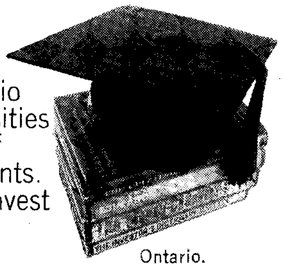

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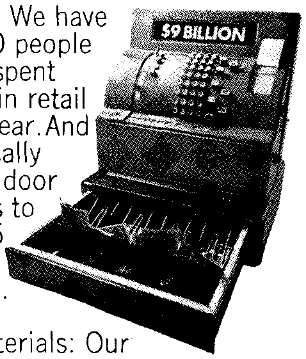

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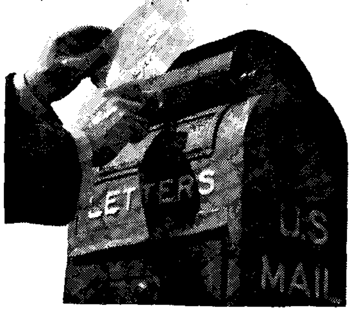

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Fête!" on the walls of Left Bank houses, for the riots seemed like a terrifying fun fair—like a Resistance movie being shot at night al fresco, with full sound effects of screams, curses, and exploding bombs. As for the strike itself, it was like an extra vacation. Paris was titillated and excited by the historic words "*La Révolution*," which flattered their past and animated their present. But the current had shifted by Tuesday, and by Wednesday morning the evidence on hand, still fresh, of the sadistic, destructive excesses of the previous night's monster riot left Parisians thoughtful, disgusted, and alarmed in their native sense of economy as to what it will all cost and who will have to pay. The political implication of the Tuesday-night long-drawn-out riot was as audible as the sharp gunlike staccato of the exploding *grenades offensives*, which, though being thrown around Saint-Germain-des-Prés, could be heard across the river in the Rue de Rivoli and the Tuileries Gardens until three o'clock in the morning. The rioting is now regarded as part of the students' plan to prevent the coming parliamentary elections from taking place in the calm that de Gaulle demanded as a dignified prerequisite. In this plan, the students—if the students are really the moving force behind it—show their fear that his Fifth Republic, and thus he himself, might even win again. This certainly is one of the French elements they have been rioting against.

The feeling of alarm here grew over the past week like a sense of responsibility belatedly discovered. There was also a feeling of almost naïve surprise among middle- and upper-class French that France was in so dangerously fragile and fatuous a condition that its young generation of malcontents could, by slogans and adolescent nightly public violence, deal a semi-mortal blow to France's present body politic and to its educational system (so démodé as to demand only a nudging to fall over flat, like a row of collapsing, ill-balanced, dusty books), and incite underpaid French workers to a national strike involving ten million strikers, which at the present moment is still not yet quite settled. A sharp, authoritarian, brief front-page editorial on the students appeared in *Le Monde* this Wednesday, signed, as a rarity, by the paper's editor, Hubert Beuve-Méry, under his own name, apparently to show that he was speaking as an outraged private citizen. The editorial aroused enormous interest here. Titled "Oui ou Non," it said, in part, "Yes or no: Is the renovation of our edu-

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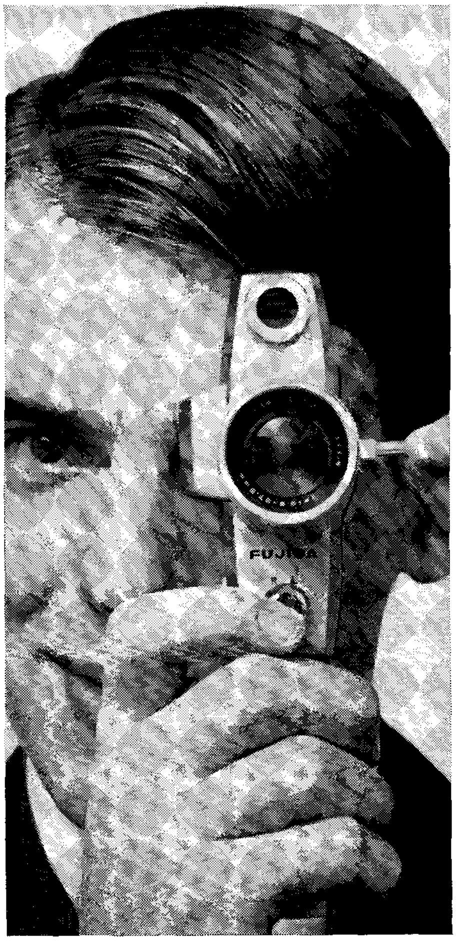

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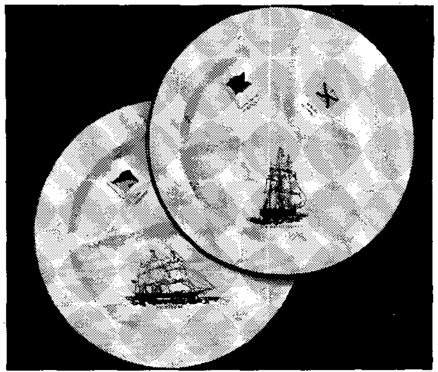

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cational system to take place as a form of street fighting? Yes or no: Can a government, no matter what kind, let a Paris neighborhood be filled with barricades? Yes or no: If these occupations [of public buildings like the Sorbonne, the Odéon, and so on] continue, and if these riots multiply, will they not eventually lead to a kind of tribal warfare that, as everyone has every right to fear, could provoke extreme reactionary violence? Certainly the elections will be no panacea, but they offer an opening out of a situation that has become impossible. The leaders of this revolution, currently without any aim, have other preoccupations. The main thing for them—and they do not hide it—is *casser la baraque* [to break up the place]. Any effort at a solution, elections included, is, in their eyes, only 'a betrayal.' Any call to order, even the most elementary, is an unbearable provocation. Their victory would be that of pure nihilism, and no one can predict where the tragedy could lead."

Particular attention was naturally paid to the references to students also made by President de Gaulle in his TV dialogue the other evening with Michel Droit, editor of the weekly *Figaro Littéraire*, who had three times before been the General's vis-à-vis on similar question-and-answer programs. On the screen, they form a remarkably perfect pair of opposites, Droit being youngish, black-haired, and short. The subject of the students came up when Droit—rather putting the General on the spot—asked him why, since he had long ago declared that the university system here had to be changed, he had not started to change it in time to avoid the recent troubles. De Gaulle answered with that ambiguity he uses to win battles he is not prepared at the moment to fight. "Two things made up the recent university crisis," he said. "First, there was the anguish of youth, of the students, which is infinitely natural in today's modern, mechanized consumer society, because it does not offer them what they need—an ideal, *élan*, hope. Then an explosion took place, and, rightly enough, in the milieu where it should have taken place—that is, in the university milieu. It was provoked by certain groups who were in revolt against this modern society, whether Communist from the East or capitalist in the West. These groups have no idea at all what they would replace modern society with, but they are groups that delight in negation, destruction, violence, and anarchy, and they fly the

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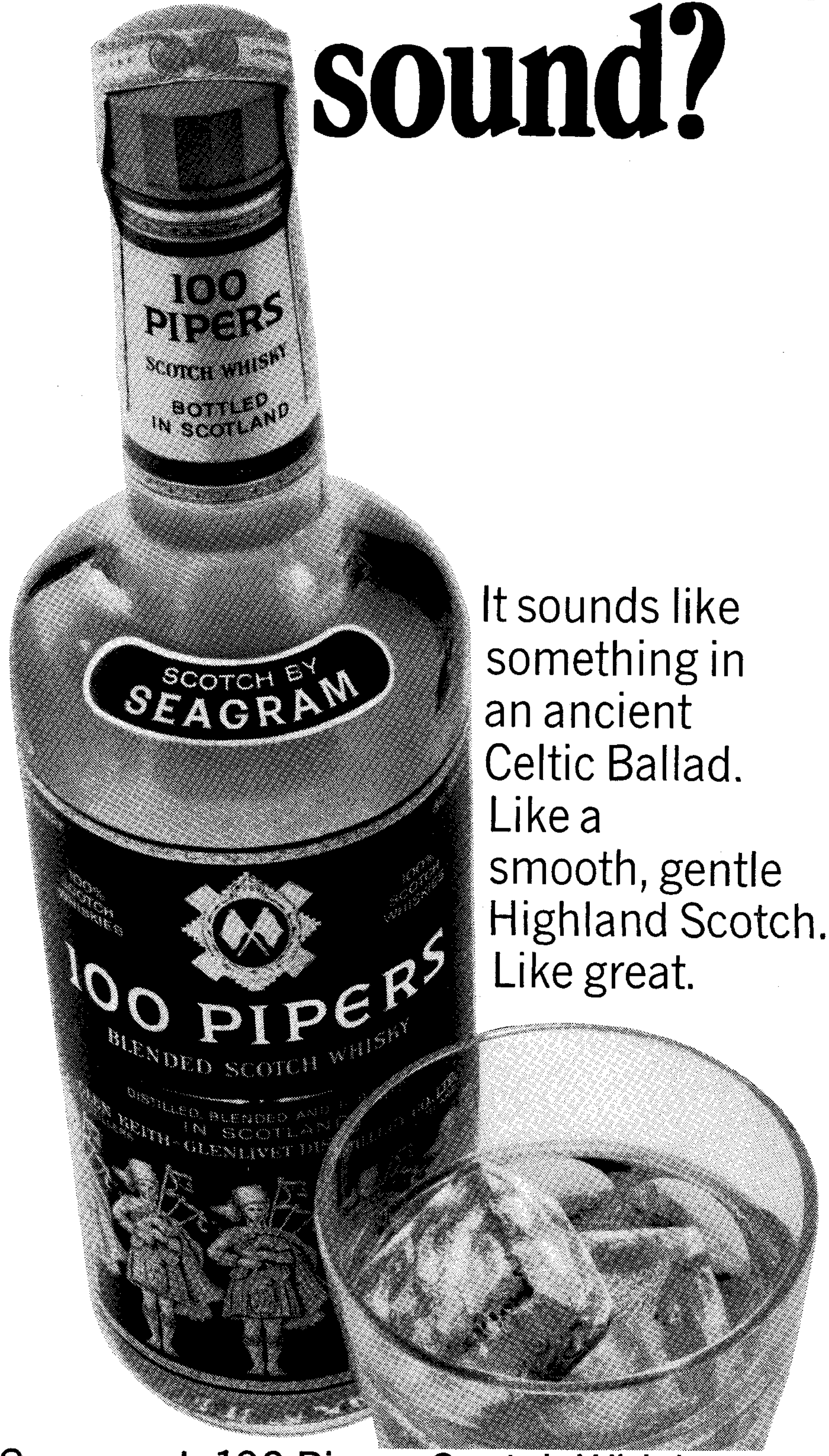

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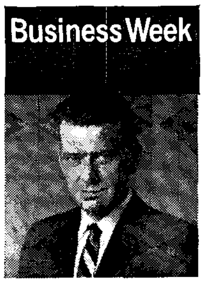

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anarchists' black flag." This, of course, was not a very penetrating summing-up of the student problem, which is now called the detonator of the Fifth Republic's crisis, but it was, on the other hand, an assurance to the nation's millions of TV listeners that the dialogue *obviously* had not been rigged—that de Gaulle was clearly not reciting prepared answers from memory, because he would have remembered more and better things to say—and it was also proof that Droit was not handling him with kid gloves. The most important, extraordinary question he asked de Gaulle came toward the beginning of the dialogue, when he suddenly said, "*Mon Général*, there is one thing that has enormously struck public opinion since the crisis began, and that is how it is possible that the government, *any more than people generally*, or the government opposition, or the labor unions and political organizations, did not sense this crisis coming. It is a fact that the government, whose task is to see what is coming, did not see the crisis in advance. But this enormous chaos, this enormous shock—how do you explain it, *mon Général*, how did you explain it to yourself?" To Droit's too pertinent question de Gaulle gave no real answer, doubtless because he knew too many answers. Considering that this TV dialogue was supposed to be a helpful preëlection piece of propaganda for the General's party, it was odd to have that party's recent disastrous lack of foresight publicly called to the attention of millions of the French electorate, who a fortnight from now might start thinking twice before risking their fate once again to such haphazard governing.

However, everything underwent a total change this Wednesday, when the government, on decisions made by the Minister of the Interior and approved at the weekly Cabinet meeting presided over by de Gaulle himself, banned all street demonstrations throughout France during the election campaign, and, furthermore, dissolved seven student groups of the extreme left. The riots, and the possible revolution, are now, one hopes, over. The seven dissolved groups are called Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire, La Voix Ouvrière (which favors the Fourth Internationale), Révolte (which is the Trotskyite group and the most solid), Le Comité Liaison des Étudiants Révolutionnaires, La Fédération des Étudiants Révolutionnaires, L'Union des Jeunesses Communistes Marxistes-Léninistes (which is of Maoist inspiration

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and is the most intellectual, being largely recruited from the École Normale Supérieure and the Paris law faculty; it is said to be of such doctrinal purity that its members "sound like early Christians," one tough Trotskyite comrade reported), and, finally, Le Mouvement du 22 Mars, founded on that date at Nanterre by Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the German star and magnet among all the student groups. The seven groups were described in Thursday's *Journal Officiel* as "having had recourse to violence in attacking the republican form of the government." Those seeking to reconstitute these groups will be liable to from six months to two years in prison, and fines of from sixty to eighteen thousand francs. All the groups will now disappear underground.

The return to France last week, on provisional liberty, of former Premier Georges Bidault, once an early Gaullist leader but in exile for six years for having plotted against the state in Algerian affairs, and the rumored liberation of ex-General Raoul Salan, serving a life sentence for his part in the 1961 French Army uprising in Algiers and for being the chief of the anti-Gaullist terrorist Secret Army Organization, will serve as preëlection gestures to heal de Gaulle's breach with the French right over the loss of Algeria as a colony. The liberation of ex-General Salan will especially please the French Army, as the French Army pleased General de Gaulle ten days ago when it reassured him in Baden-Baden that he could rely on it in case of civil war. What is now taking place here in the Fifth Republic—or is about to—is like a great family reconciliation.

Paris, too, can relax at night now, since, with luck, there will be no more audible and visible fiery, explosive riots. The students, at first seeming inspired, are now running out of their early talent for creating slogans that will probably be salvaged as remnants of insurgent poetry, such as "*La Barricade Bloque la Rue mais Ouvre la Voix*," "*Plus Qu'on Fait L'Amour, Plus Qu'on Fait la Révolution*," and that stirring call to power "*L'Imagination au Pouvoir!*" —GENÊT

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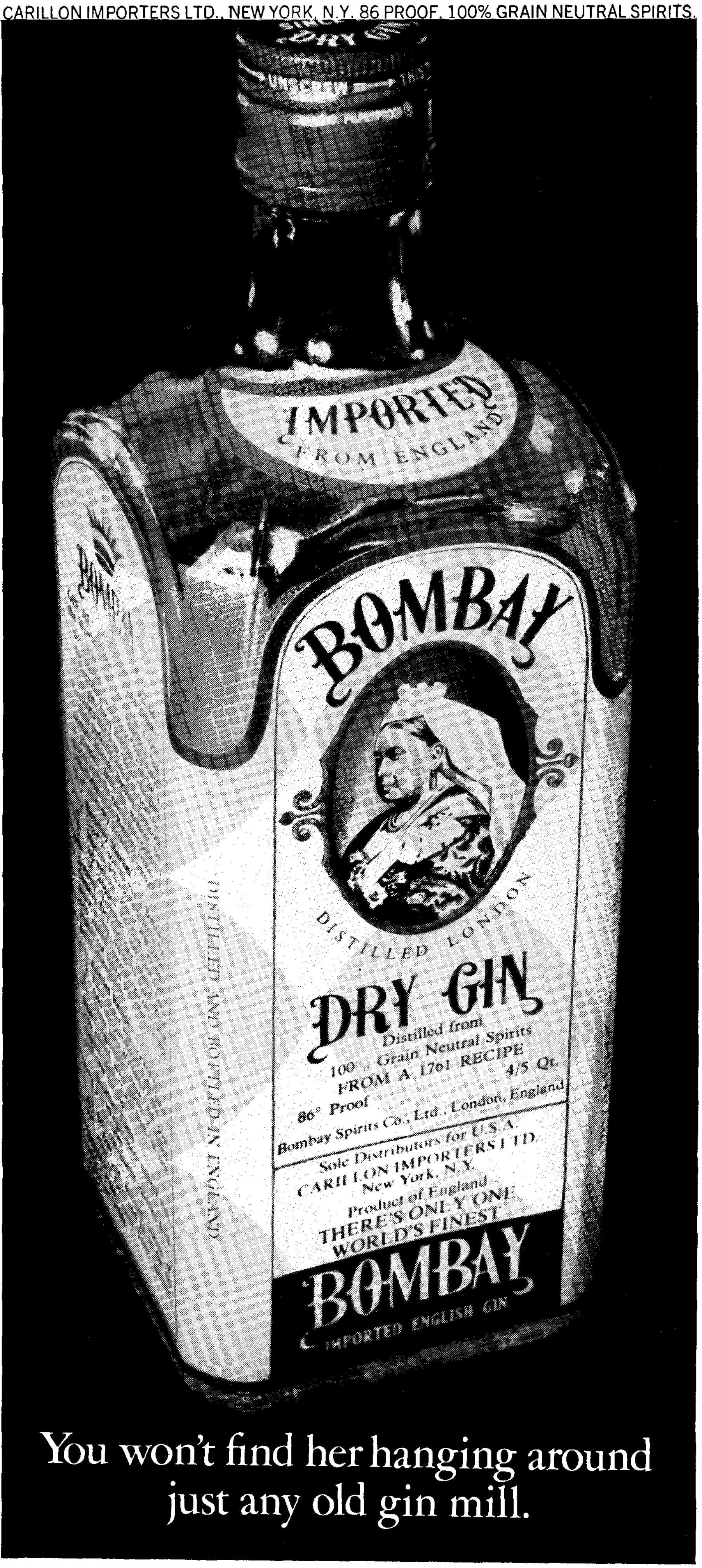
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Joker at the Last Ditch

"WE do not live in the best of all possible worlds," Luis Buñuel said to me once, nine or ten years ago, in Mexico. In the setting, it needed saying even less than it would now in America, but he was thinking about films, which overwhelmingly stick up for Pollyanna. We were sitting in a flyblown café, lunching on bowls of thin soup based on a meat bone that looked like elbow. There were stunted children in the street, and cripples, and underfed animals. The only riches were in the Church, of course. ("I do not believe, thank God," Buñuel once said, elsewhere, in a famous sad aphorism.) All of it—the talk, the melancholy, the street scene, the humor and endurance of a man whose company is sometimes like Timon's—are very much the substance of "Nazarin." It is one of the great films of his career, made ten years ago and running now in New York for the first time.

Nazarin is a poor priest, played by Francisco Rabal (of "Belle de Jour"). The time is 1900; the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz grips a Mexico that seems beyond change, immobilized by a landowning oligarchy, a military power-élite, and a venal clergy intent on keeping alive the Middle Ages. Nazarin lives in a slum house of workmen, beggars, whores, and thieves. It looks like one of Goya's etchings from the "Disasters of War" series. The priest is defrocked for helping a whore. On the road, his surviving feeling for virtue is clownishly put down. Wretched believers whine for miracles when, as he says, science could do more. He dutifully tells a dying woman that joy awaits her with God, and then watches her face lighten as she insists, "Not God—Juan," who is her lover. More and more, his life strikes him as fraudulent. He sits in mud with a thief and there is nothing to choose between them, as the thief coolly points out. At the end of the film, when Nazarin is in irons for a petty crime, a woman offers him a pineapple, but skepticism seems so much more commendable than belief that he finds no reason to accept the charity. He takes it, though, eventually, as if it made any difference, and walks on. A cur runs up the road in the opposite direction.

Of all Buñuel's films, including the more raucously conceived and more startling "Viridiana," "Nazarin" secretes the most cherished feeling for a character brutally cheated. The film's attitude made me remember something else that Buñuel once said, of what he would like to do in his work: "To show with a cold white eye what they have done here on earth in the name of God." The narrative line of the picture is often a near-caricature of the Gospels. The closer it gets to blasphemous parody—as in the famous "Viridiana" gorging spree that mimics Leonardo's "Last Supper"—the more serious Buñuel is being. He is a man of ingrained austerity, and it wins him rights of license and heresy that speak with curious power to his fellow-atheists. The humor of the film is entirely characteristic. It is the humor of people at the last ditch. "If you want to hang yourself," says one tart to another, "pick a stronger beam." A suicide attempt has failed because the wood was rotten. Doubtless the roof dates back to the Dark Ages and no landlord has ever picked out the termites.

Buñuel is deaf. When he directs actors, he lip-reads and listens on amplifying earphones. He caught what I said, he told me, because we were alone. The sound of three or four people together becomes meaningless and turns into cacophony. When I said that one didn't have to be deaf to have this experience, his boxer's face cracked up in a huge guffaw. It seems strange to me that Buñuel's films should have been called surreal for so long, and roped off as if their images of affliction and grotesqueness were some freakish exhibit of aesthetics. His responses are more and more ours, and one grows to see them as more and more authentically provoked. "I would like to go on making films that are entertaining—yes, with energy—but that convey the absolute certainty of that idea: that we have not made the best of all possible worlds," he said. "Cinema is such a long way behind. How are audiences to get any better, and thus producers, when films keep telling us that our social relationships and our ideas about patriotism and religion and love and so on are, if not ideal, essential to keep things going?" He spoke admiringly of John Huston's "Treasure of Sierra Madre" and Stanley Kubrick's "Paths of Glory." And then he talked about commercial comedy, and looked angry.

HOLLYWOOD sex comedies have never been exactly truthful in their notions of human intimacy, let alone

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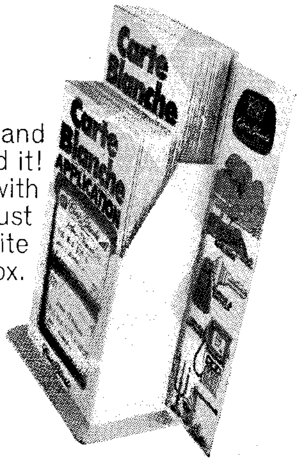
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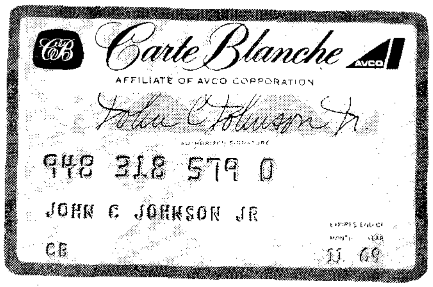
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open-spirited, but at least there was a *time* when they were funny. In the present dog days of coyness and vacuity, it is hard to remember it, but television revivals bring back the period. It was the days when "hostess" still meant someone you visited. The films I'm thinking of generally had a key scene in which the heroine wore the top half of the hero's pajamas and the hero the bottom half. The circumstances were always entirely chaste, but the dialogue was often rather sophisticated, and there was a sense that everyone involved, including the audience, understood everyone else to know a lot more than he let on. All this has changed. For one thing, the equivalent films now aren't funny. For another, they emit the strongest impression not only that they regard the mass sitting there in the theatre as doltish but also that they possess even less ordinary shrewdness than it seems. Most contemporary Hollywood sex comedies seem to have grown up with their heads inside Beverly Hills shopping bags.

A few weeks ago, some insane interest made me go to see a thing called "Yours, Mine and Ours." Apart from being so maudlin that it sticks to your fingers, this object labelled a sex comedy reaches peaks previously unscaled in non-sexiness and non-comedy. I took it to be an aberration. Nothing like it could ever happen again, I thought, coming out into the comparative cheer and sensuality of the Times Square of cut-price radio shops. The gag of the picture was about having a colossal number of children and then making another gurgling little mistake in blue or pink, I forget which, at an age that is supposed to be hysterical. Lucille Ball and Henry Fonda played characters with about a hundred and seven kids between them, and then they adopted one another's children, and then they jointly produced a wee surprise. This was the whole thing. I had a moment when I wondered if it could possibly imply that unplanned parenthood in the age of the birth-control pill was going to be Hollywood's new genius stroke of humor about sex. But then the fear passed and I buried the hatchet, and went back to remembering Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant.

But now there is "Prudence and the Pill." Deborah Kerr and David Niven play one of those stylized English couples who dine in full evening dress every night alone, meeting without a word at the top of a socking great circular stairway to go down to a dinner

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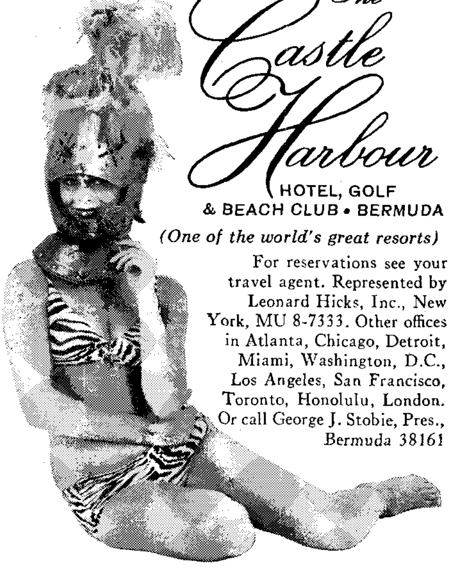

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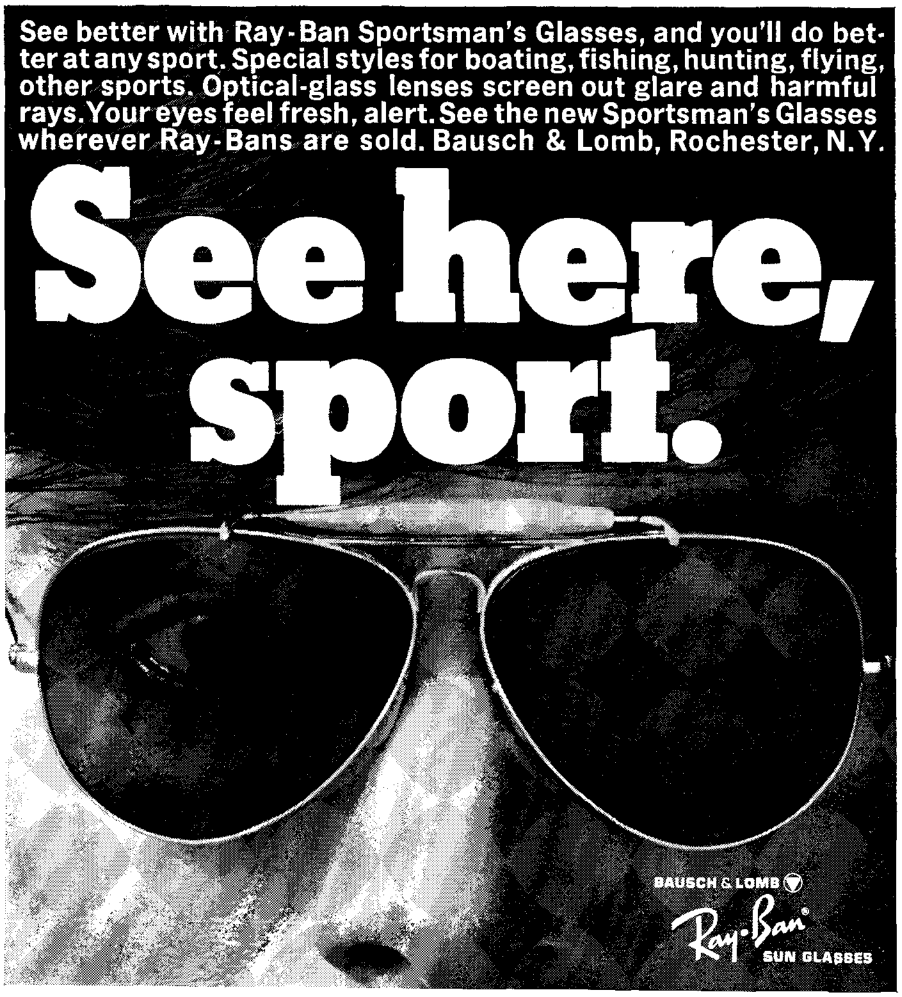
served by a maid who belongs to some pre-1914 *Punch* cartoon. I think she may have said "Lawks!" at some moment between courses when I had passed out. She is, of course, in tears, and pregnant. By the chauffeur. The chauffeur tells the Master about it in a blissfully foreign idea of Cockney servitude while they are driving somewhere green in the Rolls. The Master's mistress also gets pregnant, by the Master. So does his wife, by a racy Harley Street specialist, played by Keith Michell. So does Joyce Redman, as the nice middle-class mother of a nasty libertarian daughter, who doesn't. This layabout is the *only* one who doesn't. Pregnancy is the total joke of the film. It is achieved by a fearfully complicated web of viciousness in which everyone in turn secretly substitutes vitamins or aspirin for other people's supply of the Pill, for varyingly gormless or Machiavellian purposes.

I suppose "Prudence and the Pill"—I am afraid Prudence is the name of the Deborah Kerr character—is classifiable as a farce. In the days of Georges Feydeau, bedroom farce depended on two givens: (1) a period of manners that regarded adultery as beyond the pale, and (2) a period of architecture that provided a lot of doors. In our time, bedroom farce apparently rests on (1) a period of Hollywood conventionalism when adultery is suddenly quite O.K. as long as it is instantly blessed by children and consummated by divorce and remarriage, and (2) a period of medicine that provides a lot of different pills. By a hairsbreadth, "Prudence" is even more retarded and leery than "Yours, Mine and Ours," and having inadvertent babies is again the single, recurring plot twist. I don't like saying it, but this may be a trend. The evidence is starting to pile up. I have since remembered at least two awful stage comedies in the last couple of years that had the same central hilarity, about birth-control slipups among the privileged and middle-aged. Maybe there were even three of them. The repulsive things start to merge. Leaving aside their sentiments, their lack of humor can be concussing. "Prudence and the Pill" suddenly sent me to sleep for four or five minutes, as I said earlier. This has never before happened to me at a film. I once saw fifteen solid hours of historic silent horror film at the Cinémathèque Française without closing an eyelid. The experience of "Prudence and the Pill" is like being kicked in the forehead by a cart horse.

—Penelope Gilliatt



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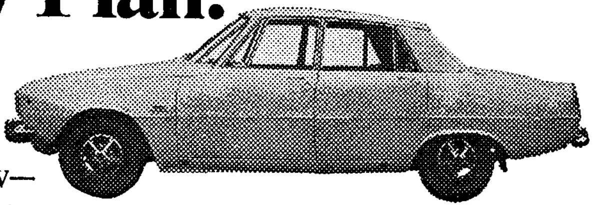

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LETTER FROM ANGUILLA

UNTIL its revolution last summer, Anguilla was one of the most obscure islands in the Caribbean. A long, low coral formation of thirty-four square miles, it seems from the air a cloud shadow, or a shadow image of St. Martin, which lies twelve miles to the south and whose green mountains loom dramatically in the view from Anguilla. Whereas from St. Martin, Anguilla, at its highest elevation only two hundred and thirteen feet above sea level, can easily be overlooked. It is even obscure who named it "Eel"—the Spaniards, who may have cruised close enough under Columbus to call it *Anguila*, or the French, who, under Captain René Laudonnière in 1564, definitely called there, en route to Florida from Dominica, and may have bestowed the appellation *L'Anguille*. Both nations left this modest island to the British to colonize. In 1609, a Captain Harcourt, after touching at Nevis, "disembogued" on the north side of Anguilla, where "I think never Englishman disembogued before us." Southey's history of the West Indies records under the year 1650, "The island of Anguilla, so called from its snake-like form, is said to have been discovered and colonized by the English this year; it was filled with alligators and other noxious animals, but the soil was good for raising tobacco and corn, and the cattle imported multiplied very fast. It was not colonized under any public encouragement; each planter laboured for himself, and the island was frequently plundered by marauders."

The lack of external encouragement sounds a constant note in Anguilla's history. In 1707, Captain Thomas Bolton and nine other survivors of a sunken ship, after thirty-one days adrift in a small boat, were cast up at Long Bay. His journal acknowledges that "the People were very kind to us"—"The Islanders very much bewail'd our Condition, and were ready to fight among themselves, in shewing their Eagerness to welcome us to their Houses"—but complains of their stay that "the worst was, we could not have any News from other Islands; this being an Island of little Trade, and no Shipping." J. Oldmixon's "The British Empire in America" (second edition, 1741) states that in Anguilla people lived "without Government or Religion, having no Minister nor Governor, no Magistrates, no Law, and no Property worth keeping," and adds that they "live poorly, and we might say miserably, if they were not contented." In 1825, when Henry Nelson Coleridge visited Anguilla, the people seemed "a good sort of folks, though they have been living for a long time in a curious state of suspended civilization. They acknowledge the English laws, but the climate is said to induce fits of drowsiness on them, during which Justice sleepeth, and Execution tarrieth." In 1920, Mrs. Katharine Janet Burdon, in "A Handbook of St. Kitts-Nevis," wrote, "Strangers are so rarely seen that the last one who visited Anguilla, in 1917, an enterprising and eminent official from a neighbouring British Colony, was taken for a German spy, and greatly to his amusement was followed by the whole police force of the Island until he had presented his credentials to the Magistrate." And in 1960, when my wife, three children, and I lived for five weeks in Sandy Ground, we had the pleasure of being, for intervals, the entire tourist population of the island. I will not forget an evening spent with Mr. Vincent Lake—one of Anguilla's leading citizens, the scion of a family whose holdings in island land and cargo-carrying sloops amounted to a fortune—in which I found myself describing to him, as if to a latter-day Miranda, such commonplace wonders of the Western world as four-lane highways and skyscrapers and neon lights. He had never seen them even in a movie. In those days, when Anguilla was a British colony, a lonely generator supplied power to a telephone line serving fourteen users, most of them island officials. There was also a Social Center at the East End, with electric lights and a jukebox. Later that year, in September, the eye of Hurricane Donna passed directly over Anguilla. Miss Selma Buchanan wrote my wife, "Mrs you can only imagin what a time we had that night. . . . The Carty's house half is gone and the Cocial Centre at the east end is gone there are only two school standing on island church to flew off every boat sink in the harbour so many big trees fell what a sight to see little Anguilla." In 1968, returning, we find that the homes destroyed by Donna have been replaced, but the telephone line has not been reactivated.

Henry Nelson Coleridge's 1825 description still serves:

> Anguilla presents a very singular appearance for a West Indian island. A little wall of cliff of some forty feet in height generally rises from the beach, and when you have mounted this, the whole country lies before you, gently sloping inwards in a concave form, and sliding away, as it were, to the south where the land is only just above the level of the sea. . . . Seven-tenths of the country are entirely uncultivated; in some parts a few coppices, but more commonly a pretty species of myrtle called by the negros maiden-berry, seems to cover the whole soil; the roads are level grassy tracks over which it is most delightful to ride, and the houses and huts of the inhabitants are scattered about in so picturesque a manner that I was put in mind of many similar scenes in Kent and Devonshire. Indeed there were scarcely any of the usual features of West Indian landscape visible; neither of those prominent ones, the lively windmill or the columnar palm, was to be seen, and there was a rusticity,

a pastoral character on the face of the land, its roads and its vegetation, which is the exact antipode of large plantations of sugar.

The roads, at least to the driver of a rented jeep, are now quite undelightful puddings of potholes and coral protrusions, and the scanty crops of cotton and yams and sisal seem to occupy rather less than three-tenths of the soil, and a certain pastel Los Angeles look is creeping into Kent and Devonshire, but the dominant impression, of scattered homes and no windmills, remains to tell the tale: Anguilla was but lightly involved in the sugar economy. Captain Bolton in 1707, over sixty years after cultivation of sugarcane had been introduced into Barbados and the shift from tobacco to sugar had swept the Leeward Islands, found on Anguilla "2 or 300 English" engaged in the planting of tobacco, "which is highly esteem'd." Anguilla was too rocky and dry for the great mechanized plantations the sugar industry required, and hence was exempted from the full force of the social transformation whereby communities of white planter-proprietors gave way to feudal estates supporting vast slave populations. Anguilla has no equivalent of the slums of St. John's on Antigua or Basseterre on St. Kitts. As drought, piratical raids, and the abolition of slavery (in 1834) thinned the ranks of the white settlers, the ungrateful land fell by default to the Negro inhabitants. By 1847, of about twenty sugar estates once under cultivation, only three or four survived. Mrs. Burdon states that as of 1911 the population consisted "almost exclusively of peasant proprietors." She goes on, "Anguillans are a particularly sturdy, independent, intelligent type, their high character being developed by the hard school of nature in which they live, and by the system of proprietorship which has existed for generations." The island, she notes, is free of tropical diseases to a unique degree, in part because "the people of Anguilla, differing from the usual habits of the West Indian negro, build their houses some distance apart."

So nature, in neglecting Anguilla, has not been entirely unkind; nor has the neglect been total. There is good fishing. There are pockets of fertile soil, and ample pasturage for goats and sheep. Ancient wells supposedly dug by the Caribs provide fresh water for those who do not have private cisterns. The harvest of salt from the large, diked saltponds behind Sandy Ground, a peculiar industry established in the

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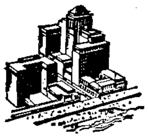

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early eighteen-hundreds, still goes on, generating an annual burst of employment, mostly for women. The export of Sea Island cotton, a silky, long-fibre variety used in underwear, produced for a time thousands of pounds in annual revenue and financed the construction of the island's own ginnery—now defunct. And there exists a native tradition of shipbuilding; elegant all-wood hulls, the keel timbers shaped from branched tree trunks, dot the beaches, though work on them proceeds imperceptibly, at about the speed of coral formation. Fundamentally the economy runs by remittance. Anguillan men emigrate to work in the cane fields of Jamaica, or the oil refineries of Curaçao and Aruba, or the hotels and construction crews of St. Thomas. Though the men are gone for years, money returns regularly, and across the island pleasant and sturdy houses of imported cement block slowly rise. There are few tarpaper shacks; there is no begging. Literacy is a relatively high seventy per cent. A young American resident on Anguilla in recent months analyzes last summer's upheaval as a middle-class revolution—Anguilla's refusal to join the Socialist revolution being perpetrated in Basseterre by the Labor government of Robert Bradshaw. Bradshaw is the walrus-mustachioed, dictatorial premier of the St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla state to which Britain granted local self-government on February 27, 1967. St. Kitts and Nevis have long been one-crop sugar islands, and the sugar depression has created problems unknown in perennially depressed Anguilla, including a drastic split between the white proprietorial class and the black laborers, and the start of political terrorism. Last August, an unnamed Anguillan was quoted in the *Times* as saying, "St. Kitts is a millstone around our necks."

Anguilla's association with St. Kitts (St. Christopher) has always been tenuous. St. Kitts is the nearest British island, but lies seventy miles to the south, beyond St. Martin/Sint Maarten (French and Dutch), St. Bart's (French), and Saba and Sint Eustatius (both Dutch). When, in 1796, a French force invaded Anguilla under orders to exterminate the English inhabitants (legend says the fishermen of Anguilla loaded their cannon with lead seine weights), help arrived not from St. Kitts but from more distant Antigua, in the form of the man-of-war Lapwing; the St. Kittians, to be fair, did address to the Lapwing commander a letter of thanks for his rescue of

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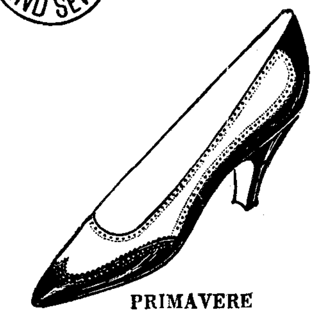

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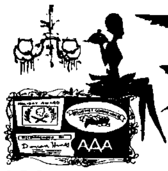

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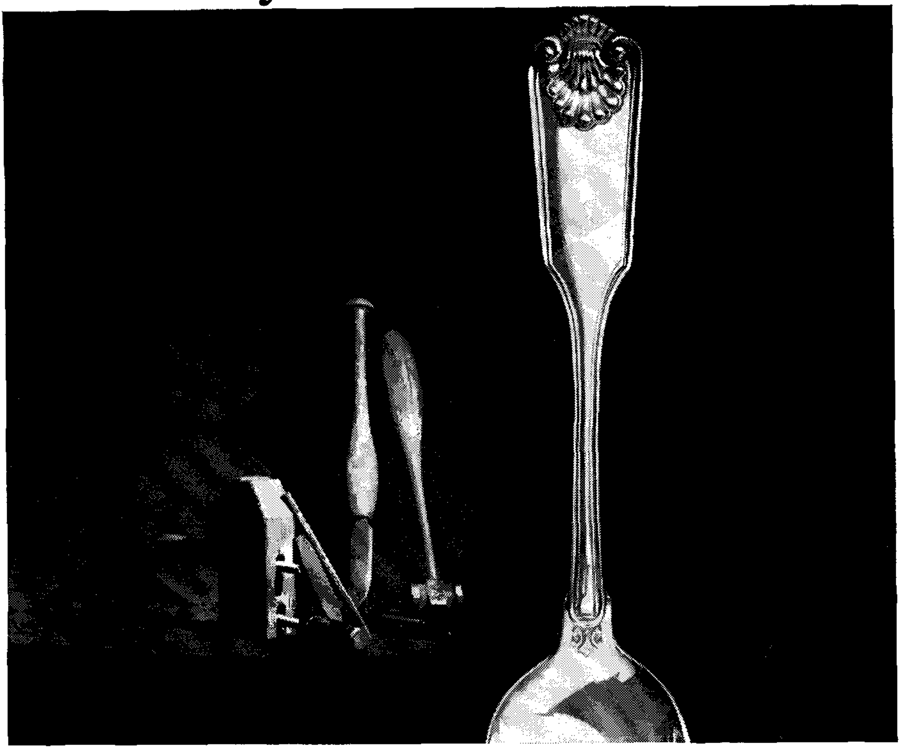
a "sister colony." In Anguilla, the laws lay dormant for want of a magistrate, and not until after 1800 did the Anguillans send a representative to the St. Kitts legislature. In lieu of anarchy, the Anglican vestry ruled the island, headed by the parson and the warden; until very recently, the manager of the island's rather minimal affairs has borne the proud title of Warden. The West Indian archives contain more than one instance of a colonial official's shirking and bemoaning his assignment to Anguilla. "Indeed such an assignment," one penned in 1842, "is but poor reward for a life devoted to the Service of the Crown." In 1871, when the Federal Colony of the Leeward Islands, with its capital in Antigua, was created by Parliament, Anguilla expressed a desire not to be lumped with St. Kitts, but Governor Benjamin Pine, already sufficiently harassed by a plethora of presidencies under his government, ignored the request. During the Second World War, when St. Martin was a Vichy fuelling station for German submarines, American soldiers built an airstrip on Anguilla and impressed the Anguillans so favorably that as late as 1960 wistful hopes of an American takeover were still alive. One rumor claimed that the United States had offered to forgive Great Britain her entire lend-lease debt in exchange for Anguilla, and had been refused. Anguilla's poor-sister status within the Leewards worsened after the St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla state was granted home rule. Anecdotes of the short shrift that Anguilla thereafter received from the Bradshaw government have the orotund ring of legend. For instance, when Great Britain requisitioned money for a much needed pier on Anguilla, where anything bigger than a sack of wheat must be tediously rafted in, the St. Kitts government took the money and built the pier on its own island, christening it, deadpan, Anguilla Pier. School supplies and salaries for Anguillans were held up. Anguillan public-works projects—such as the planting of hundreds of unwired telephone poles along the roads—were carried forward with labor brought from St. Kitts. "Anguilla men go all over the islands looking for work," our taxi-driver said, gesturing toward these poles. "Anguilla men know enough to build big boats and plant a sixty-foot mast when the boats sit in the water, but Anguilla men don't know enough to dig a hole." The St. Kittian policemen on Anguilla were not beloved. Last March, their precipitate use of tear gas turned into a riot an intended

Once you had to inherit it



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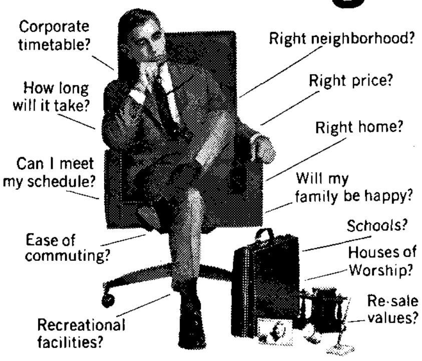
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demonstration at a potentially benign gathering—the contest to choose a Miss Anguilla to compete for the title of Miss Statehood. It is a parable of the slenderness of St. Kitts-Anguilla ties that when the revolution came, on May 30th last year, it consisted simply of rounding up the seventeen St. Kitts policemen, putting them into a boat, and pushing them out to sea.

Though everyone, including the Anguillans themselves, emphasizes the revolution's comic-opera episodes, bloodshed was threatened, and there was no going back. On June 11th, gunmen attacked police headquarters in Basseterre; earlier that spring, fifty shots had been fired into the lodgings of a Warden sent from St. Kitts. On June 16th, Peter Adams, who had been Anguilla's representative in the state legislature, proposed that the United States make Anguilla an American territory. His proposal was ignored in Washington. On July 11th, a popular referendum showed 1,813 to 5 for independence; Peter Adams was chosen president and asked for talks with President Johnson. Our President's response, if any, did not make the newspapers. On August 1st, under the supervision of a Caribbean Commonwealth Conference in Barbados, a reconciliation was worked out whereby Anguilla ended its secession and Bradshaw promised greatly increased financial aid. On August 4th, Anguilla deposed Peter Adams and installed as president Mr. Ronald Webster, a member of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, one of the wealthiest men on the island, and Adams' Minister of the Interior. Two days later, Jeremiah Gumbs went to the United Nations and told reporters, "The people are very aware about not losing control of their land. . . . We want to keep the island the way God made it." By the middle of August, the frigate Lynx, with a contingent of British Marines, moored off Blowing Point but was warned by Webster that blood would flow if a landing was attempted. (One strange tale from this period of crisis is that some Marines did land, distributed candy to the children who had gathered, and were seen off by a band playing "God Save the Queen.") By the end of August, Jamaica had refused to condone an expeditionary force from various islands that would put down the rebellion, and it became clear that Bradshaw lacked the military muscle to impose his will. On August 29th, the U.N. hearing ended, with no action advised, and a nebulous, nervous peace prevailed. Even now, an

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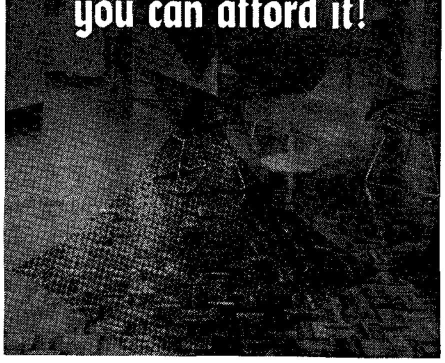

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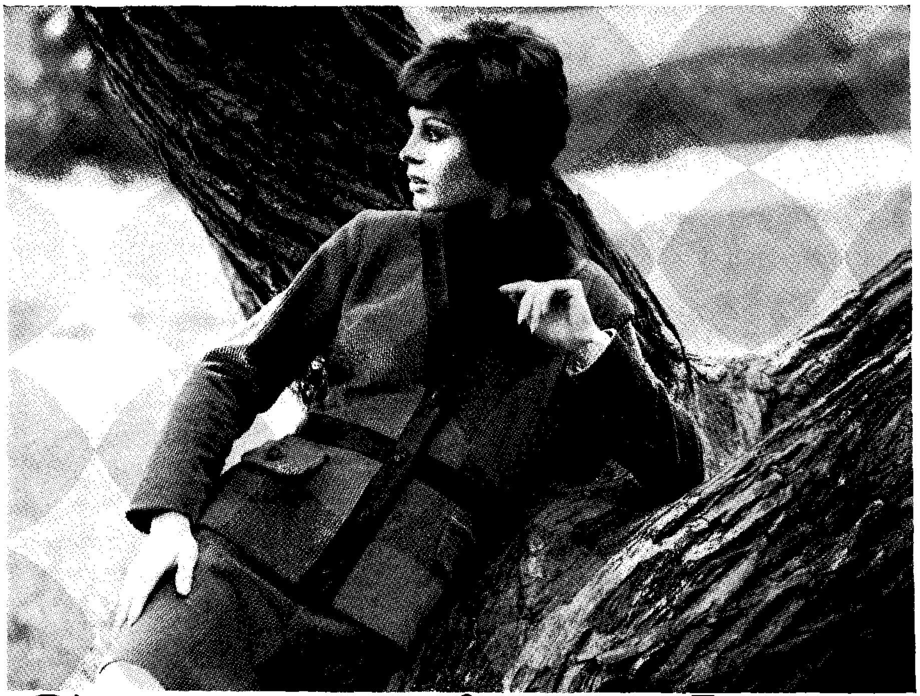
incoming tourist is sternly questioned as to what his "mission" might be, and one can see on the dirt runway of the airfield barrels and rolls of barbed wire to obstruct the landing of any planes other than the two-engine Aztecs that run daily shuttles to St. Martin and St. Thomas. Our first evening here, a British pleasure craft lowered a few female swimmers into Rendezvous Bay, and a carload of Anguillan militia rushed to investigate the invasion. Without doubt, Anguilla is under economic siege; the Bradshaw government has cut off even the island doctor's salary, and the schools and public services are kept going by infusions of private money, including tens of thousands of dollars from the pocket of Ronald Webster himself. A young man held on suspicion of murder languishes in the island's jail; not only is there no magistrate to hear his case but St. Kitts, which has the facilities to test the murder weapon for fingerprints, both refuses to do so and refuses to let the gun be examined on another island. The suspect's story is typically bizarre for these bewitched times: he was walking with one hand on a girl and the other on his bicycle when suddenly she fell down dead, a bullet in her heart.

Anguilla is currently run by a seven-man council, headed by Webster, that was elected on October 17th. The island's international status is suspended for a year under the so-called Interim Agreement forged in December by a delegation of two British Members of Parliament; under the agreement, the Anguillan government supposedly accepts the advice and counsel of a Parliamentary mission headed by Mr. Tony Lee, a distinguished veteran of the British Colonial Service and a graduate of the hard schools of Kenya and Aden. Mr. Lee, an intelligent, tall, faintly corpulent Englishman of the breed whose diffident persistence once imposed British order on a quarter of the globe, is possibly the most popular man on Anguilla. "NO COMMUNISM—NO GANGSTERISM!" proclaims a legend painted on a building next to the old Methodist church on Road Hill. "WE WANT BRITISH RULE AND DEMOCRACY. GIVE US BRITAIN!" After its initial appeal to the United States, Anguilla has placed its hopes for stability and protection upon the power that elsewhere in the world is liquidating the last scraps of its empire.

Lee's task is not easy, nor is his role clear. Even if Great Britain wished to grant Anguilla perfect independence, it is powerless to do so, for by the terms of the creation of the St. Kitts-Nevis-



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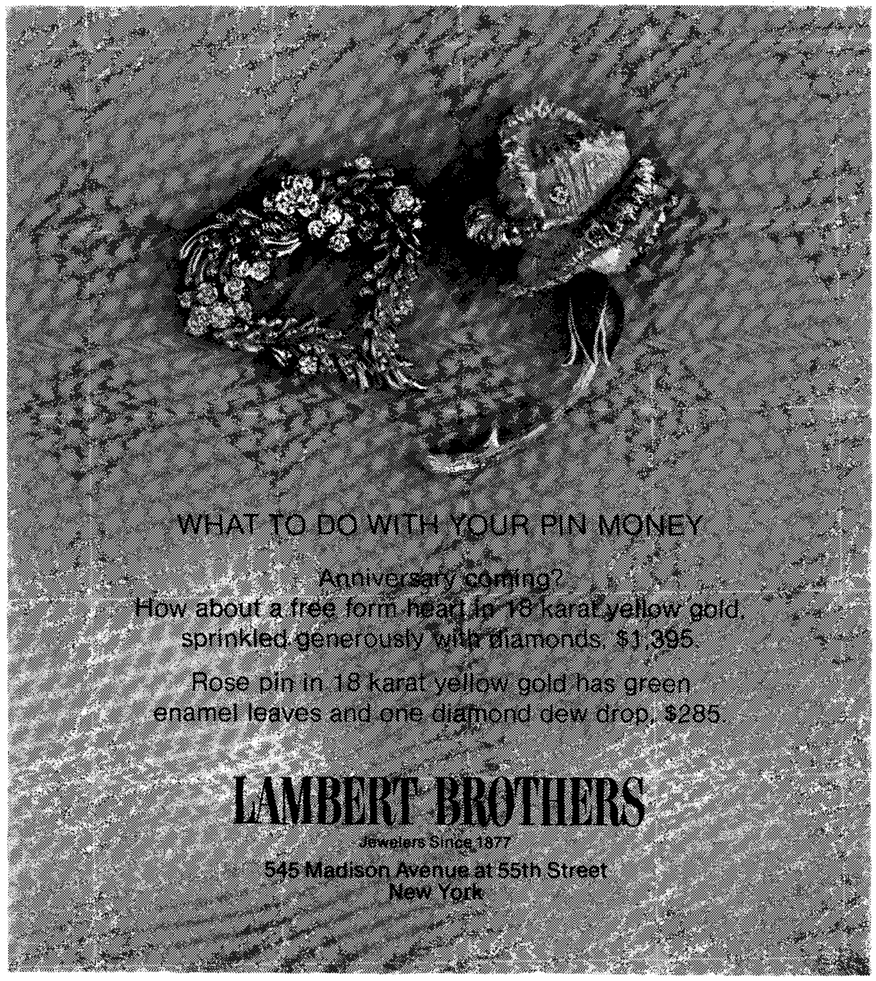

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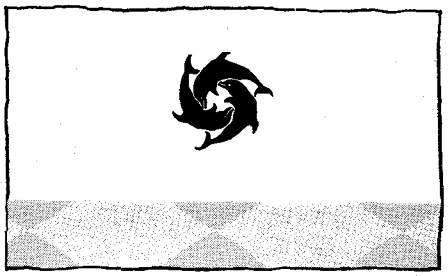
Anguilla state it abdicated all control over the state's internal affairs, which include secession. Lee is present on Bradshaw's sufferance as well as on Webster's, and his principal leverage in local affairs seems to be the threat to leave. As he drives about the island in his Morris Mini, the quality of the salutes he receives suggests that, in the eyes at least of the older Anguillans, who have lived most of their lives under the scarcely palpable rule of an appointed white Warden, Lee is the new Warden. But in fact Anguilla's destiny rests in the hands of Anguillans, and Lee's task may be to persuade them to take their destiny seriously.

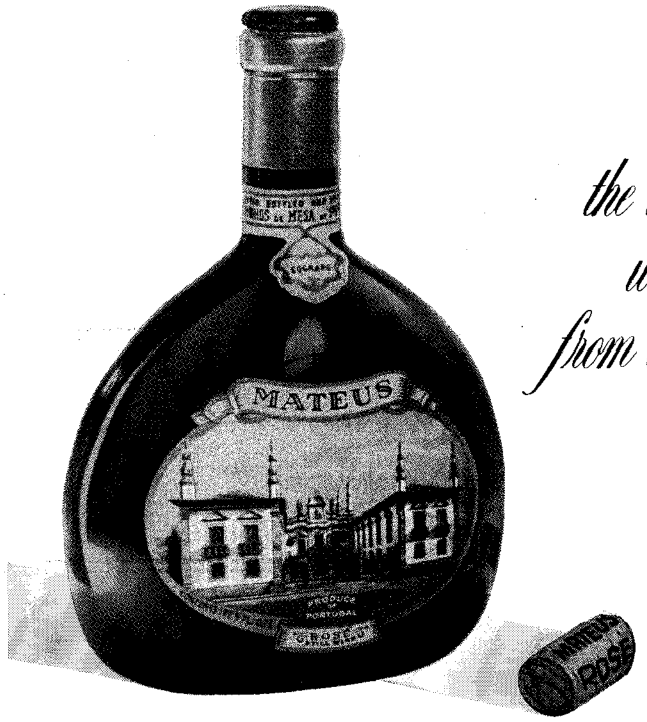
A POPULATION of six thousand is the size of a small American town. Like small-town politics everywhere, Anguillan politics appears to an outsider an inscrutable tangle of personalities, old grudges, and bad habits. The island, for instance, is geographically divided into the East End and the West End, and white and mulatto East Enders dominated the drive for independence. Is this resented? Anguilla surely is one of the most color-blind places left in an increasingly racist world, but an egalitarian tolerance bred by centuries of colonial obscurity may well be strained by the opportunities and adversities of independence. And what of nepotism, where every third person is named either Rey, Richardson, or Gumbs? We attended a political rally on the cricket field and heard a young man called Atlin Harrigan try to defend, under some vicious badgering, his newspaper, the *Beacon*, which had asked for new elections and an expanded council, and had implied graft and logrolling in the present council. "I am in a fearful bind," he said into the microphone, "for if I print half of what I know, I fear Bradshaw will use it to prove that Anguillans cannot govern themselves." In turn, a council member, Mr. Wallace Rey, rose up and claimed that it was highly improper for the *Beacon* to be printed on the Anglican Church's duplicator. This demand for separation of church and state strikes a rather new note on an island governed for generations as an adjunct of the Anglican Church, and may not be unrelated to the whiteness of the present rector. Although the crowd of several hundred acted much like any bored and amused small-town rally, two old ladies came to blows beneath a mahogany tree, and some of the speakers, including an urbane refugee from one of Bradshaw's jails, seemed all too expertly demagogic. When the council secretary spoke suavely of the council's right to secret discussion and of its wisdom of choice as to what "the people" should know, I myself, as children scampered around the mustered trucks in the tropic twilight, felt chilled by a whisper of Fascism. The crowd seemed puzzled and somewhat cynical, and voiced unity only at the mention of the hated name of Bradshaw, a bogey whose usefulness cannot be infinite.



The Anguillan national flag, designed by an American firm, shows three orange dolphins in a circle on a white field above a stripe of sea blue. The dolphins seem to be chasing each other around and around. If one of them is Tony Lee, the representative of empire, of Britain's desire to salvage a colony she shaped, and another is Ronald Webster, the representative of independence, of Anguilla's honorable heritage of self-reliance, the third might be Jeremiah Gumbs, the representative of enterprise, which can eat up the other two. Mr. Gumbs, an energetic, bearish man who had visited the island shortly before we arrived, was enterprising enough to leave Anguilla as a youth (he was born in 1913) and become a successful fuel-oil dealer in Edison, New Jersey. It was Jere Gumbs who hired as advocate and adviser the Harvard Law School professor Roger Fisher and, with him, took Anguilla's case to the U.N. Assembly's Special Committee on Colonialism. He owns the island's only passably modern hotel, the Rendezvous Bay, which his sister Beatrice runs in a breezy American style. Jere Gumbs has also recently bought from the Lake family Dog Island, an uninhabited but sizable satellite island, where, rumor goes, he would like to construct a convalescent home. It was Jere Gumbs who, on his flying visit, restored to workability two of the five St. Kittian bulldozers confiscated in the revolution; it was also Jere Gumbs who arranged to rent these same bulldozers, at a fee thought by some to be nominal, from the public-works department for the purpose of excavating a large cistern at his own hotel.

Anguilla needs but distrusts enterprise. A new resident in the community of nations is apparently subjected to a Welcome Wagon of international opportunists: after the American flag designers and the Swiss stamp printers come the offers to float in a gambling casino, to set up a quickie-divorce and/or abortion haven, intermixed with a trickle of utopian anarchists and political scientists preparing studies of the mini-state. Foremost among the latter has been Dr. Leopold Kohr, of the University of Puerto Rico; an admirer of the Pennsylvania Amish, Dr. Kohr advocates a world of self-sufficient agricultural villages. A San Francisco group interested in copping out of the twentieth-century nexus of *Realpolitik* was actively fascinated by Anguilla last summer; they placed in the New York *Times* a slick full-page ad written by one of their number, Mr. Howard Gossage, an advertising man, asserting that Anguilla "does not want to become a nation of busboys" and impetuously offering honorary citizenships at a hundred dollars a head. More recently, a young hippie couple, penniless but equipped with a shotgun and several cameras, set up a tent on the beach near Shaddick Point and begged food from a wealthy American woman who has built a home there; after several weeks of this idyll, they were expelled back to St. Martin. Anguilla has thus far defended herself from these crude assaults, but any defense of virginity runs the risk of altogether succeeding. "ANGUILLA has been DELIBERATELY RETARDED," reads a sign nailed up on a cement-block shed near Rendezvous Bay, and the question that hovers over the island's scruffy pastures and empty beaches and minuscule taverns named Amity and Sea View and Lonely Valley and United Nation is how to bring Anguilla into the present without destroying the charm and virtue of its tardiness.

Tony Lee, in the interim year of grace, would like to see the roads improved and telephone service inaugurated, and has called in a United Nations planner to survey the island. He described to me the Christmas holidays, when over two thousand Anguillan men returned from St. Thomas and other unretarded islands, and dances were held all over Anguilla: "It's their place, you see; there aren't any big hotels they aren't allowed into. I don't know, it may be airy-fairy of me, but I think it would be nice somehow, if one could, to keep it, you know, their place." Ronald Webster, a tea-colored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man with the trim, stiff carriage of a self-taught schoolteacher, speaks of ten or more small hotels, one at each beach, and of Anguilla's supporting a population larger than that of St. Thomas. He gives native industry priority over the tourist trade, but though there is a young furniture factory, and an American has set up a tiny shop for the manufacture of trinket jewelry, and two indigenous airlines are operating (despite a mysterious case of arson that grounded one plane), it is difficult to imagine any appreciable industry that would not have to import all its raw materials—into an island without a pier. Nor is the limbo status of the present government, while Bradshaw in Basseterre waits for Anguilla to prove unviable, likely to attract much investment capital. Americans hoping to acquire a cheap spot in the sun will be discouraged by the high value that the "peasant proprietors" place on their land. "This is paradise," Ronald Webster said, with a quick, wicked smile, "and paradise is not cheap." What Jeremiah Gumbs thought was expressed by the roaring and growling of the bulldozers as they slowly scraped a long hole in the coral earth beside our room at the Rendezvous Bay Hotel. By the end of a week, one bulldozer had sprung a tread and, after futile attempts to lift it with an automobile jack, stood mired in the pit it had dug. On the other bulldozer, one of the two cables supporting the front blade had snapped, as would, doubtless, the other under any use. Ronald Webster thought that the first dozer had merely lost a pin, so the concern of the Anguilla Department of Public Works, and of a displeased Tony Lee, and, behind him, of the British government (two British radio operators were daily exchanging messages with Whitehall), and, behind *that*, of the brooding American hemispherical overpresence on guard against a mini-Cuba, all danced for the moment on a pin lost in the dust.

And meanwhile the patient goats are tethered to the bushes of maidenberry, and the sun beats down, and the Methodist churches thrive, and any tourist willing to jet from the mainland to St. Martin and stay overnight in Marigot or Philipsburg and take the next morning's more-or-less-ten-o'clock, ten-minute, five-dollar flight to Anguilla's dollhouse airport can experience, as did I and my wife, the aboriginal luxury of walking barefoot along miles of soft white coral sand and encountering no footprint but one's own of the day before. It will not last

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forever. Transistor radios are creeping into Anguilla, conveying the Top Forty hits in the U.S.A. by way of Radio Antilles in Montserrat, and a few Americans and an Irish airline pilot have built permanent vacation homes, and Anguillans who travel, like Mr. Émile Gumbs, say that now strangers nod knowingly when told you are from Anguilla: they have heard of it. Progress will come—these are the finest undeveloped beaches in the Caribbean—but slowly, resisted, one feels, by the instincts of the Anguillans themselves. The crowd at the political rally made a happy, erect impression in their Sunday suits and chiffon dresses, with an occasional miniskirt and a few motorcyclists—the impression of a colored population free, for this interim, of anger and shame. In the West Indies as a whole, these "islands in the sun" whose history is so scored with slaughter (the first modern genocide was committed by the Spaniards on the Arawaks), with the oppression of slaves and the rebellions of slaves, with piracy and massacre and cruelty—with the rage, in short, that seems to afflict Europeans whenever they leave their own ugly climate—one now feels a benevolent remove from world conflicts and a precious possibility: the possibility that Negroes, torn as slaves from their African tribes and roughly implanted with Western languages and traditions, can now construct a fresh society. One goes to the Caribbean not only for the sun but for a tone—the tone of a culture based upon negritude but as different from that of the American Negro as the blues and the desperate joy of jazz are from calypso wit and the translucent pealing of the steel band. The large number of slave revolts in the islands, as opposed to their remarkable rareness on the North American continent, is an index of how much more demoralizing our subjugation was, and how much more durable its bad effects will be. Integration in the United States must be primarily an act of the white majority; in the Caribbean, where the majority is black, integration feels closer. A backwater like Anguilla, where black and white settlers were bound together in a fraternity of poverty, seems to offer a chance of skipping several nightmare chapters of race relations and of moving rather promptly into the polyracial future.

Various quotations occur to me as I wonder about Anguilla's chances for independent survival. One of the Englishmen in the Parliamentary mission referred to the Anguillans as "the poor

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dears," and another, as we lay on the beach, in answer to my question as to what St. Kitts was like, answered, with a wave that included the immaculate beach and the turquoise sea, " 'Bout like this. A bloody 'ole." Then there is a quote from Postlethwayt's eighteenth-century "Dictionary of Commerce" that says, "Every man being a kind of sovereign in his own family . . . no other government there is in Anguilla." And a sentence by Aldous Huxley: "The worst enemy of life, freedom, and the common decencies is total anarchy; their second worst enemy is total efficiency." Our taxi-driver, whose name is Charlie Gumbs and who has sent his two sons to college, again gestures at the telephone poles as he drives us back to the airport. "We're waiting for them to grow branches to hang the wires from." We pass the three other earthmovers, bright yellow and motionless, that were lengthening the airstrip before the revolution. "Men from St. Kitts bring them in, have to run them themselves; Anguilla men put sixty-foot masts on boats in the water, but they don't know how to run bulldozers." He turns and grins, apparently oblivious of the fact that these machines are derelict and that the two back at the hotel are out of repair again. "Well, now we show them Anguilla men know how to run bulldozers."

—John Updike

•

HOMAGE TO RODIN

(The Brooklyn Museum,
May 13, 1968)

The guests on peanuts and sherry were
  sorrily,
Sensibly fed.
He was silly-drunk with love, a child
  out of school.
"One for the Rodin," he told the wary
  girl, raising his glass.
Then he found that into the hollow
  head of the Hugo his own head
Readily fitted.
In an echoing voice he proclaimed,
  "*Je suis le plus grand poète de*
  France,
Hélas!"
Nobody gave the speaking bronze
  a glance.
Fiercely the girl said,
"Must you always be playing the
  fool?"
In sullen silence they went back to
  the Village to quarrel, he
Feeling by Brooklyn (Brooklyn!)
  and a green-eyed girl outwitted.

—Brendan Gill

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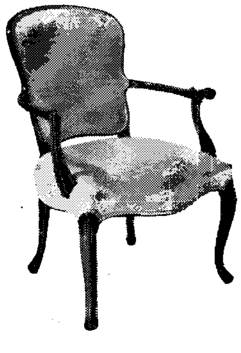

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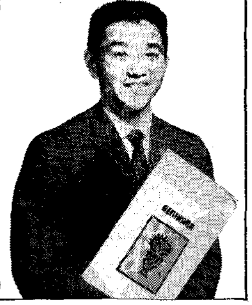

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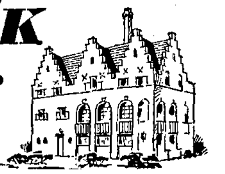


THE RACE TRACK

Runner on the Grass

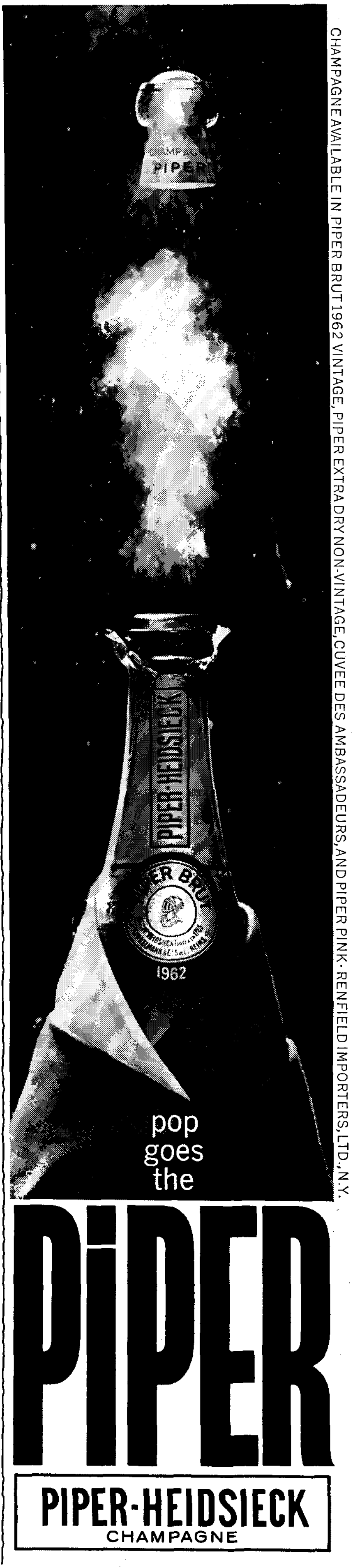
IT'S still too early to go off the deep end, so this fallible department will merely submit that racing has a likely runner on the grass in High Hat, who won the Bowling Green Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday after as dramatic a finish as New York racegoers have seen all season. With hardly more than a furlong to go, High Hat stumbled slightly, but recovered, and twenty yards from the winning post Irish Rebellion got his head in front, but in the final strides—there couldn't have been more than a couple—High Hat, who had led from the beginning of the mile and a half on the turf course, nodded past him. Ruffled Feathers was third, a length and a quarter behind. It was High Hat's fourth successive stakes victory—the others were the Riggs, the Dixie, and the Edgemere Handicaps—and the most impressive, for it took better than a run-of-the-mill racer to set his own pace for twelve furlongs over a course that had been soaked by torrential rains and still have something left. Owned by Mrs. Wallace Gilroy, High Hat is a squarely built, well-proportioned chestnut four-year-old by Oh Johnny out of First Formal. After he had had indifferent seasons at two and three, his trainer, Kay Jensen, tried him on the grass at Hialeah last winter, and he won three times in a row. He has yet to meet the topnotchers of last season, among them Fort Marcy. Which reminds me—Fort Marcy tried his luck on the dirt track at Belmont in the Nassau County Stakes, on Wednesday, and finished second to something named Primo Richard.

YOU could have said that last week was Jumping Race Week at Belmont without stretching a point. There were five jumping races—three over hurdles and two steeplechases, one of them, on Friday, the Grand National, which was won by Bampton Castle and which wound up this meeting's racing between the flags. They say that the last is usually best of all, and this one certainly was. Bampton Castle, the winner two years ago, led from start to finish over the three-miles-and-a-furlong course—quite an achievement for an eleven-year-old—and won by a neck from Roublet. Five horses started, and after Out of Print broke down the remaining four went around closely bunched. After a turn of the field, there was not, I think, more than a couple of lengths between the first and the last.

BECAUSE of the coughing sickness current among the two-year-olds at Belmont Park, there were only six runners for the Juvenile Stakes, of which C. T. Chenery's Cicada's Pride was an easy winner. Escaping the bumping as the colts came out of the gate (Shakazu swerved, hitting Jay Ray, who caromed into Hey Good Lookin), and far behind the early pace, he took the lead in the stretch and won by four lengths from Maison de Ville, who took second place by a neck from Shakazu. Cicada's Pride is a bay colt by Sir Gaylord, sire of the recent English Derby Stakes winner Sir Ivor, out of Cicada, the best of her sex at two and three years old. Several days after the Juvenile, a sprightly colt by Vertex out of Ran-Tan, named Top Knight, came out at Belmont in a race for maiden two-year-olds and reeled off five and a half furlongs in 0:22⅘, 0:46, 0:57⅘, 1:04—a new track record.

FOR racegoers who like to watch the morning workouts—and to some they are more fun than the racing in the afternoon—the New York Racing Association has inaugurated an old Saratoga custom at Belmont Park. There is a section under the end of the grandstand near the clubhouse turn where anyone who cares to can drop in any weekday (Mondays through Fridays from 7 A.M. to 10 A.M., Saturdays from 7 A.M. to 9:30 A.M.) for a look at the horses galloping past, and have breakfast, or just a cup of coffee, at the Trackside Café. There is no admission charge, though there is a charge for parking if you come in a car. The spot will remain open after the Belmont meeting ends, a week from Saturday, but will be closed during the season at Saratoga. The weather was too bad last week to venture a guess as to whether this schooling ground for horseplayers will catch on, but if it does the demand for split-second watches to time the workouts is going up, up, and away.

—AUDAX MINOR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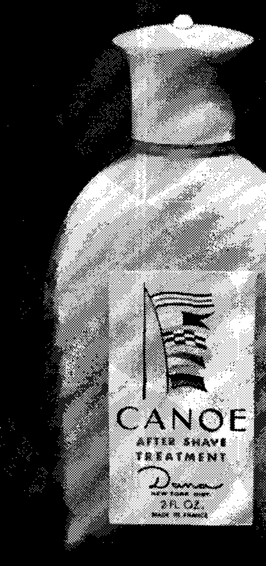

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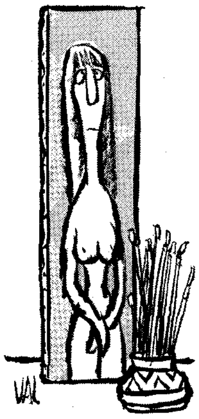
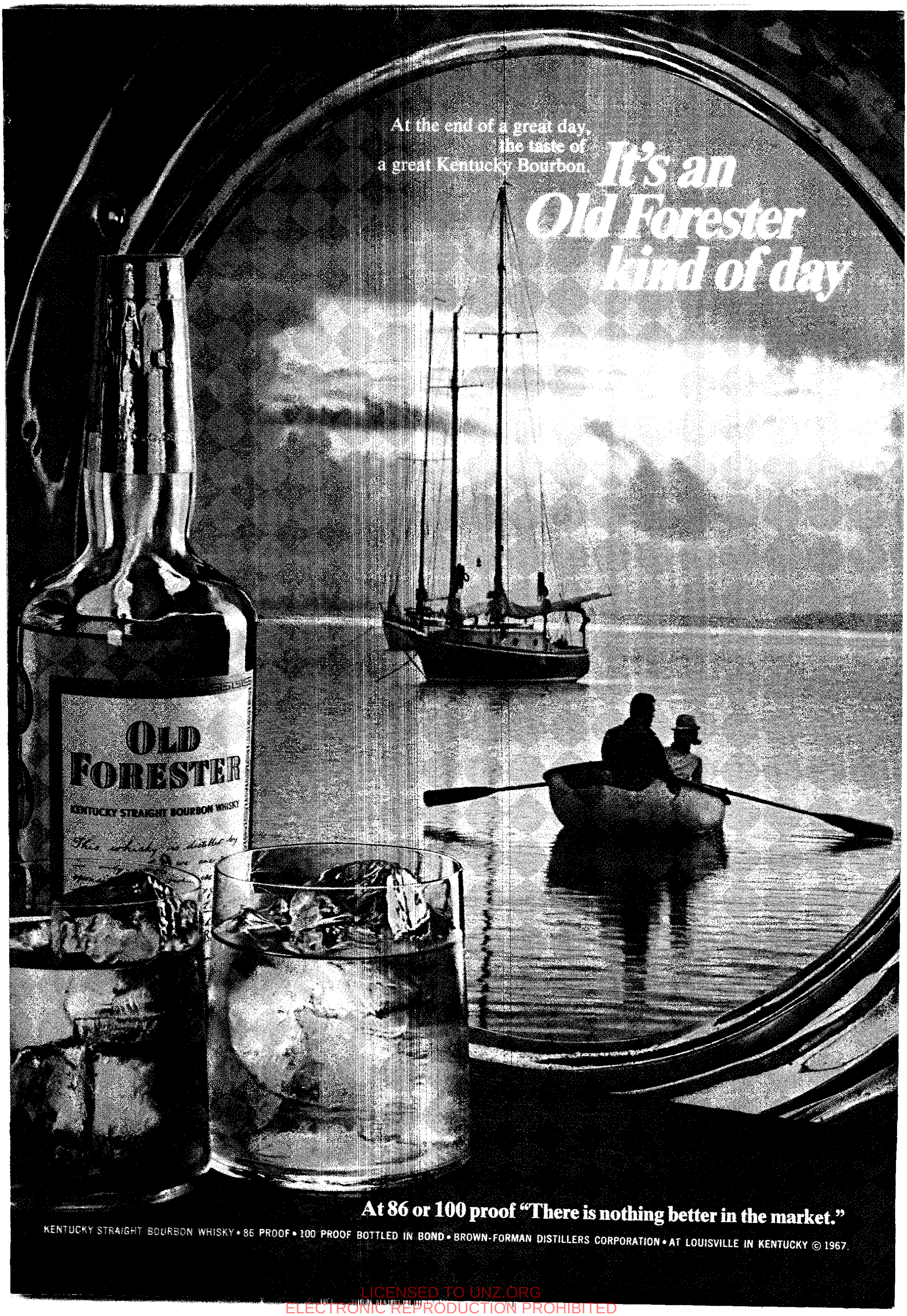
THE ART WORLD

Engendered in the Eye

THE exhibition at the Guggenheim entitled "Rousseau, Redon, and Fantasy" is designated in its modest catalogue as a "summer exhibition," and as such it claims the warm-weather privilege of relaxation in its definition of its theme and its selection of works. According to Thomas M. Messer, director of the Museum, the subject of fantasy was chosen primarily as a pretext for assembling "a group of beautiful paintings." In the face of this easy approach, and since the aim described by Mr. Messer has been agreeably carried out—Redon's flower pieces are of themselves sufficient to bring the show's beauty quotient high above normal—I prefer not to criticize the exhibition but to use it as an occasion for some loose thinking of my own on the topic it has proposed. I have noticed that in the art season just ending exhibitions of fantastic art have been especially profuse. Among the more comprehensive ones have been "Space and Dream," at Knoedler's; the show of fantastic drawings, prints, and watercolors at the Museum of Contemporary Art of Chicago; "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," at the Museum of Modern Art; drawings and plans by three visionary architects of the eighteenth century at the Metropolitan. These displays of fancies and apparitions have been interspersed like hothouses of the mind in the panorama of cool, rationally conceived, neatly executed compositions and constructions in acrylics, Plexiglas, and aluminum that have constituted the exhibition year. The concurrence between fantastic art, on the one hand, and Constructivist art, on the other, seems to me hardly accidental. Have not the visionary paintings of Redon, Miró, Ernst, Klee, Dali, and Chagall been offered as an antidote to the strict sobriety and literalism of minimal or "object" (i.e., sub-image) painting and sculpture? Another name for the art of simplified geometrical shapes and of objects as such is, according to the announcement of an exhibition to open in July at the Museum of Modern Art, "The Art of the Real." The "real," it goes without saying, is the opposite of the fantastic. On the other hand, every advanced mode of art in our time, from Expressionism to Concretist sculpture, has claimed to be the art of the real, and this even comprises fantastic art. Dr. Louise Averill Svendsen, who organized "Rousseau, Redon, and Fantasy," writes that "artists of the fantastic . . . reveal their inner world of reality, more real than the visible world." One might conclude that the old rule that there is no disputing about tastes has been revised to no disputing about realities. Still, for many minds, fantasy and reality continue to be in some sense antagonistic concepts. Ortega y Gasset, in his influential "The Dehumanization of Art," speaks of "figments" and "fantasies" as "artistic forms proper," and he counterposes them to naturalism and to the sense of practical reality that is "in principle incompatible with aesthetic enjoyment proper." In his opinion, "an object of art is artistic only insofar as it is not real." This states the old opposition as squarely as it can be and puts art on the side of fantasy. Redon, too, affirmed the dichotomy. He was excited by the new naturalism of his day, but, noting that "nature also demands that we shall obey the gifts which she has given us," found himself following Baudelaire's distinction between painters who paint what they see and those who paint what they dream.



Historically, fantasy in modern art appears to arise as a reaction against styles dominated by an excessive concern for fact—whether facts of appearance, of politics, of psychology, or of art history. Dreaming, the universal mode of departing from the repetitiousness of the everyday, is the condition in which the image-making of art blends into that of fatigue, pathology, or drugs. (Ortega seems to have overlooked the processes that cause "figments," too, to be aspects of nature.) Push fact a notch past the ordinary and it turns into fantasy. Edward Kienholz, builder of real-life beaneries, automobile-back-seat love tableaux, and cells in madhouses, is the paradigm of the historical transition of naturalism into fantasy. Kienholzes are constantly on the verge of passing over into the spectral by the transformation of a few details. Fantasy does not challenge fact but augments it with a realm of equivalents of fact in which the consciousness enjoys greater freedom. Fantastic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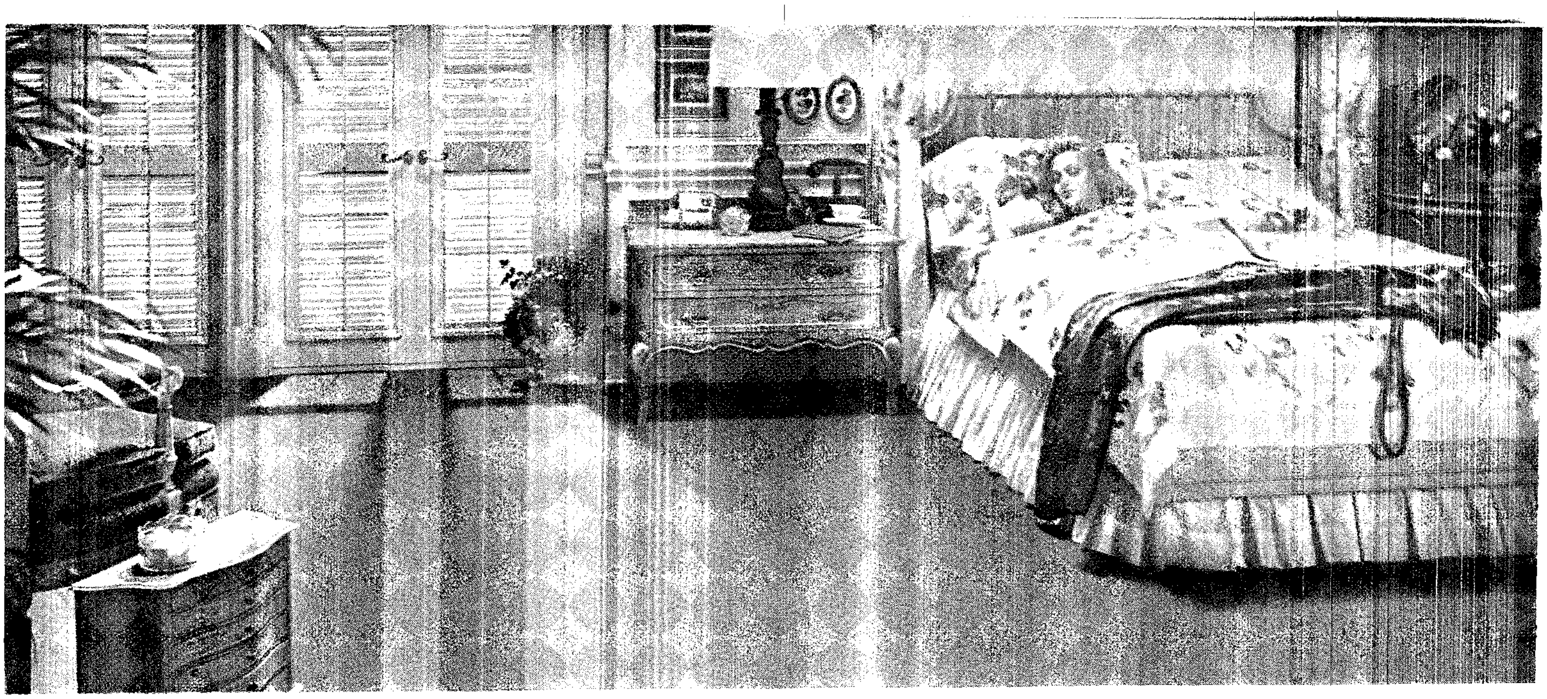

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ACRILAN
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art is thus fundamentally undisturbing to conservative temperaments, even when it fancies the world as a hell. James Ensor, one of the artists at the Guggenheim, might appear to refute this conclusion; his allegorical paintings and etchings of the vices of mankind aroused hostility not only among the public but among his fellow-artists as well. But disapproval of Ensor was of much shorter duration than the disapproval of artists who introduced a new concept of form—van Gogh, for instance, and Mondrian. Ensor is the artist of fantasy par excellence, from his masks and skeletons to his themes taken from legends and parables.

In their calculated unreality, his paintings depend as much for their effect on subject matter as those of any illustrator, and they can thus be counted on to carry their message to people who lack any especial responsiveness to art. In this respect they demonstrate the close tie between fantastic and literalist art.

Fantasy implies the awareness of a sober reality from which it differs. The artist of the fantastic deliberately disengages his mind from this reality. But if fantastic art reflects an intentional doubling or splitting of reality, Henri Rousseau cannot be regarded as a painter of fantasies, any more than can the American folk artists now being shown at the IBM Gallery. In his paintings Rousseau was in pursuit of images in which observation and concept are one; his compositions are as close as he could bring them to actually possible scenes. (An exception is "Rendezvous in the Forest," an early canvas in which a costumed couple enact a storybook romance in a woods of single leaves and branches.) In an autobiographical sketch, Rousseau spoke of himself as being "in the process of becoming one of our best realist painters." "Artillerymen," at the Guggenheim, with its weapon and personnel nicely disposed as on a picture postcard, strives for photo-studio verisimilitude—certainly as authentic a mode of representation as that of Bouguereau. Rousseau's animals-in-the-jungle paintings are operatic but true; that is how jungles are to French custom-house employees who claim to have done military duty in Mexico, have studied illustrations in children's books, and have checked their conceptions by Sunday visits to the zoo. They are indoor jungles—sequestered adventures—like boarding houses with odd plants and fauna. In sum, if Rousseau did not surrender his mind to visual fact, like the naturalists, neither did he surrender the visible world to his dreams, like the fantasists. It is the transcendence by his work of the romantic-naturalist split that endeared him to Apollinaire, Picasso, and other advanced sensibilities of the beginning of the century.

No primitive is fantastic, nor, strictly speaking, is any artist-madman, since for both their images merge into facts as conceived by them instead of providing an alternative to fact. On the same ground, it is necessary to differentiate between painters of metaphysical beings and supernatural incidents in epochs of belief as against modern artists of fantasy. In a sense, all Renaissance paintings of religious subjects are fantastic art; Ortega must have had something like this in mind when he identified art with figments. In the metaphysically organized imagination of a painter like Bosch or in the ideologically organized one of Blake, the universe is a totality wherein the precisely delineated figurations of the artist's visions occupy an indisputable place. In religiously or ideologically hallucinated art, the seer supplants the dreamer and is a witness of the real. In his "The Canticles of Hieronymous Bosch," in *Art News Annual XXXII*, Mario Praz draws a distinction that exactly corresponds to the one I am trying to state between direct vision and conscious fantasizing. "When an Italian artist tried to imitate Bosch's monsters," writes Praz, "he felt obliged to place the figure of a man asleep in the center of the picture, as though to ward off a possible accusation of preposterousness with the anticlimax: 'It is just a dream!'" Covering one's risk by underlining the contrast between the fancied and the real seems to me the mark of the fantastic in art and the basis of its conventionality, or respectability, referred to earlier.

In this connection, Dr. Svendsen notes the significant circumstance that Redon, who had more works (seventy-odd) than any other artist in the 1913 Armory Show in New York, was immune to the scandal aroused by the show and sold many of his pieces to Americans. Paintings by Redon such as "Pandora," "Andromeda," and "The Birth of Venus" are fantasies in the classic sense of beauties never seen on land or sea. The anecdotes are felt as stirrings of color, not imagined as human dramas. But this quality, attractive as it is, is not all there is to Redon. "Christ and the Serpent" and some of the cyclops and winged-head drawings represent a different order of Redon's work—one in which the strange is not

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merely conceived aesthetically but seen. At the Guggenheim is the celebrated "The Eye"—a flying ball with human hair bearing a single giant eye. Also, however, there are paintings and prints in which Redon dispenses with fantasy and loses nothing. With him, the reality of paint or charcoal is capable of overcoming his subject and providing its own marvels. It is this feeling for the life in his materials that, more than his fancies, has made him a force in the art of our time.

Theoretically, Surrealism is not fantasy art, in that its basic article of faith is to destroy the separation between the world of the mind and the world of material things—a separation realized by Symbolism, which made it the primary target of Surrealist attacks. Surrealist disciplines, from the chance encounter to automatic writing and drawing, center on the mixing of dream and actuality—of the "night mind," as it used to be called in the magazine *transition*, and the street. In Surrealist doctrine, the real is surreal, hence fantasy is everywhere; for Picabia, for example (misplaced at the Guggenheim), it is in machines. Surrealist practice did not, however, always conform to its theories, and Dr. Svendsen's exhibition has been able to draw legitimately on works by Surrealists in which the inner world patently exceeded the outer and the credible. These include some rarely seen Dalis, a Victor Brauner monster with antique and primitive derivations, a Magritte in which a pair of lips balanced on two noses support an ear on which an eye is propped, some Mirós (among them the famous "Dog Barking at the Moon"), a Tanguy landscape crowded with shapes in the texture of bone and plastic, the green-faced ("green as gall") fiddler on the roof of Chagall and his familiar dream view of Paris through the window, and an Ernst and a Kandinsky with echoes of folk art. None of these playful pictures live up to Dr. Svendsen's notion of an "inner world of reality, more real than the visible world," and she feels obliged to wrestle with Klee's observation (he is represented by the genuinely mysterious late drawing on figured cloth entitled "Viaducts Break Ranks") that "fantasy is my greatest danger. . . . Just how I continue to avoid the danger of fantasy when I am seeking vision, insight, creative pictorial experience I cannot say. . . . Whenever I have succumbed to fantasy for the fun of it or because it is so easy, I have felt pretty rotten about it." Dr. Svendsen finds this statement

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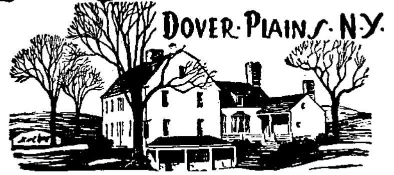

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"puzzling" in view of the popularity of Klee as a creator of fantastic pictures. The issue is, of course, the difference between invisible things felt to be there and fancies "engendered in the eye"—phosphorescences of literal experience.

The complementary relation of fantasy and literalism represents a split in modern culture between mind and the world that keeps reappearing in all modes of contemporary thought. The response to the art of fantasy as the art of inner reality comes in the form of the counterconcept of an art of the real from which all subjectivity has been banished (Robbe-Grillet and Sarraute in the novel). In the new "Art of the Real," declares the Museum of Modern Art in its announcement of its forthcoming exhibition, "the spectator is not given symbols but facts. . . . The new work of art is very much like a chunk of nature, a rock, a tree, a cloud, and possesses much the same hermetic 'otherness.' " With this definition juxtaposed to Dr. Svendsen's, it becomes plain that fantastic art and current primary or "object" art are intellectually interlocked. Artists of fantasy achieve reality by separating the mind from the world; object artists achieve reality by separating the world from the mind. Both are ruled by things as encountered in their chanciness. The spectator is confronted by an emanation to which his own experience, aesthetic or other, cannot supply a key. He must await its exegesis, or he can be against interpretation and teach himself to relish the mute stare of the haphazard. As art becomes progressively conscious of the pathos of our common incomprehension of the world, abstract painting and sculpture reach their end in mental abstractions, and the emptiness of phenomena is represented by things sheerly present. The emblem of advanced art this summer might well be a Redon print of a detached eye wandering in outer space under the inspiration of Poe's factual account of an imaginary voyage to the moon. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

"Tornadoes," he said, "have favored positions in relation to thunderstorms. They usually are found on the southwest side of a thunderstorm complex."

The month of May is the "primary operating month" for tornadoes, Ward said.

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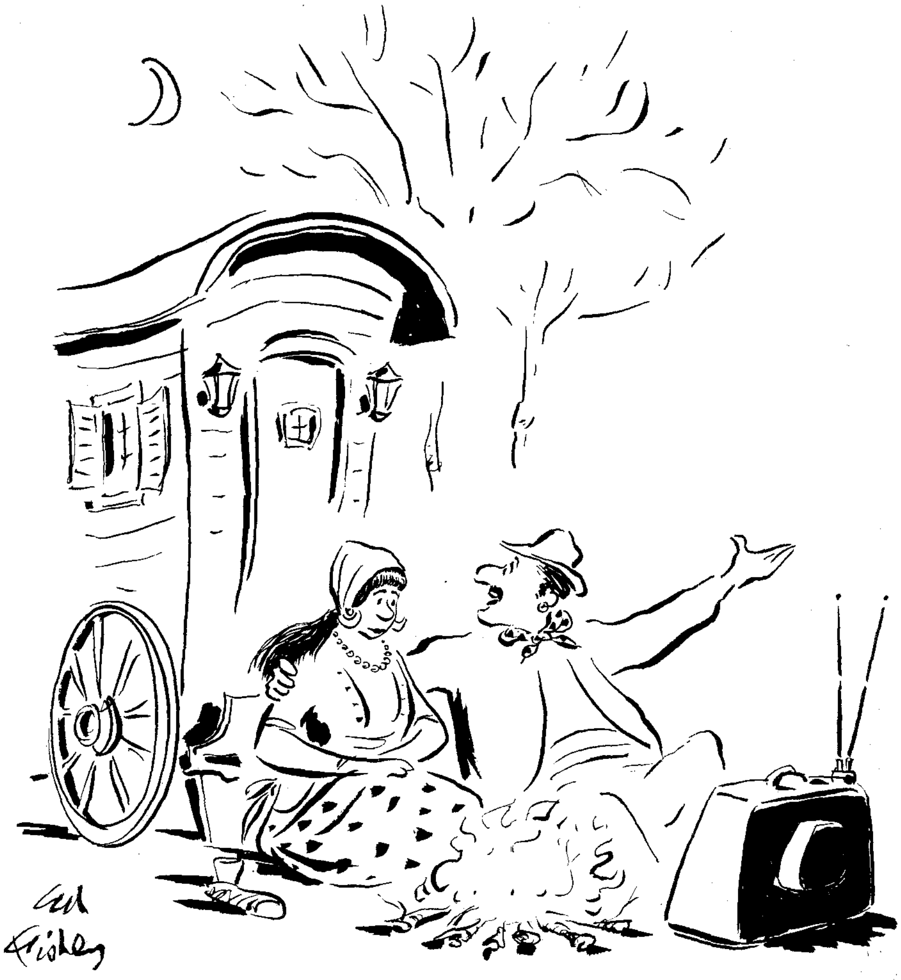
BOOKS

Special Pleading

THERE are fashions in ethics as in everything else: at some periods some virtues appear especially up-to-date, some sins peculiarly "modern." Abnegation is a slightly dowdy virtue nowadays, when nobody doubts the propriety of installment buying, and even Roman Catholics question clerical celibacy. Our forebears were quick to see a noble renunciation in what we are quick to suspect as ineffectuality. Did Gustave Flaubert deliberately renounce "life" for "art"? ("Life," in this context, means earning a living, marrying, and supporting a family, and many people who do these things soon wonder when they are going to live.) Two new scholarly biographies—Enid Starkie's "Flaubert: The Making of the Master" (Atheneum) and "Flaubert," by Benjamin F. Bart (Syracuse University Press)—show him as a sick man (syphilis, epilepsy) with an assortment of emotional difficulties, including his excessive attachment to his mother; with a solidly grounded and bitterly held conviction that he could not cope with practical, getting-and-spending reality; with maybe a homosexual streak (Miss Starkie is firmer on this than Professor Bart); with maybe a sadistic streak (Bart goes into this further than Miss Starkie does). Flaubert, born and raised in Rouen, never thought he could make it in Paris, like his friend Maxime Du Camp, the magazine editor who is remembered as Flaubert's friend. And he certainly did not forgo marriage in order to write; he was always attracted to unmarriageable women: prostitutes, demimondaines, and motherly good women who were already married. So his deciding, in his twenties, to live at Croisset, outside Rouen, in a plain house shared with his widowed mother (an exceptionally dull woman) and his little niece (the child of his dead sister and his alcoholic, insane brother-in-law) looks less like a proof of dedication than like a sign of disability. Having admitted all this, both authors partly wish to take it back, for both admire Flaubert and neither wishes wholly to deprive him of the old-fashioned glamour of self-sacrifice.

Miss Starkie writes with an almost maternal concern for her subject, possibly because her book deals mostly with his younger years. It takes him only as far as his middle thirties (she may, she says, eventually do his whole life), just after the publication of "Madame Bovary," which began to appear as a serial at the end of 1856 and came out as a book the next year. (Flaubert's dates are 1821-80.) At the end of her book, she looks forward to the rest of Flaubert's life and discusses his artistic achievement and aesthetic ideas, but these are mere hints compared to the details she gives of his earlier years. Her chatty style is charming, but her tenderness for Flaubert is often perplexing. For example, she emphasizes, as perhaps only a mother might, that not one of his young writing friends was as talented as he—a puzzling insistence, since no one, as far as I know, has suggested that Du Camp, Alfred Le Poittevin (de Maupassant's uncle, who wrote a lot but never finished anything), or Louis Bouilhet (a poet and dramatist who helped Flaubert with his style) is a memorable talent.

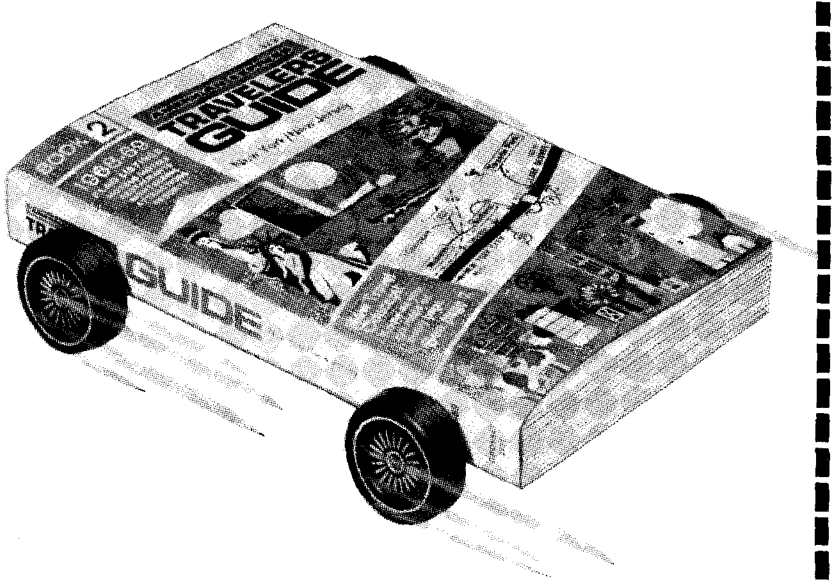
Professor Bart, throughout his long, sober, thorough book, is more critical; his approach might be described as fraternal. He also wishes to make Flaubert a hero—"a crippled giant"—as well as a writer, but he does not try as often as Miss Starkie does to tidy up his subject; she, after allowing that Flaubert could afford to write and rewrite with no thought of making money, because he had a private income, urgently adds that he lived simply and was not wasteful or showy. Bart looks over Flaubert's accounts and sees that he often, out of carelessness, overspent his income. Still, Bart's attitude toward Flaubert's epilepsy is confusing. This much is clear: Flaubert's first noticeable attack occurred in January, 1844, shortly after he had turned twenty-two. Bart blames it on the debauched life Flaubert had been leading in Paris, where he had been sent to study law. Bart has studied the medical data more thoroughly than Miss Starkie, and he finds migraines, which are often associated with epilepsy, in the family history, as well as mild "spells" or "turns" in Flau-



"This is our life, Sasha. To go where'er the heart beckons, the sun shines, and the reception is good."

bert's childhood. Flaubert's father, a doctor, was still living, and his older brother, who was practicing medicine, looked after him and helped him decide that he could never again lead a normal life. Miss Starkie records this decision uncritically (although she refuses to be certain that Flaubert had epilepsy), and Bart records it sympathetically, though his account does not suggest—to me, at least—that Flaubert's affliction was devastating: he lost consciousness only once in his life. Both writers imply that Flaubert's epilepsy was a pretext for, rather than the cause of, his retirement—that his ailment was that he wanted to be a writer, not a lawyer, and could not figure out how to tell his sensible family about his impractical ambition. Nevertheless, they both admire the brave way he surmounted his dread disease. His sickness did not hinder him from writing, sex, and travel; he worked, took a mistress, and, with Du Camp, made a brief walking tour of Brittany in 1847; later, again with Du Camp, he went to the Levant, where he so exuberantly patronized exotic brothels that he either (Miss Starkie) got syphilis or (Bart) was reinfected. (The authors agree that Flaubert had had a venereal infection much earlier, which had destroyed his youthful good looks.) After he came home from the Near East, in 1851, he began "Madame Bovary," which took him five years and was the first of his published works.

When Flaubert was a boy, writing for his friends or just to write, he was speedy, even facile. He did not find writing toilsome until his twenties, when he began to compose with the idea of publishing something new and impressive. Bart suggests that Flaubert's slowdown may have been an effect of epilepsy; Miss Starkie insists that his long, fluent letters demonstrate that he never really lost his facility and that he wrote his fiction slowly because he was curbing his natural Romantic flow in order to create a new, un-Romantic prose. Flaubert did indeed face a literary and artistic problem that is always difficult. His taste, values, and sensibility were formed by the Romantic movement. Romanticism was the avant-garde of his boyhood; it was something his parents, their friends, and his duller schoolmates could not understand. But by the time he was ready to write, Romanticism had become popular. Solid (and stupid) citizens were reading Romantic works—not invariably the best ones—and cultivating Romantic sensibilities, as long as these did not interfere with their



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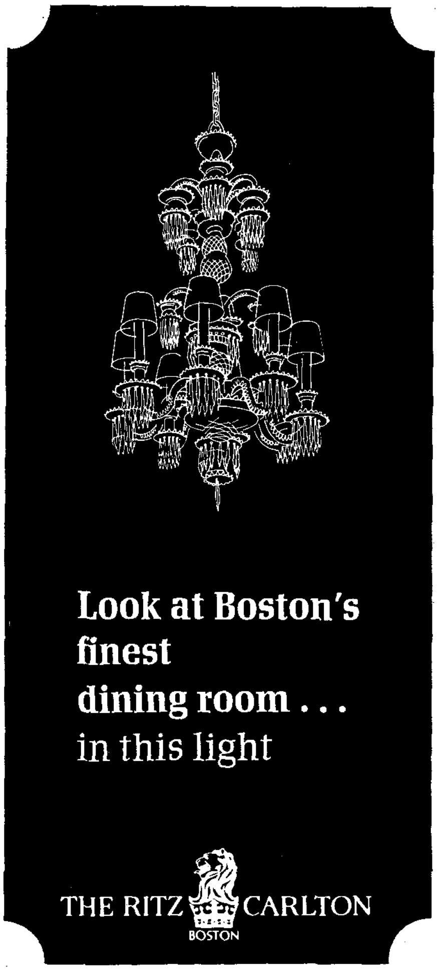

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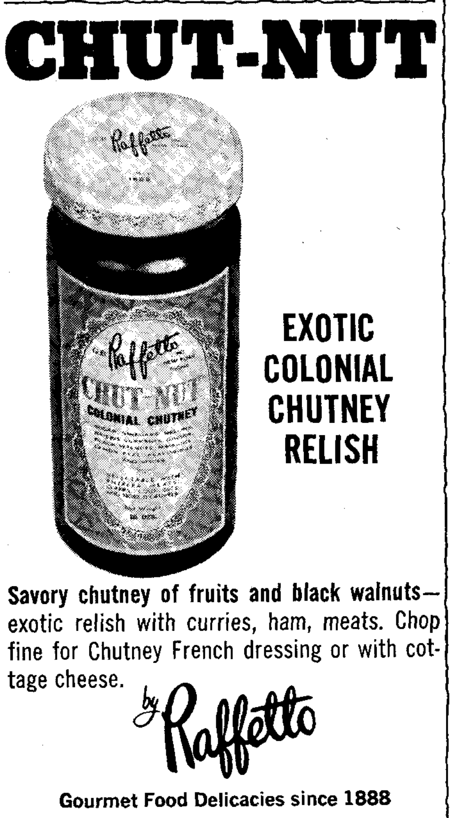

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regular business. This popularization and dilution, or even adulteration, of a new sensibility has occurred so often since Flaubert's day that now we almost expect it. The wide success of an artistic style drives young artists to abandon it and, like Flaubert, to try for innovation, because even fine works and sound taste may appear temporarily stale or irritating when they are turned into fads, received ideas, small talk, badges of respectability, and articles of trade.

It is most difficult to invent a style when that means remodelling one's taste and remaking one's temperament. Miss Starkie, who wants her chick to be regarded as a success, maintains that except for some passages in "Madame Bovary" Flaubert wholly suppressed the Romantic youth he was and became what she calls a "classical" writer. She brushes aside another critic's suggestion that Flaubert's fascination with the exotic (in his "Salammbô," for instance) is Romantic, even though the foreignness of foreign places and peoples is a Romantic taste, if not a Romantic discovery. Montesquieu's "The heart is a citizen of all countries" was how the Age of Reason regarded—or disregarded—local color and national peculiarities.

It makes no difference what Flaubert was trying to do. No artist of stature can be certain of carrying out his intentions, because we read as *we* read, which is not necessarily as he intended. So when Miss Starkie and Bart discuss Flaubert's "anti-Romantic" aesthetic, I wish they would go on to some other terms as well; Romanticism vs. Classicism is not the issue to us that it was to Flaubert. I think it would be more useful nowadays to think that Flaubert was trying to be a purist or purifier, a pruner, a taker-outer, not one whose bent is to add, put in, luxuriate. Miss Starkie tells us that Flaubert's reputation suffered in recent decades because he wished to keep political or charitable ideas out of fiction, and that she undertook this biography partly to help reëvaluate him now that the rage for "commitment" has abated. It seems to me that Flaubert, who lived through five regimes and two revolutions (two and a half, depending on how you count 1848; three, if you figure in the Commune) as well as the Franco-Prussian War, through years when other writers (Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Hugo) engaged in politics, and when a variety of thinkers put forward assorted social panaceas and prophecies, showed both courage and originality in refusing to subordinate his literary goals to political ones. There is, after all, no good reason that art should serve any nonartistic purpose; the aesthetic impulse and aesthetic needs are as quintessentially human as any other. In the simplest societies we know of, people do not eat first and then make art: they sing while they pick berries, they embellish their tools and weapons, and, as Mr. Darcy remarked to Sir William Lucas, "Every savage can dance." But Flaubert, who propounded his aesthetic opinions in letters to his friends and his mistress, was also dramatizing his struggles and defending his decisions. He overstated; what was true for him is not necessarily true for all artists. "Madame Bovary" does not suffer as art because it lacks a solution to the problems of small-town life. But art is a human activity, and no human activity can be as pure as a purist would like. A work of propaganda does not have to be that legendary Pushkin Memorial Prize painting "Stalin Reading Pushkin." It may be a medieval cathedral.

Another element Flaubert wished to subtract from art was the personality of the artist. This is impossible; even what the artist omits reflects him. (Who else?) What Flaubert did prune was the presence of the author nudging the reader all through the work and *telling* him what to feel and how to judge, and he also removed the writer as a celebrity, exhibiting his sensitive nature and his profound sorrows to a curious audience. Bart tells us that he was attracted to his subject because Flaubert preserved every personal paper as well as every literary one (something, Bart thinks, no writer has dared to do since Freud's works were published), thus allowing a student to examine the relation between the man and the work. Bart knows that he is doing just what Flaubert would have disliked, and his examination reinforces my feeling that one is most aware of Flaubert's personality in what I have always thought of as his less than sane works—"Salammbô" and "St. Julien l'Hospitalier." Despite his wish to be impassive in language and to be absent from the text, I read in these books the savagery of a weak man who wishes to injure his reader—to horrify, appall, and disgust him, or else force him shamefully to avow that he, too, enjoys hecatombs, holocausts, and massacres. (It is, of course, a very up-to-date literary personality.) Bart feels that Flaubert's hostility to his comic creation, M. Homais, the druggist in

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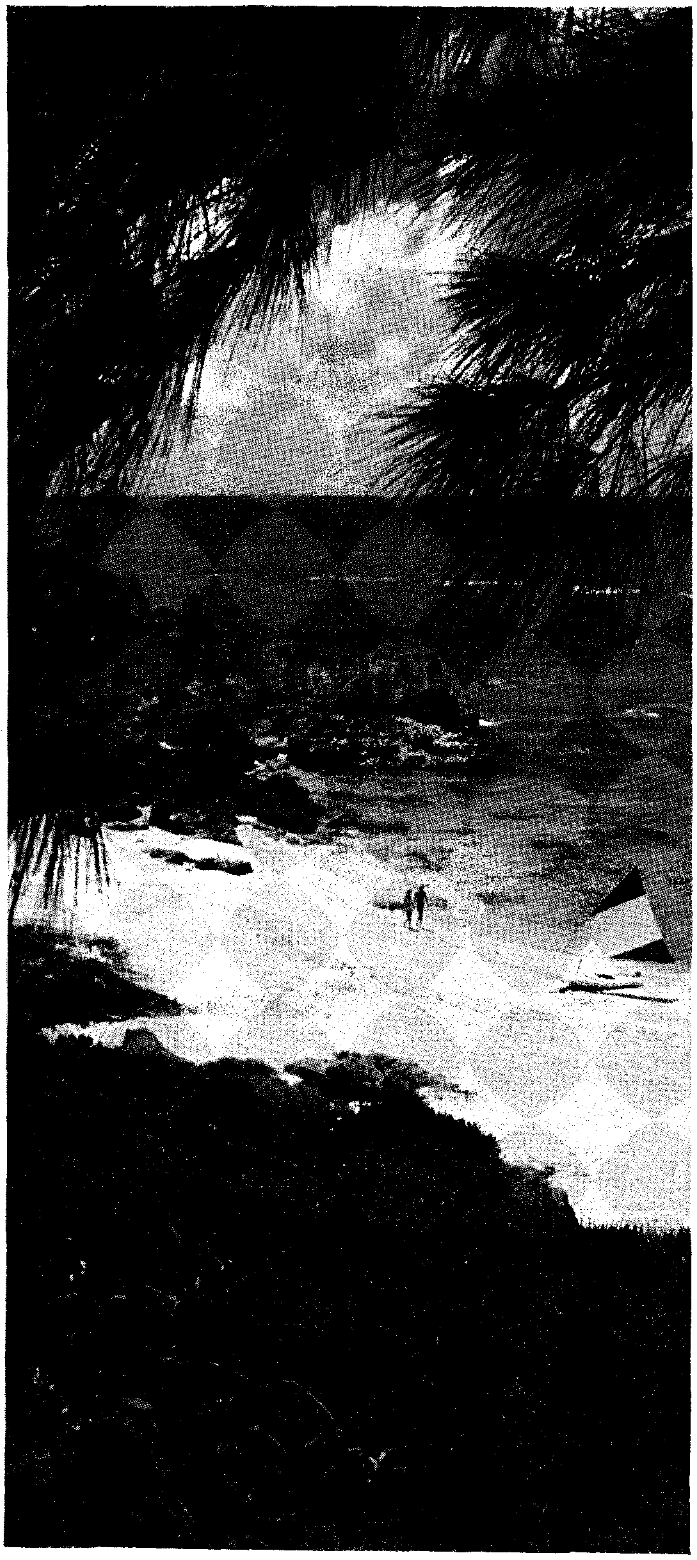

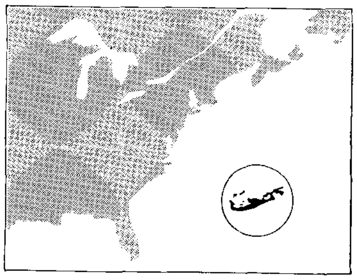

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